



**GENEALOGY COLLECTION**

ALLEN COUNTY PUBLIC LIBRARY



3 1833 01776 5600

GENEALOGY

977.3

IL682J

1922-1923





Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2013

<http://archive.org/details/journalofillinoi15illi>



Volume 15

April - July 1922

Nos. 1-2

---

JOURNAL  
OF THE  
Illinois State  
Historical Society



Published Quarterly by the  
Illinois State Historical Society  
Springfield, Illinois

---

Entered at Washington, D. C. as Second Class Matter under Act of Congress  
of July 16, 1894 accepted for mailing at special rate of postage pro-  
vided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on  
July 3, 1918.



ILLINOIS STATE REGISTER, SPRINGFIELD, ILL.  
86332-3M

JOURNAL  
OF THE  
ILLINOIS STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

---

JESSIE PALMER WEBER, *Editor*

*Associate Editors*

Edward C. Page

Andrew Russel

H. W. Clendenin

George W. Smith



## OFFICERS OF THE SOCIETY.

*President*

DR. OTTO L. SCHMIDT.....Chicago

*Vice Presidents*

GEORGE A. LAWRENCE.....Galesburg

L. Y. SHERMAN.....Springfield

RICHARD YATES .....Springfield

ENSLEY MOORE .....Jacksonville

CHARLES L. CAPEN.....Bloomington

*Directors*

EDMUND J. JAMES, University of Illinois..Urbana-Champaign

E. B. GREENE, University of Illinois.....Urbana-Champaign

MRS. JESSIE PALMER WEBER.....Springfield

CHARLES H. RAMMELKAMP, President Illinois College.....

.....Jacksonville

GEORGE W. SMITH, Southern Illinois State Normal University

.....Carbondale

RICHARD V. CARPENTER.....Belvidere

EDWARD C. PAGE, Northern Illinois State Normal School.....

.....DeKalb

ANDREW RUSSEL.....Jacksonville

WALTER COLYER .....Albion

JAMES A. JAMES, Northwestern University.....Evanston

H. W. CLENDENIN .....Springfield

JOHN H. HAUBERG.....Rock Island

ORRIN N. CARTER.....Chicago

STUART BROWN.....Springfield

REV. IRA W. ALLEN.....La Grange

*Secretary and Treasurer*

MRS. JESSIE PALMER WEBER.....Springfield

*Assistant Secretary*

MISS GEORGIA L. OSBORNE.....Springfield

*Honorary Vice Presidents*

The Presidents of Local Historical Societies



## CONTENTS.

---

I. Officers of the Society.....	vii
II. An Appeal to the Historical Society and the General Public .....	xi
III. Prof. James A. Woodburn. Promotion of Historical Study in America, following the Civil War .....	439
IV. Leader Stillwell. In the Ranks at Shiloh.....	460
V. Caroline Owsley Brown. Springfield Society before the Civil War.....	477
VI. Story of the Runaway Balloon. From Transactions of the Illinois State Agricultural Society, 1858 .....	501
VII. How Abraham Lincoln Received the News of his Nomination for President.....	507
VIII. Amos Miller. Address at the Celebration of the Diamond Jubilee, Carthage College, Carthage, Illinois .....	510
IX. General John J. Pershing and Secretary of War, Newton D. Baker. Addresses made on the Field at Luxembourg, April 22, 1919. Reported by H. L. Livingstone.....	519
X. Original Letters. William Dobell to Mrs. Lucy Coveney .....	524
A. S. French to David Harrower.....	531
XI. Ninian Edwards. A Communication from the Territorial Governor of Illinois in relation to his candidacy for the United States Senate..	539

CONTENTS—Concluded.

XII.	Editorials:	
	Annual Meeting of the Illinois State Historical Society .....	543
	Observance of the Centennial of the birth of General Ulysses S. Grant, Point Pleasant, Ohio .....	547
	Memorial Day Observed in Chicago.....	551
	History of the Thirty-third Division, American Expeditionary Forces in the Great World War .....	553
	The Lincoln Memorial at Washington, D. C.....	554
	Minor Notices .....	557
	Gifts to the Library and Society.....	562
XIII.	Necrology:	
	Edmund Beall .....	567
	Seymour Morris .....	571
	Thomas Doremus Vredenburg.....	574
	Mrs. J. True Dodge.....	575
XIV.	List of Publications of the Illinois State Historical Library and Society.....	577

# AN APPEAL TO THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY AND THE GENERAL PUBLIC.

---

Objects of Collection Desired by the Illinois State Historical  
Library and Society.

*(Members please read this letter.)*

Books and pamphlets on American history, biography, and genealogy, particularly those relating to the West; works on Indian tribes, and American archæology and ethnology; reports of societies and institutions of every kind, educational, economic, social, political, cooperative, fraternal, statistical, industrial, charitable; scientific publications of states or societies; books or pamphlets relating to all wars in which Illinois has taken part, especially the collection of material relating to the recent great war, and the wars with the Indians; privately printed works; newspapers; maps and charts; engravings; photographs; autographs; coins; antiquities; encyclopedias, dictionaries, and bibliographical works. Especially do we desire—

## EVERYTHING RELATING TO ILLINOIS.

1. Every book or pamphlet on any subject relating to Illinois, or any part of it; also every book or pamphlet written by an Illinois citizen, whether published in Illinois or elsewhere; materials for Illinois history; old letters, journals.

2. Manuscripts; narratives of the pioneers of Illinois; original papers on the early history and settlement of the territory; adventures and conflicts during the early settlement, the Indian troubles, or the great rebellion, or other wars; biographies of the pioneers; prominent citizens and public men of every county, either living or deceased, together with their portraits and autographs; a sketch of the settle-

ments of every township, village and neighborhood in the State, with the names of the first settlers. We solicit articles on every subject connected with Illinois history.

3. City ordinances, proceedings of mayor and council; reports of committees of council; pamphlets or papers of any kind printed by authority of the city; reports of boards of trade and commercial associations; maps of cities and plats of town sites or of additions thereto.

4. Pamphlets of all kinds; annual reports of societies; sermons or addresses delivered in the State; minutes of church conventions, synods, or other ecclesiastical bodies of Illinois; political addresses; railroad reports; all such, whether published in pamphlet or newspaper.

5. Catalogues and reports of colleges and other institutions of learning; annual or other reports of school boards, school superintendents and school committees, educational pamphlets, programs and papers of every kind, no matter how small or apparently unimportant.

6. Copies of the earlier laws, journals and reports of our territorial and State Legislatures; earlier Governors' messages and reports of State Officers; reports of State charitable and other State institutions.

7. Files of Illinois newspapers and magazines, especially complete volumes of the past years, or single numbers even. Publishers are earnestly requested to contribute their publications regularly, all of which will be carefully preserved and bound.

8. Maps of the State, or of counties or townships, of any date; views and engravings of buildings or historic places; drawings or photographs of scenery, paintings, portraits, etc., connected with Illinois history.

9. Curiosities of all kinds; coins, medals, paintings, portraits, engravings; statuary; war relics, autograph letters of distinguished persons, etc.

10. Facts illustrative of our Indian tribes—their history, characteristics, religion, etc., sketches of prominent chiefs,

orators and warriors, together with contributions of Indian weapons, costumes, ornaments, curiosities and implements; also stone axes, spears, arrow heads, pottery, or other relics.

It is important that the work of collecting historical material in regard to the part taken by Illinois in the great war be done immediately, before important local material be lost or destroyed.

In brief everything that, by the most liberal construction, can illustrate the history of Illinois, its early settlement, its progress, or present condition. All will be of interest to succeeding generations. Contributions will be credited to the donors in the published reports of the Library and Society, and will be carefully preserved in the State Historical Library as the property of the State, for the use and benefit of the people for all time.

Your attention is called to the important duty of collecting and preserving everything relating to the part taken by the State of Illinois in the great World War.

Communications or gifts may be addressed to the Librarian and Secretary.

(Mrs.) JESSIE PALMER WEBER.



## PROMOTION OF HISTORICAL STUDY IN AMERICA FOLLOWING THE CIVIL WAR.

BY PROFESSOR JAMES A. WOODBURN, Indiana State University,  
Bloomington, Indiana.

Macaulay began his notable History of England with the expression of his purpose, which has long since become a familiar classic, to write the history of his country from the accession of James II to a time within the memory of men still living. This paper will have its beginning as well as its ending with a time easily within the memory of living men.

I look back today to the decade following the close of the American Civil War. At the close of that decade, in 1876, America was celebrating the centennial of her independence. That celebration led to a revival of interest in American history. I was then a Senior in my home University of Indiana. Looking back now over these almost fifty years I am moved to recall for this occasion some of the stages of progress our people have made in the appreciation of their own history and in the organization and promotion of historical knowledge. My purpose is to trace, at least partially, some of the influences, measures, and organizations making for the preservation of historical knowledge that have come about within my own observation.

I would not venture to name the time when men began to take an interest in their own history. Herodotus has been called the "father of history", but the interest of men in the story of mankind certainly antedates Herodotus. This interest in history is a good deal like the priestly order of Melchizedek, "without father, without mother, without genealogy, having neither beginning of days nor end of life." But so far as our knowledge goes this interest of man in his past has not always been equally uniform and constant dur-

ing all the changing periods of his life upon the earth. There are times when it has been marked by special zeal and special significance. Historical study and writing seems to receive special impetus at times following the periods of great crises, upheavals and revolutions. In the opening pages of his *French Revolution* Mr. J. H. McCarthy says that there have been just two events in human history,—the siege of Troy and the French Revolution. This expression may be regarded, perhaps, as a piece of literary pyrotechnics; but if it signifies anything it means that all events of ancient history in some way relate to one of these events and all events of modern history are related to the other. It is a form of emphasis. No doubt it is true that of all events in modern times the French Revolution gave the greatest impetus to the study of the history of European civilization. The literature on the Revolution became enormous. The condition of France under the old regime, the rise of the French monarchy, the growth of nationalism in Europe and of French absolutism, the intellectual life of France in the 18th century, a study of its philosophers, economists and statesmen—these became the subjects for many students of history within the generation following the Revolution. It is well known from the work of Niebuhr and of his pupil Ranke, that modern scientific and critical study of history began in the midst of the Napoleonic era and in the decades immediately following.

It is likewise true in America that the great struggle for national unity in four years of Civil War led to a great renaissance of interest in our national history. The American Civil War has been called by the Supreme Court of the United States “the greatest civil war in the history of the human race.” There were far-reaching results of that war, apart from its effect on systems of politics and industry. One effect was the revival, or creation, of a new interest in American history. The post-war literature about the causes of the war, its progress and its results grew into enormous proportions. This crisis in the nation’s life became a subject of constantly expanding and deepening interest. The

generation of youth rising to manhood in the years following the war was nurtured upon the stories of its causes and results, of its sacrifices and of its heroes and men. The life of Lincoln, the character and services of this unique and most interesting figure in our history, became the subject of many biographies. As men came to the study of this great struggle, they could not confine themselves to the brief period of years occupied by the conflict. They went back to the beginnings and sought to trace the causes of national disruption or the processes of national growth through a century or more of development. When Horace Greeley began his journalistic account known as the "History of the American Conflict" he did not begin with Sumter or with the secession of South Carolina, nor even with the rising anti-slavery agitation of the thirties. He went back to the landing of the Pilgrims in Massachusetts and of the Cavaliers in Virginia and he sought to trace a conflict of ideas in the race across the continent and the struggle for mastery between two antagonistic factors in American life.

After this manner writers on American history began to examine our national foundations; to trace the origin and nature of the Union, the obstacles to its growth, the influences that promoted it, the economic, industrial, and political forces that finally cemented it into an indivisible union of indestructible States. Historical literature that was nationalizing in its tendency and influence came into dominance. This writing was partly in the nature of apologetics; it was designed largely to call history to witness in defense of a cause. On one side there was a desire to justify the war for the Union, to vivify and make dominant the national spirit. On the other side there was a desire on the part of Southern writers to show that though convinced by war against their will, there were sound historic reasons for being of their own opinion still.

I trust I may be pardoned for referring to some of the personal experiences of my youth as I came into contact with

some of this literature. In 1875 General William Tecumseh Sherman published his Memoirs. While a boy of eighteen I spent \$5.00 of my precious money—about all I had—for these two volumes, which I read with avidity. I think of these volumes now, as I did then, as containing a very racy and valuable account of the great war by one of the ablest of the Union commanders. I need not take the trouble nor the time to name the numerous Memoirs and Histories that followed from the distinguished commanders and leaders on both sides of the great conflict—from Grant, Sheridan, Thomas, Logan, Longstreet, Johnston, Beauregard and others. And there followed soon after, in the early eighties the monumental work under the direction of the Century Company on the battle history of the war. Then there followed in the later eighties through the pages of the Century Magazine the publication of what may be called the greatest biography which America has ever produced, the monumental work on the Life and Times of Abraham Lincoln by Nicolay and Hay. All these great contributions to our history were the immediate and direct outcome of the Civil War.

If I may go back again to my early experience—in the summer vacation of my Junior year, the summer in which I read the Memoirs of Sherman, I went through from cover to cover the three large volumes of Henry Wilson, entitled the “Rise and Fall of the Slave Power in America,” which had just come from the press. Wilson wrote of a conflict of which he himself had been a part. He had been an active participant in the anti-slavery struggle and his volumes were charged (especially the two which he was able to finish before his death) with the fire of conflict. These volumes aroused my interest in American political history, especially in the history of the slavery controversy and the Civil War. I realized afterwards that they had given me a bias, and that having been written by an earnest, though honest, partisan in the struggle, they were to be taken only as *ex parte* testimony on the issues involved. But these volumes, like those of Greeley, had their uses in arousing the interest of their readers in

American history. They presented certain important phases of a great struggle. Wilson's volumes were pretty largely autobiographic. They were the forerunner of numerous Autobiographies, Memoirs, Recollections and Reminiscences written by public men who had been active and important participants in a great period in our history—Blaine's *Twenty Years of Congress*, Hoar's *Recollections of Sixty Years*, Boutwell's *Reminiscences*, and later the more valuable *Reminiscences of Carl Schurz*; Welles' *Diary*, Ben Butler's *Book*; Sunset Cox's "*Union, Disunion, Reunion: Three Decades of Federal Legislation*," Clark E. Carr, "*My Day and Generation*"; C. A. Dana's "*Recollections of the Civil War*"; Jacob D. Cox, "*Military Reminiscences*," Palmer's "*Recollections*," and many other personal contributions of great value to our history.

These told of contemporary events. But the Civil War also brought men's minds back to the formative period of the Union. In 1876 there appeared as I recollect the notable biography of Alexander Hamilton by John T. Morse. During my Senior year I read these two volumes, with absorbing attention and great profit. They were such volumes as require study, analysis, examination, and restatement. They appealed to the sense of critical appreciation, though they were likely to arouse a partisan estimate and attachment. Morse wrote with full sympathy for his subject, and at the time at which he presented his volumes to the public the nationalism of Hamilton was in popular favor when set in opposition to the particularism of his opponents. To the young men who read Morse's volumes Hamilton appeared not only as a man of transcendent political genius, but as a statesman and patriot of far-seeing vision who had sought in vain to lay down a constitutional and national system for his country that would have saved it from the disunionism and from the civil and fratricidal strife which afterwards befell America. One of the reviewers of Morse's volumes, attempting also to review the signs of the times, said that these biographies and histories following the Civil War indicated how

greatly Jeffersonianism was waning and Hamiltonism was waxing. This was true only in the sense that national unity had been vindicated as against provincialism and disunion, not that Jeffersonian democracy was receding before a restoration of government by the well trained or the well fixed few.

In 1882 under the editorship of John T. Morse the volumes of the American Statesmen Series began to make their appearance. The volumes on John Adams, Franklin, Washington, Hamilton, Jay, Marshall and others served to call the attention of readers and students to the era of the Revolution and the beginnings of the Union, the making of the Constitution and the organization of the New Government. Fiske wrote of the "Critical Period" and new editions began to appear of the *Federalist* and Madison's *Journal of the Debates in the Constitutional Convention*.

But this literature of history and the general public interest in historical and biographical writing, important as they are, are not of such permanent value as was the more careful and scientific study of history organized and promoted by our universities. Out of this university influence very largely came a great organization of which I wish now to speak. It has been of prime importance to the cause of history in America. I refer to the American Historical Association. The first annual meeting of this Association, the meeting for organization, was held at Saratoga, New York, on September 9, 1884. The meeting was held largely at the suggestion and under the directing influence of Dr. Herbert Baxter Adams, who was the Director of the School of History, Political Science, and Economics in the Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore. The object of this new organization was the promotion of historical studies in America, not merely for American history but for history in America. There were already many other Historical Societies in America, but their interests were chiefly sectional or local. The new organization was to be truly national in its scope and purpose. To a very great degree, as I have intimated, it was the outcome of the catholic

spirit in our colleges and universities. It was prompted largely by university men who had by that time fairly well established at their respective seats of learning schools and chairs for the enlightened and scientific study of history. But the membership of this new society was by no means to be restricted to academic circles; it was to be open to historical specialists and academic workers everywhere, to those writing history, to those teaching history, to those studying history, and to all who cared to be known as those interested in history. To this first meeting for organization circulars of invitation had been sent to all the contributors of the *American Statesman Series*, of the *American Commonwealth Series* and to all who were contributing to that notable undertaking, the "Narrative and Critical History of America."

At Saratoga forty-one names were placed on what we may call the charter roll. Andrew D. White, of Cornell University, became the first President. Justin Winsor, Librarian of Harvard University, and Charles Kendall Adams, then of the University of Michigan, became the first and second Vice Presidents. Herbert B. Adams became the secretary, a position which he held until just before his untimely death in 1901, and from this hardworking position the younger Adams became the devoted servant of the Association and his was the most potent hand of all in guiding its destinies during the years of its establishment and rising success.

Justin Winsor, the veteran historian, was then engaged in editing the "Narrative and Critical History," which contained not only its masterful essays on salient aspects of American history, but the first extensive and scholarly bibliography on American subjects.

Winsor was called to the chair as the temporary presiding officer at the Saratoga meeting. His impromptu remarks on that historic occasion are worthy of being recalled.

"We have come together," he said, "to organize a new society and fill a new field. Existing historical societies are local, by States and divisions of States. The only one not

plainly local by title, the American Antiquarian Society, is nevertheless very largely confined in its researches to New England subjects, though it sometimes stretches its ken to Central America and the Northwest."

"We are to be simply American students devoting ourselves to historical subjects, without limitation in time or place. So no one can regard us as a rival of any other historical association in this country. We are drawn together because we believe there is a new spirit of research abroad, a spirit which emulates the laboratory work of the naturalist, using that word in its broadest sense. . . . Scholars and students can no longer afford to live isolated from one another. They must come together to derive that zest which arises from personal acquaintance. The future of this new work is largely in the rising instructors of our colleges."

To make manifest the truth which Dr. Winsor then pointed out and to illustrate how this new organization for the promotion of historical knowledge depended upon university life and university men, I shall cite the experiences of three distinguished university professors. At the time when Andrew D. White became the first President of the American Historical Association in 1884, he was President of Cornell University. But Dr. White began his academic career as a professor of history and political science in a western university. White graduated at Yale in 1853. He tells us in his *Autobiography* that during his student days in Yale his Greek history, that is, his Thucydides, was taught by Hadley, the Professor of Greek; his Roman history, that is, his Tacitus, was taught by Dr. Thatcher, the Professor of Latin; but these great teachers were thinking not of history nor even of literary translation but chiefly of grammar and linguistic construction. The historical instruction at Yale consisted simply in hearing the student repeat from memory the dates from "Putz's Ancient History." "How a man," says White, "so gifted as Hadley could have allowed any part of his work to be so worthless it is hard to understand. Once in a while during the term Hadley was drawn out to the delight of his

students, but as a rule the teaching of history was the same mechanical sort of thing with, occasionally, a few remarks which really aroused interest." This was because at that time historical teaching in our universities was entirely neglected; at best, it was purely incidental, merely something on the side, to which the college teachers were not really giving any attention.

After his graduation at Yale White was in Europe for three years, a fellow student and travelling companion during this time of Daniel C. Gilman, later the President of Johns Hopkins University. White visited Oxford and Cambridge and noticed the tutorial system of instruction there. He settled for a year in Paris attending lectures at the Sorbonne and *College de France*. He continued his studies in Modern history in connection with his lecture room work, listening to Guizot, Mignet, Thiers, Chateaubriand and other brilliant lecturers. His favorite field of study was that of the French Revolution upon which, as is known, he collected a notable library. For six months he became an attache to the American ambassador at St. Petersburg (Governor Seymour, of Connecticut). For a year White was matriculated in the University of Berlin where he heard the lectures of Lepsius on Egyptology, Boeckh on the history of Greece, von Raumer on Italy, Hirsch on Modern History in general, and Carl Ritter on Physical Geography. He was preparing for his great work as a leader of historical study in America, and this preparation for that day was one of high order.

After his return from Europe in 1856 White became a resident graduate at Yale. There he wrote for the "New Englander" an article on "German Instruction in General History," and he prepared sundry lectures on university instruction in history which were well received. But there seemed no chance at Yale for a professorship devoted to this line of study. More and more White felt that even if an historical professorship should open up for him at Yale, the old-fashioned orthodoxy which then prevailed would have fettered him. He could not utter the shibboleths then demanded

and the future seemed dark indeed. Light dawned for him, not in the East, but in the West, in the great Northwest, that region which has been in many ways and at many times more progressive in movements of education and politics than the more staid and conservative East.

The new hope and life came to White in this way: His belief in the value of better historical instruction in our universities grew more and more when a most happy impulse was given to his thinking by a book which he then read, Stanley's "Life of Arnold." It showed him two things: First, how effective history might be made in bringing young men into fruitful trains of thought regarding present politics; secondly, how real an influence an earnest teacher might thus exercise upon his country.<sup>1</sup> In this state of mind he went with his college class to the Yale Commencement of 1856 to take his master's degree. Here was the turning point, and the way was pointed out from his uneasy and unhappy state of mind. While lounging among his classmates in the college yard White heard some one say that President Wayland, of Brown University, was addressing the graduates in the Alumni Hall.

"Going to the door," he says, "I looked in, and saw at the high table an old man, strong featured, heavy browed, with spectacles resting on the top of his head, and just at that moment he spoke very impressively as follows: 'The best field for work for graduates is now in the *West*; our country is shortly to arrive at the switching off place for good or evil; our Western States are to hold the balance of power in the Union, and to determine whether the country shall become a blessing or a curse in human history.'"<sup>2</sup>

White had never seen Wayland before, he never saw him afterwards. His speech lasted less than ten minutes, but, says White, "it settled a great question for me. I went home and wrote to sundry friends that I was a candidate for the professorship of history in any Western college where there was a chance to get at students and as a result received two calls

<sup>1</sup>White, Autobiography, Vol. I, p. 256.

<sup>2</sup>Ibid., Vol. I, p. 257.

—one to a Southern university, which I could not accept on account of my anti-slavery opinions; the other to the University of Michigan, which I accepted.”

There at Ann Arbor in 1857, White's great work began for the organization and promotion of history and history teaching in America. There was not at that time so far as White could remember when he penned his Autobiography fifty years later, a single professor of history pure and simple in any American university. Sparks had trained up no school of historical professors at Harvard, Professor Dew had taught at William and Mary but he had given attention to economics rather more than to history. Francis Lieber at the University of South Carolina had taught political philosophy, but no systematic courses in history then existed as they have since been developed.

White did pioneer work at Michigan. He aroused the interest of the under classmen while requiring of them regular text book work, and he lectured to the upper classmen and the students of the law school on the “Development of Civilization during the Middle Ages,” on the “Revival of Learning,” the “Consolidation of the French Monarchy” and on the “French Revolution”—requiring the reading of Mignet which remained for many years the best short summary of that great period.

One can never be sure in history that he has found a beginning, but here at any rate, was a great personal influence in the promotion of historical study in our universities. From these universities came not only the higher teachers of history, but the founders and promoters of the historical organizations that have meant so much for our historical collections. After twenty-seven years of university life, serving for a number of these years as the administrative founder and head of Cornell University, Andrew D. White became as I have said the first President of the American Historical Association.

The second illustration of which I wish to make use is that of a man in some respects still more remarkable than White with a more marked originality, but with a preparation

for his work entirely different. He, too, in the early years of its foundation became President of the American Historical Association and his distinguished name brought honor to the society. I refer to Henry Adams.

When Henry Adams went to Harvard as a teacher of history in 1871, he found Professor Gurney in charge of courses devoted to classical times and Professor Torrey had charge of those devoted to modern times. There was a gap of more than 1,000 years between. Adams was expected to take care of this gap, and make the full and proper connection between ancient and modern days. "Down to the moment he took his chair and looked his scholars in the face," Adams tells us, "he had given as far as he could remember, an hour, more or less, to the Middle Ages." History had nowhere broken down so pitifully or avowed itself so hopelessly bankrupt as in the period of the Middle Ages. Since Gibbon the spectacle was almost a scandal. It was 100 years behind the experimental sciences. For all serious purposes it was less instructive than Walter Scott and Alexandre Dumas. But Adams says he knew enough to be ignorant and he tumbled from one ocean of ignorance into another groping and inquiring his way. Historians undertake to arrange sequences, assuming a relation of cause and effect. But this new professor at Harvard refused to profess. He could see no relation or sequence whatever between his students and the Middle Ages. He was expected to teach the boys a few elementary facts, dates, and relations. He told them frankly that they might get their facts where they pleased and use the teacher only for questions. The only privilege a student had that was worth his claiming was that of talking to his professor, and the professor was bound to encourage it. His only difficulty on that side was to get them to talk at all.

Here we note a difference between White and Adams in their appreciation of certain values and methods. White's European experience, so different from what he had been used to as an undergraduate at Yale, had led him to think

highly of the lecture method in teaching history. He thought it should be substituted for the recitation as a means of creating an interest in history by treating it as a living subject having relations to the present. Obviously White was greatly influenced by Arnold and he wished to use the past, its errors and its successes, chiefly as lessons for guidance in the present. He would use the themes of history, historical movements, periods and men, as subjects for his political philosophy and his teaching, by which he might influence young men for better citizenship and public service. This is a worthy purpose or ideal for a teacher, but it may not lead to accurate and impartial history. To Henry Adams, the lecture system to classes of hundreds was not to his liking at all, but was a good deal like a revival of the 12th century, when thousands of students followed their peripatetic leaders and lecturers from one university to another. Adams thought that no man could instruct more than a half dozen students at once. And if out of ten men nine were common place and one was especially brilliant Adams preferred to take the bright tenth man and upon him to concentrate his special attention. This may suggest an aristocracy of learning, but it also suggests the purpose and essence if not the beginning in America, of the laboratory method in teaching and studying history.

This method was destined to be carried forward by many American scholars, but first by one whose career as a director of historical studies I wish to use as my third illustration for pointing the way in which the cause of history has developed. I refer to Herbert B. Adams. Henry Adams taught history at Harvard for seven short years. Two years before he left his teaching, the Johns Hopkins University was founded—the first university in America intended primarily for graduate study. Daniel Coit Gilman, the fellow student at Yale of Andrew D. White, became its first President. He gathered about him a body of scholars and research professors. At the opening of Johns Hopkins University in 1876 Herbert B. Adams became a Fellow in History.

Adams was born in Massachusetts in 1851, not of the more famous Adams family, like Henry, Charles Francis and John Quincy, but of a branch line. He graduated at Amherst in 1872; he studied under Bluntschli at Heidelberg for three years, receiving his Ph.D. degree in 1876. He returned to America for further graduate work at the Hopkins—becoming a Fellow in History in 1876, and Associate Professor in History in 1883 and a full Professor in 1891. For sixteen years from its founding in 1884 Adams was Secretary of the American Historical Association, and during these years he carried most of the detailed and heavy work of the Association. He retired as Secretary in 1900 and was elected first Vice-President, thus being put in line for the Presidency; but in the following year came his untimely death, in the very prime of his life, when he was barely past the age of fifty.

In my judgment no man in America in his day and generation was more instrumental in promoting historical study and the effective organization of historical knowledge than was Herbert B. Adams. President Gilman well says that more than any other person Adams is "entitled to be called the founder of the American Historical Association." Adams was my own guide and mentor in graduate work, and while he was not a great man, I can testify that he was a true man, and I verily believe that in force of suggestion and in his ability to see the opportunities and achievements ahead, his powers came near to those of the genius. His best work was not in writing history but in training others to write it, and I doubt if any man's influence went beyond his in creating in America a new school of historical research. He was a great editor, a great director, a great organizer. More than forty volumes of the "Historical Studies" of the Johns Hopkins press came by his invitation and direction from his students and friends. Professors Turner and Haskins of Harvard, Jameson of Washington, Ross and Commons of Wisconsin, McPherson of Georgia, Steiner and Latane of Baltimore, Blackmar of Kansas, Woodrow Wilson, Albert Shaw,

Albion W. Small, John M. Vincent, these are only a few of the names of distinguished men who are ever ready to acknowledge the decisive influence of Herbert B. Adams on their work and their lives.

I have commented upon the work of these three men—White and the two Adamses—because their work in history has been typical. Many others are equally deserving of appreciation. Thought and action must be organic to be historic, and these men stand for organized influence and forces that have had lasting weight in developing our historical spirit.

We are of course all well aware that the American Historical Association led by White and Winsor, the Adamses and their colleagues, was not the first Historical Society in America. It was not even the first with a national name. An American Historical Society was founded in 1836, with its seat of influence and operation in Washington. Ex-President John Quincy Adams was its first President. Its occasional meetings were held in the House of Representatives. Peter Force was its directing and most active member, and to him America is indebted for the publication of rare tracts in the period of the Revolution, and for the collection of the American Archives. This was a great national undertaking. But this Society while it served a national purpose had its membership almost entirely among those who were resident in Washington and within officials of the Government. It lost its life when it lost its Force—its Peter Force, who had not attached to its membership the university factors that have been so effective in giving greater permanence to these later voluntary organizations.

In 1890, in the sixth year of the American Historical Association it was reported to that body by its Secretary that there were over 200 historical societies in the United States. I suppose that every State has its State Society, and there are many more local ones. The Massachusetts Historical Society, the mother of them all, dates back to 1791. Its *Col-*

*lections* and *Proceedings* are among the valuable materials of American history.

The most of these State and local societies had been organized before the American Historical Association. This national Association was not the outcome of these local bodies, but it became a very potent influence in stimulating and strengthening their work. New State Societies and other auxiliary societies arose, your own among them in 1899. In its short life of less than a quarter of a century the Illinois State Historical Society has distinguished itself in its productive results. The Indiana Historical Society was organized in 1830, and it claims a continuous life from that time to this. But for a half century its meetings were few and far between, but since its reorganization in 1886 it has had an annual meeting and it has had a useful and productive life. In 1916 and 1918 Indiana and Illinois celebrated the centennial of their Statehood and these celebrations tended greatly to increase popular interest in the history of these Commonwealths. With a view to its centennial Indiana created an Historical Commission, and both centennials became the occasion not only of temporary celebrating pageants but of historical publications of permanent value to the two States. Illinois is especially to be congratulated upon the high character of her Centennial publications. They are a monument to her honor and to her worthy past.

I cannot take time here even to summarize the services or estimate the value of these State and local historical societies. Their collections and proceedings taken together throughout the country are the most valuable sources we have for students and writers in American history. These societies have served to stimulate historical interest. They have been the agencies for establishing magazines of history which have called forth and preserved historical productions of great value. If it had not been for the existence of these societies thousands of documents would have been lost forever that have now been saved.

Fifteen years ago Professor Greene of your State

University made a notable report to the American Historical Association on the work of these State and local historical societies. <sup>1</sup>He called attention to recent legislation affecting them; to the public appropriations of money in aid of their collections, and of their research and their publications; to their notable buildings, and equipments; and to the historical publications that were appearing from year to year prompted by their influence and agencies.

I shall not attempt to recite how the record then made known has been still further advanced and enlarged, but of one western Society and its influence I feel that I must speak. I refer to the Mississippi Valley Historical Society. This Society has been in existence since 1907. Those who know its work will feel, I am sure, that the claims of one of its recent circulars are fully justified and well within the truth: "It has united the western historians in common interests; it has developed a group of younger historians; it has inspired the older local societies to greater energy and higher ideals; it has furnished through its *Review* and *Proceedings* a medium for the publication of many excellent essays; and it has laid the foundation of western American history on a scientific basis."

This sets forth very well what an effective organization does for the cause of history. By the devoted and efficient work of Professor Alvord in the establishment of the *Mississippi Valley Historical Review*, Illinois has had not only an important but a leading part in the life of this Mississippi Valley Society.

Before I close I beg to speak a few words on the spirit of History in tribute to the Muse for whose life and work these organizations of ours exist. History cannot depend upon the memory of men; it cannot depend upon folklore nor upon the traditions that come to us from word of mouth. History rests upon the document. "No document no history," has now come to be one of the accepted maxims of

---

<sup>1</sup>Association Report, 1907, Vol. I.

historical science. The document refers not merely to the printed or written page, but to any tangible form of evidence—a monument, a coin, a weapon, a relic, any leavings of the past that may help to tell about the life of the world and its people. The historian who studies the documents, relics and leavings that time has not effaced must seek to relate these to one another and put down in some sequence just what he finds. He must not set down aught in malice, nor must he unduly embellish his tale. He must seek the truth and be fearless in revealing it. The historian must come to his task with the impartial mind, with a mind never fixed but always open and inquiring. Clio is the Muse of History. She is best represented by the artist who pictures her in a listening attitude, with the stylus in her hand, the open page yet unmarked before her. She is not yet writing, but is just about to write, with her ear ever bending to hear the last word in evidence. We may be sure that Clio is not an opinionated goddess—like the old Scotchman who prayed that he might be set right because, the Lord know, if he ever got wrong heaven and earth could not change him.

We can appreciate this spirit of history only as we see it in action, as we see it represented or incarnated in some great master of the subject. Many worthy names might be adduced, but I shall bring forward two whose life work has shown not only great achievement but unusual devotion to the spirit of impartial history and to the canons of historical science.

The first great master of the modern school of critical historians is Leopold von Ranke. It was he who taught the historical student and writer to be critical and impartial. He was the master of Lord Acton, one of the greatest of modern English historians. Lord Acton tells of the last time he saw Ranke. It was in 1877 when Ranke was old, feeble, sunken, and almost blind, scarcely able to read or write. He uttered his farewell to his pupil with kindly emotion, and Acton expected that the next he should hear from Ranke would be the news of his death. Two years later, at the age of 83,

Ranke began a Universal History, "which, carried forward in seventeen volumes, far into the middle ages, brought to a close," says Acton, "the most astonishing career in literature."<sup>1</sup> Is there another case on record that can parallel or approach this devotion to historical science?

Ranke had read Scott's *Quentin Durward*. He was shocked to discover that Scott's Louis XI was inconsistent with the original in Commynes. This led him to the high resolve that henceforth his prime object should be to follow without swerving, and in stern subordination and surrender, the evidence of his authorities. "He decided effectually to repress the poet, the patriot, the religious or political partisan; to sustain no cause; to banish himself from his books, and to write nothing that would gratify his own feelings or disclose his private convictions. When a strenuous divine who, like him, had written on the Reformation, hailed him as a comrade, Ranke repelled his advances. "You," he said, "are in the first place a Christian; I am in the first place an historian. There is a gulf between us."

"It was Ranke's purpose to refrain from judging, to show what might be said on both sides. He was willing to leave the rest to Providence. He scrutinized and dissected the writers that had gone before. Niebuhr had dismissed the traditional stories of ancient Rome and had set up constructive work of his own. But it was Ranke's mission to raise up a school of critical disciples, from whose work has been learned the technical, scientific process by which the study of modern history has been carried on within living memory." Such, in substance, is the tribute of Acton to Ranke—the tribute of a great disciple to a great master.

I mention these men and their work to indicate how important it is that we should have effective historical organizations whose purpose it will be to promote and conserve the interests of such capable and devoted historical scholars and writers. "History," say Lanlois and Seignobos, "is the

---

<sup>1</sup> Acton's Study of History, p. 49.

utilization of documents. It is a matter of chance whether documents are preserved or lost. Hence the predominant part played by chance in the formation of history."

It is the purpose of your organization and of similiar organizations in every State in the American Union, to reduce this chance to a minimum. Such work cannot be left to private individuals or even to organizations sustained only by private enterprise. It is the function of the State to make these organizations possible, to subsidize them, to strengthen them and to enable them to expand their work and make it permanent. There is no higher function for the State than that of preserving its own history.

Those who know the process of historical production know well the many operations between the preservation and inspection of the documents to the knowledge and presentation of the facts. There must be analysis, comparison, analogy, criticism, selection, elimination. The facts are isolated and scattered. They must be organized into a structure. They must be grouped according to some selection and combination. All this makes necessary a division and organization of labor in history. There must be specialists who give themselves to search for documents, to their restoration and classification. These should co-ordinate their efforts for the sake of accuracy and economy of labor.

There must be writers of monographs, those who bring together special materials for more general and comprehensive works. These writers of monographs must work by some common method under rules and expert direction, in order that the result of each man's work may be used by the other without imposing upon each the task of investigating the whole field to be covered.

Then workers of experience should be found to renounce research and devote their time to the study of monographs, and to produce scientifically comprehensive works of historical construction. In this field of work the historical writer endeavors to present safe and fair conclusions as to the na-

ture and causes of social changes. This task, when well performed, has been called the crown of historical science.

Such is the vast task of history as set forth by those who have written upon the science of its exposition. How can such a task be performed without organization, without co-operation, or without the sustaining aid of that great organ and agency of human society which we call the state? It cannot be done. For this cause there must be leadership, devoted public spirited leadership. There must be a membership and a following, moved by the spirit of service. But above these factors for the promotion of history, the organized state should come to realize more and more that progress and change for the betterment of society has always come and is still to come chiefly by our increasing knowledge of history and nature. May we not be allowed with Professor Jowett, to imagine the minds of men everywhere working together during many ages for the completion of our knowledge, and may we not hope that this increase of knowledge will transfigure the world.<sup>1</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup>Jowett's *Plato*, 1, 414.

## IN THE RANKS AT SHILOH

\*BY LEANDER STILLWELL, LATE FIRST LIEUTENANT, 61ST  
ILLINOIS VOLUNTEER INFANTRY.

The battle of Shiloh was fought on April 6 and 7, 1862. In 1890 I wrote an article on the battle which was published in the New York Tribune, and later it appeared in several other newspapers. It has also been reprinted in book form in connection with papers by other persons, some about the war, and others of miscellaneous nature. The article I wrote twenty-five years ago is as good, I reckon, if not better than anything on that head I can write now, so it will be set out here.

There has been a great deal said and written about the battle of Shiloh, both by Rebel and Union officers and writers. On the part of the first there has been, and probably always will be, angry dispute and criticism about the conduct of General Beauregard in calling off his troops Sunday evening while fully an hour of broad, precious daylight still remained, which, as claimed by some, might have been utilized in destroying the remainder of Grant's army before Buell could have crossed the Tennessee. On the part of Union writers the matters most discussed have been as to whether or not our forces were surprised, the condition of Grant's army at the close of the first day, what the result would have been without the aid of the gunboats, or if Buell's army had not come, and kindred subjects. It is not my purpose, in telling my story of the battle of Shiloh, to say anything that will add to this volume of discussion. My age at the time was eighteen, and my position that of a common soldier in the ranks. It would therefore be foolish in me to assume the part of a critic. The generals, who, from reasonably

---

\*Judge Stillwell is now a resident of Erie, Kansas.

safe points of observation, are sweeping the field with their glasses, and noting and directing the movements of the lines of battle, must, in the nature of things, be the ones to furnish the facts that go to make history. The extent of a battlefield seen by the common soldier is that only which comes within the range of the raised sights of his musket. And what little he does see is as "through a glass, darkly." The dense banks of powder smoke obstruct his gaze; he catches but fitful glimpses of his adversaries as the smoke veers or rises.

Then, too, my own experience makes me think that where the common soldier does his duty, all his faculties of mind and body are employed in attending to the details of his own personal part of the work of destruction, and there is but little time left him for taking mental notes to form the basis of historical articles a quarter of a century afterward. The handling, tearing, and charging of his cartridge, ramming it home (we used muzzle loaders during the Civil War), the capping of his gun, the aiming and firing, with furious haste and desperate energy—for every shot may be his last—these things require the soldier's close personal attention and make him oblivious to matters transpiring beyond his immediate neighborhood. Moreover, his sense of hearing is well-nigh overcome by the deafening uproar going on around him. The incessant and terrible crash of musketry, the roar of the cannon, the continual zip, zip, of bullets as they hiss by him, interspersed with the agonizing screams of the wounded, or the death shrieks of comrades falling in dying convulsions right in the face of the living—these things are not conducive to that serene and judicial mental equipoise which the historian enjoys in his closet.

Let the generals and historians, therefore, write of the movements of corps, divisions, and brigades. I have naught to tell but the simple story of what one private soldier saw of one of the bloodiest battles of the war.

The regiment to which I belonged was the 61st Illinois Infantry. It left its camp of instruction ( a country town

in southern Illinois) about the last of February, 1862. We were sent to Benton Barracks, near St. Louis, and remained there drilling (when the weather would permit) until March 25th. We left on that day for the front. It was a cloudy, drizzly, and most gloomy day, as we marched through the streets of St. Louis down to the levee, to embark on a transport that was to take us to our destination. The city was enveloped in that pall of coal smoke for which St. Louis is celebrated. It hung heavy and low and set us all to coughing. I think the colonel must have marched us down some by-street. It was narrow and dirty, with high buildings on either side. The line officers took the sidewalks, while the regiment, marching by the flank, tramped in silence down the middle of the street, slumping through the nasty, slimy mud. There was one thing very noticeable on this march through St. Louis, and that was the utter lack of interest taken in us by the inhabitants. From pictures I had seen in books at home, my idea was that when soldiers departed for war, beautiful ladies stood on balconies and waved snowy-white handkerchiefs at the troops, while the men stood on the sidewalks and corners and swung their hats and cheered.

There may have been regiments so favored, but ours was not one of them. Occasionally a fat, chunky-looking fellow, of a gloomy cast of countenance, with a big pipe in his mouth, would stick his head out of a door or window, look at us a few seconds, and then disappear. No handkerchiefs nor hats were waved, we heard no cheers. My thoughts at the time were that the Union people there had all gone to war, or else the colonel was marching us through a "Secesh" part of town.

We marched to the levee and from there on board the big side-wheel steamer, *Empress*. The next evening she unfastened her moorings, swung her head out into the river, turned down stream, and we were off for the "seat of war." We arrived at Pittsburg Landing on March 31st. Pittsburg Landing, as its name indicates, was simply a landing place for steamboats. It is on the west bank of the Tennessee

river, in a thickly wooded region about twenty miles north-east of Corinth. There was no town there then, nothing but "the log house on the hill" that the survivors of the battle of Shiloh will all remember. The banks of the Tennessee on the Pittsburg Landing side are steep and bluffy, rising about 100 feet above the level of the river. Shiloh church, that gave the battle its name, was a Methodist meeting house. It was a small hewed log building with a clapboard roof, about two miles out from the landing on the main Corinth road. On our arrival we were assigned to the division of General B. M. Prentiss, and we at once marched out and went into camp. About half a mile from the landing the road forks, the main Corinth road goes to the right, past Shiloh church, the other goes to the left. These two roads come together again some miles out. General Prentiss' division was camped on this left-hand road at right angles to it. Our regiment went into camp almost on the extreme left of Prentiss' line. There was a brigade of Sherman's division under General Stuart still further to the left, about a mile, I think, in camp near a ford of Lick Creek, where the Hamburg and Purdy road crosses the creek; and between the left of Prentiss' and General Stuart's camp there were no troops. I know that, for during the few days intervening between our arrival and the battle I roamed all through those woods on our left, between us and Stuart, hunting for wild onions and "turkey peas."

The camp of our regiment was about two miles from the landing. The tents were pitched in the woods, and there was a little field of about twenty acres in our front. The camp faced nearly west, or possibly southwest.

I shall never forget how glad I was to get off that old steamboat and be on solid ground once more, in camp out in those old woods. My company had made the trip from St. Louis to Pittsburg Landing on the hurricane deck of the steamboat, and our fare on the route had been hardtack and raw fat meat, washed down with river water, as we had no chance to cook anything, and we had not then learned the

trick of catching the surplus hot water ejected from the boilers and making coffee with it. But once on solid ground, with plenty of wood to make fires, that bill of fare was changed. I shall never again eat meat that will taste as good as the fried "sowbelly" did then, accompanied by "flap-jacks" and plenty of good, strong coffee. We had not yet settled down to the regular drills, guard duty was light, and things generally seemed to run "kind of loose." And then the climate was delightful. We had just left the bleak, frozen north, where all was cold and cheerless, and we found ourselves in a clime where the air was as soft and warm as it was in Illinois in the latter part of May. The green grass was springing from the ground, the "Johnny-jump-ups" were in blossom, the trees were bursting into leaf, and the woods were full of feathered songsters. There was a redbird that would come every morning about sun-up and perch himself in the tall black-oak tree in our company street, and for perhaps an hour he would practice on his impatient, querulous note, that said, as plain as a bird could say, "Boys, boys! get up! get up! get up!" It became a standing remark among the boys that he was a Union redbird and had enlisted in our regiment to sound the reveille.

So the time passed pleasantly away until that eventful Sunday morning, April 6, 1862. According to the *Tribune Almanac* for that year, the sun rose that morning in Tennessee at 38 minutes past five o'clock. I had no watch, but I have always been of the opinion that the sun was fully an hour and a half high before the fighting began on our part of the line. We had "turned out" about sun-up, answered to roll-call, and had cooked and eaten our breakfast. We had then gone to work, preparing for the regular Sunday morning inspection, which would take place at nine o'clock. The boys were scattered around the company streets and in front of the company parade grounds, engaged in polishing and brightening their muskets, and brushing up and cleaning their shoes, jackets, trousers, and clothing generally. It was a most beautiful morning. The sun was shining brightly

through the trees, and there was not a cloud in the sky. It really seemed like Sunday in the country at home. During week days there was a continual stream of army wagons going to and from the landing, and the clucking of their wheels, the yells and oaths of the drivers, the cracking of whips, mingled with the braying of mules, the neighing of the horses, the commands of the officers engaged in drilling the men, the incessant hum and buzz of the camps, the blare of bugles, and the roll of drums—all these made up a prodigious volume of sound that lasted from the coming-up to the going-down of the sun. But this morning was strangely still. The wagons were silent, the mules were peacefully munching their hay, and the army teamsters were giving us a rest. I listened with delight to the plaintive, mournful tones of a turtle-dove in the woods close by, while on the dead limb of a tall tree right in the camp a woodpecker was sounding his "Long roll" just as I had heard it beaten by his Northern brothers a thousand times on the trees in the Otter Creek bottom at home.

Suddenly, away off on the right, in the direction of Shiloh church, came a dull, heavy "Pum!" then another, and still another. Every man sprung to his feet as if struck by an electric shock, and we looked inquiringly into one another's faces. "What is that?" asked every one, but no one answered. Those heavy booms then came thicker and faster, and just a few seconds after we heard that first dull, ominous growl, off to the southwest came a low, sullen, continuous roar. There was no mistaking that sound. That was not a squad of pickets emptying their guns on being relieved from duty; it was the continuous roll of thousands of muskets, and told us that a battle was on.

What I have been describing just now occurred during a few seconds only, and with the roar of musketry the long roll began to beat in our camp. Then ensued a scene of desperate haste, the like of which I certainly had never seen before, nor ever saw again. I remember that in the midst of this terrible uproar and confusion, while the boys were

buckling on their cartridge boxes, and before even the companies had been formed, a mounted staff officer came galloping wildly down the line from the right. He checked and whirled his horse sharply around right in our company street, the iron-bound hoofs of his steed crashing among the tin plates lying in a little pile where my mess had eaten its breakfast that morning. The horse was flecked with foam and its eyes and nostrils were red as blood. The officer cast one hurried glance around him, and exclaimed: "My God! this regiment not in line yet! They have been fighting on the right over an hour!" And wheeling his horse, he disappeared in the direction of the colonel's tent.

I know now that history says the battle began about 4:30 that morning; that it was brought on by a reconnoitering party sent out early that morning by General Prentiss; that General Sherman's division on the right was early advised of the approach of the Rebel army, and got ready to meet them in ample time. I have read these things in books and am not disputing them, but am simply telling the story of an enlisted man on the left of Prentiss' line as to what he saw and knew of the condition of thing at about seven o'clock that morning.

Well, the companies were formed, we marched out on the regimental parade ground, and the regiment was formed in line. The command was given: "Load at will; load!" We had anticipated this, however, as the most of us had instinctively loaded our guns before we had formed company. All this time the roar on the right was getting nearer and louder. Our old colonel rode up close to us, opposite the center of the regimental line, and called out, "Attention, battalion!" We fixed our eyes on him to hear what was coming. It turned out to be the old man's battle harangue.

"Gentlemen," said he, in a voice that every man in the regiment heard, "remember your State, and do your duty today like brave men."

That was all. A year later in the war the old man doubtless would have addressed us as "soldiers," and not

as "gentlemen," and he would have omitted his allusion to the "State," which smacked a little of Confederate notions. However, he was a Douglas Democrat, and his mind was probably running on Buena Vista, in the Mexican war, where, it is said, a Western regiment acted badly, and threw a cloud over the reputation for courage of the men of that State which required the thunders of the Civil War to disperse. Immediately after the colonel had given us his brief exhortation, the regiment was marched across the little field I have before mentioned, and we took our place in line of battle, the woods in front of us, and the open field in our rear. We "dressed on" the colors, ordered arms, and stood awaiting the attack. By this time the roar on the right had become terrific. The Rebel army was unfolding its front, and the battle was steadily advancing in our direction. We could begin to see the blue rings of smoke curling upward among the trees off to the right, and the pungent smell of burning gun powder filled the air. As the roar came travelling down the line from the right it reminded me (only it was a million times louder) of the sweep of a thunder-shower in summer-time over the hard ground of a stubble-field.

And there we stood, in the edge of the woods, so still, waiting for the storm to break on us. I know mighty well what I was thinking about then. My mind's eye was fixed on a little log cabin, far away to the north, in the backwoods of western Illinois. I could see my father sitting on the porch, reading the little local newspaper brought from the postoffice the evening before. There was my mother getting my little brothers ready for Sunday school; the old dog lying asleep in the sun; the hens cackling about the barn; all these things and a hundred other tender recollections rushed into my mind. I am not ashamed to say now that I would willingly have given a general quit-claim deed for every jot and tittle of military glory falling to me, past, present, and to come, if I only could have been miraculously and instantaneously set down in the yard of that peaceful little home, a thousand miles away from the haunts of fighting men.

The time we thus stood, waiting the attack, could not have exceeded five minutes. Suddenly, obliquely to our right, there was a long wavy flash of bright light, then another, and another! It was the sunlight shining on gun barrels and bayonets—and—there they were at last! A long brown line, with muskets at a right shoulder shift, in excellent order, right through the woods they came.

We began firing at once. From one end of the regiment to the other leaped a sheet of red flame, and the roar that went up from the edge of that old field doubtless advised General Prentiss of the fact that the Rebels had at last struck the extreme left of his line. We had fired but two or three rounds when, for some reason—I never knew what—we were ordered to fall back across the field, and did so. The whole line, so far as I could see to the right went back. We halted on the other side of the field, in the edge of the woods, in front of our tents, and again began firing. The Rebels, of course, had moved up and occupied the line we had just abandoned. And here we did our first hard fighting during the day. Our officers said, after the battle was over, that we held this line an hour and ten minutes. How long it was I do not know. I “took no note of time.”

We retreated from this position as our officers afterward said, because the troops on our right had given away, and we were flanked. Possibly those boys on our right would give the same excuse for their leaving, and probably truly, too. Still, I think we did not fall back a minute too soon. As I rose from the comfortable log from behind which a bunch of us had been firing, I saw men in gray and brown clothes, with trailed muskets, running through the camp on our right, and I saw something else, too, that sent a chill all through me. It was a kind of flag I had never seen before. It was a gaudy sort of thing, with red bars. It flashed over me in a second that that thing was a Rebel flag. It was not more than sixty yards to the right. The smoke around it was low and dense and kept me from seeing the man who was carrying it, but I plainly saw the banner. It was going

fast, with a jerky motion, which told me that the bearer was on a double-quick. About that time we left. We observed no kind of order in leaving; the main thing was to get out of there as quick as we could. I ran down our company street, and in passing the big Sibley tent of our mess I thought of my knapsack with all my traps and belongings, including that precious little packet of letters from home. I said to myself, "I will save my knapsack, anyhow;" but one quick backward glance over my left shoulder made me change my mind, and I went on. I never saw my knapsack or any of its contents afterwards.

Our broken forces halted and re-formed about half a mile to the rear of our camp on the summit of a gentle ridge, covered with thick brush. I recognized our regiment by the little gray pony the old colonel rode, and hurried to my place in the ranks. Standing there with our faces once more to the front, I saw a seemingly endless column of men in blue, marching by the flank, who were filing off to the right through the woods, and I heard our old German adjutant, Cramer, say to the colonel, "Dose are de troops of Sheneral Hurlbut. He is forming a new line dere in be bush." I exclaimed to myself from the bottom of my heart, "Bully for General Hurlbut and the new line in the bush! Maybe we'll whip 'em yet." I shall never forget my feelings about this time. I was astonished at our first retreat in the morning across the field back to our camp, but it occurred to me that maybe that was only "strategy" and all done on purpose; but when we had to give up our camp, and actually turn our backs and run half a mile, it seemed to me that we were forever disgraced, and I kept thinking to myself: "What will they say about this at home?"

I was very dry for a drink, and as we were doing nothing just then, I slipped out of ranks and ran down to the little hollow in our rear, in search of water. Finding a little pool, I threw myself on the ground and took a copious draught. As I rose to my feet, I observed an officer about a rod above me also quenching his thirst, holding his horse meanwhile

by the bridle. As he rose I saw it was our old adjutant. At no other time would I have dared accost him unless in the line of duty, but the situation made me bold. "Adjutant," I said, "What does this mean—our having to run this way? Ain't we whipped?" He blew the water from his mustache, and quickly answered in a careless way: "Oh, no; dat is all ride. We yoost fall back to form on the reserve. Sheneral Buell vas now crossing der river mit 50,000 men, and vill be here pooty quick; and Sheneral Lew Vallace is coming from Crump's Landing mit 15,000 more. Ve vips 'em; ve vips 'em. Go to your gompany." Back I went on the run, with a heart as light as a feather. As I took my place in the ranks beside my chum, Jack Medford, I said to him: "Jack, I've just had a talk with the old adjutant, down at the branch where I've been to get a drink. He says Buell is crossing the river with 75,000 men and a whole world of cannon, and that some other general is coming up from Crump's Landing with 25,000 more men. He says we fell back here on purpose, and that we're going to whip the Secesh, just sure. Ain't that just perfectly bully?" I had improved some on the adjutant's figures, as the news was so glorious I thought a little variance of 25,000 or 30,000 men would make no difference in the end. But as the long hours wore on that day, and still Buell and Wallace did not come, my faith in the adjutant's veracity became considerably shaken.

It was at this point that my regiment was detached from Prentiss' division and served with it no more that day. We were sent some distance to the right to support a battery, the name of which I never learned.\* It was occupying the summit of a slope, and was actively engaged when we reached it. We were put in position about twenty rods in the rear of the battery, and ordered to lie flat on the ground. The ground sloped gently down in our direction, so that by hugging it close, the rebel shot and shell went over us.

It was here, at about ten o'clock in the morning, that I

---

NOTE.—Some years after this sketch was written I ascertained that this battery was Richardson's, Co. D, 1st Missouri Light Artillery.

first saw Grant that day. He was on horseback, of course, accompanied by his staff, and was evidently making a personal examination of his lines. He went by us in a gallop, riding between us and the battery, at the head of his staff. The battery was then hotly engaged; shot and shell were whizzing overhead, and cutting off the limbs of trees, but Grant rode through the storm with perfect indifference, seemingly paying no more attention to the missiles than if they had been paper wads.

We remained in support of this battery until about 2 o'clock in the afternoon. We were then put in motion by the right flank, filed to the left, crossed the left-hand Corinth road; then we were thrown into the line by the command: "By the left flank, march." We crossed a little ravine and up a slope, and relieved a regiment on the left of Hurlbut's line. This line was desperately engaged, and had been at this point, as we afterward's learned, for fully four hours. I remember as we went up the slope and began firing, about the first thing that met my gaze was what out West we would call a "windrow" of dead men in blue; some doubled up face downward, others with their white faces upturned to the sky, brave boys who had been shot to death in "holding the line." Here we stayed until our last cartridge was shot away. We were then relieved by another regiment. We filled our cartridge boxes again and went back to the support of our battery. The boys laid down and talked in low tones. Many of our comrades alive and well an hour ago, we had left dead on that bloody ridge. And still the battle raged. From right to left, everywhere, it was one never-ending, terrible roar, with no prospect of stopping.

Somewhere between 4 and 5 o'clock, as near as I can tell, everything became ominously quiet. Our battery ceased firing; the gunners leaned against the pieces and talked and laughed. Suddenly a staff officer rode up and said something in a low tone to the commander of the battery, then rode to our colonel and said something to him. The battery horses were at once brought up from a ravine in the rear,

and the battery limbered up and moved off through the woods diagonally to the left and rear. We were put in motion by the flank and followed it. Everything kept so still, the loudest noise I heard was the clucking of the wheels of the gun-carriages and caissons as they wound through the woods. We emerged from the woods and entered a little old field. I then saw to our right and front lines of men in blue moving in the same direction we were, and it was evident that we were falling back. All at once, on the right, the left, and from our recent front, came one tremendous roar, and the bullets fell like hail. The lines took the double-quick towards the rear. For awhile the attempt was made to fall back in order, and then everything went to pieces. My heart failed me utterly. I thought the day was lost. A confused mass of men and guns, caissons, army wagons, ambulances, and all the debris of a beaten army surged and crowded along the narrow dirt road to the landing, while that pitiless storm of leaden hail came crashing on us from the rear. It was undoubtedly at this crisis in our affairs that the division of General Prentiss was captured.

I will digress here for a minute to speak of a little incident connected with this disastrous feature of the day that has always impressed me as a pathetic instance of the patriotism and unselfish devotion to the cause that was by no means uncommon among the rank and file of the Union armies.

There was in my company a middle-aged German named Charles Oberdieck. According to the company descriptive book, he was a native of the then kingdom of Hanover, now a province of Prussia. He was a typical German, flaxen-haired, blue-eyed, quiet and taciturn, of limited and meager education, but a model soldier, who accepted without question and obeyed without a murmur the orders of his military superiors. Prior to the war he had made his living by chopping cord-wood in the high, timbered hills near the mouth of the Illinois river, or by working as a common laborer in the country on the farms at \$14.00 a month. He was un-

married, his parents were dead, and he had no other immediate relatives surviving, either in his fatherland or in the country of his adoption. He and I enlisted from the same neighborhood. I had known him in civil life at home, and hence he was disposed to be more communicative with me than with the other boys of the company. A day or two after the battle he and I were sitting in the shade of a tree, in camp, talking over the incidents of the fight. "Charley," I said to him, "How did you feel along about four o'clock Sunday afternoon when they broke our lines, we were falling back in disorder, and it looked like the whole business was gone up generally?" He knocked the ashes from his pipe and, turning his face quickly towards me, said: "I yoost tells you how I feels. I no care any dings about Charley; he haf no wife nor children, fadder nor mudder, brudder nor sister; if Charley get killed, it makes no difference; dere vas nobody to cry for him, so I dinks nudding about myselfs; but I tells you, I yoost den feels bad for de Cause!"

Noble, simple-hearted old Charley! It was the imminent danger only to the Cause that made his heart sink in that seemingly fateful hour. When we heard in the malignant and triumphant roar of the Rebel cannon in our rear what might be the death-knell of the last great experiment of civilized men to establish among the nations of the world a united republic, freed from the curse of pampered kings and selfish, grasping aristocrats—it was in that moment, in his simple language, that the peril to the Cause was the supreme and only consideration.

It must have been when we were less than half a mile from the landing on our disorderly retreat before mentioned, that we saw standing in the line of battle, at ordered arms, extending from both sides of the road until lost to sight in the woods, a long, well-ordered line of men in blue. What did that mean, and where had they come from? I was walking by the side of Enoch Wallace, the orderly sergeant of my company. He was a man of nerve and courage, and by word and deed had done more that day to hold us green and

untried boys in ranks and firmly to our duty than any other man in the company. But even he, in the face of this seemingly appalling state of things, had evidently lost heart. I said to him: "Enoch, what are those men there for?" He answered in a low tone: "I guess they are put there to hold the Rebels in check till the army can get across the river." And doubtless that was the thought of every intelligent soldier in our beaten column. And yet it goes to show how little the common soldier knew of the actual situation. We did not know then that this line was the last line of battle of the "Fighting Fourth Division" under General Hurlbut; that on its right was the division of McClernand, the Fort Donelson boys; that on its right, at right angles to it, and, as it were, the refused wing of the army, was glorious old Sherman, hanging on with bulldog grip to the road across Snake Creek from Crump's Landing by which Lew Wallace was coming with 5,000 men. In other words, we still had an unbroken line confronting the enemy, made up of men who were not yet ready, by any manner of means, to give up that they were whipped. Nor did we know then that our retreating mass consisted only of some regiments of Hurlbut's division, and some other isolated commands, who had not been duly notified of the recession of Hurlbut and of his falling back to form a new line, and thereby came very near sharing the fate of Prentiss' men and being marched to the rear as prisoners of war. Speaking for myself, it was twenty years after the battle before I found these things out, yet they are true, just as much so as the fact that the sun rose yesterday morning. Well, we filed through Hurlbut's line, halted, re-formed, and faced to the front once more. We were put in place a short distance in the rear of Hurlbut, as a support to some heavy guns. It must have been about five o'clock now. Suddenly, on the extreme left, and just a little above the landing, came a deafening explosion that fairly shook the ground beneath our feet, followed by others in quick and regular succession. The look of wonder and inquiry that the soldiers' faces wore for a moment disappeared for

one of joy and exultation as it flashed across our minds that the gunboats had at last joined hands in the dance, and were pitching big twenty-pound Parrot shells up the ravine in front of Hurlbut, to the terror and discomfiture of our adversaries.

The last place my regiment assumed was close to the road coming up from the landing. As we were lying there I heard the strains of martial music and saw a body of men marching by the flank up the road. I slipped out of ranks and walked out to the side of the road to see what troops they were. Their band was playing "Dixie's Land," and playing it well. The men were marching at a quick step, carrying their guns, cartridge-boxes, haversacks, canteens, and blanket-rolls. I saw that they had not been in the fight, for there was no powder-smoke on their faces. "What regiment is this?" I asked of a young sergeant marching on the flank. Back came the answer in a quick, cheery tone, "The 36th Indiana, the advance guard of Buell's army."

I did not, on hearing this, throw my cap into the air and yell. That would have given those Indiana fellows a chance to chaff and guy me, and possibly make sarcastic remarks, which I did not care to provoke. I gave one big, gasping swallow and stood still, but the blood thumped in the veins of my throat and my heart fairly pounded against my little infantry jacket in the joyous rapture of this glorious intelligence. Soldiers need not be told of the thrill of unspeakable exultation they all have felt at the sight of armed friends in danger's darkest hour. Speaking for myself alone, I can only say, in the most heart-felt sincerity, that in all my obscure military career, never to me was the sight of re-inforcing legions so precious and so welcome as on that Sunday evening when the rays of the descending sun were flashed back from the bayonets of Buell's advance column as it deployed on the bluffs of Pittsburg Landing.

My account of the battle is about done. So far as I saw or heard, very little fighting was done that evening after Buell's advance crossed the river. The sun must have been fully an hour high when anything like regular and continuous

firing had entirely ceased. What the result would have been if Beauregard had massed his troops on our left and forced the fighting late Sunday evening would be a matter of opinion, and a common soldier's opinion would not be considered worth much.

My regiment was held in reserve the next day, and was not engaged. I have, therefore, no personal experience of that day to relate. After the battle of Shiloh, it fell to my lot to play my humble part in several other fierce conflicts of arms, but Shiloh was my maiden fight. It was there I first saw a gun fired in anger, heard the whistle of a bullet, or saw a man die a violent death, and my experiences, thoughts, impressions, and sensations on that bloody Sunday will abide with me as long as I live.

## SPRINGFIELD SOCIETY BEFORE THE CIVIL WAR.

BY CAROLINE OWSLEY BROWN.\*

As the subject "Springfield Society before the War" leaves me great latitude as to time, I will begin back in 1837, when Springfield became the Capital. Major John T. Stuart was one of the active politicians in that age when every man was a politician. He brought his young bride to Springfield in November, and they boarded at the Globe Hotel, on the north side of Adams street, between Third and Fourth streets. I have heard Mrs. Stuart say she had not a single high necked gown in her trousseau—they all fastened in the back, were low in the neck and short sleeved. This however could be remedied for morning wear, by basting in long sleeves beneath the short ones, which were then called caps, and wearing a cape made of the same material as the gown to cover the bare neck; only I should have said frock, for all the gowns were frocks in those days. When a lady wished to be appropriately dressed for the evening, out came the long sleeves, off came the cape, and lo! a correctly decollete costume.

A letter written about this time by Judge Samuel D. Lockwood, of Jacksonville, an uncle of Mrs. Stuart's, says: "We are installing a new invention today, by dear Mary, called a cooking stove; it is said to be a panacea for all evils, but in my opinion it will not work."

Those were the days when people traveled in their own carriages and Mrs. Stuart said it was no unusual thing for six or eight people to drive up unheralded, at eight or nine o'clock at night, to stay a few days. Not only were the unexpected guests to be provided for, but lanterns must be

---

\*Mrs. C. C. Brown was the daughter of Mr. John E. Owsley, a pioneer resident of Springfield. Mrs. Brown prepared this article for her family and friends. It is published by permission of her daughter, Mrs. Frances P. Ide. Mrs. Brown died in Springfield, October 12, 1919.

lighted and horses rubbed down, fed, and watered. This, too in a time when help was much more difficult to get than at present; so the host was often hostler, and the hostess, cook. I remember Mrs. Stuart always concluded her story by saying, "and not even a loaf of bread could be bought in the town." I think we housekeepers of today cannot realize all our gradmothers underwent "in those blessed days of old."

In 1837 before we had definitely gained the victory, and wrested the State Capital from the hands of the Vandilians, the most potent argument used against Vandalia, was, that they would feed the Illinois Statesmen nothing but venison, quail, wild duck and prairie chicken. While in Springfield they would get hog meat.

It was owing to the manipulations of certain politicians, who from their height were called "The Long Nine," that the hard fought battle was won. On the list of the "Long Nine"—Abraham Lincoln's revered name stands first, followed by that of Ninian Wirt Edwards, son of Governor Edwards, John Dawson, Andrew McCormick, Dan Stone, William F. Elkin, Robert L. Wilson, Members of the Lower House of the General Assembly, and the Senators were Archer G. Herndon and Job Fletcher.

In that day, and long after, down to the time of the Civil War, a legislative winter was as eagerly looked forward to by the ladies of the State, as the politicians. An invitation to spend such a time in Springfield was a coveted honor. The pretty girls from all over the State flocked here under the care of fathers, uncles, brothers, cousins, any relation however remote who could be induced to bring them.

The citizens gave parties and balls—the hotels gave "hops" and the Governor gave "Levees." People had never heard of those cabalistic letters W. C. T. U., and all untroubled by conscience, every man kept what he called his "side board." This, was not only a good substantial mahogany affair, but was furnished with various liquids of which we can only say, they were calculated to cheer when taken, not

speaking for the effect next day. Even when ladies called in the afternoon, blackberry cordial or home-made wine was served with pound cake, by nearly every hostess. I can remember hearing Major Stuart tell of being invited to dinner with Governor French in 1846. The present mansion was not built till some ten years later, and Governor A. C. French lived in a large two story frame house owned by the State, on the corner of Capitol Avenue and 8th Street, which was moved in 1867 when Mr. Samuel H. Jones built the house in which his daughter, Mrs. John Cook, lived for several years.

The dinner hour was half past twelve, and when dinner was announced the guests were seated on the long narrow front porch—the Governor arose saying, “Gentlemen bring your chairs into the dining room,” setting the example himself. Governor French was a believer in Jeffersonian simplicity, though we had had Governors before this who kept up the state the office merits.

Governor Ninian Edwards was Territorial Governor of Illinois in 1809, as well as its third Governor in 1826. At his inauguration he appeared with much pomp and ceremony in a gold laced cloak over a fine broadcloth suit, knee breeches and top boots—he was always driven from place to place in a magnificent carriage drawn by very spirited horses, with two colored servants on the box. Governor Edwards was a man of fine principles and never descended to the low electioneering acts of the times, or catered to the mob by providing free whiskey on every occasion as many good men did. The church played a great part in the social life of the times, and I have heard it said the foundation walls of old St. Paul’s, so recently leveled, were built on cakes baked by Mrs. Ninian W. Edwards, Mrs. William Pope, Mrs. John S. Bradford and Mrs. Antrim Campbell, and other good church women. Mrs. Edwards was especially noted as a cook, and the fame of her chicken salad spread far and wide—the day of olive oil was not, but melted butter took its place; still the salad did not suffer. A church supper with Mrs. Edwards’ chicken salad, Mrs. Pope’s beaten biscuit, Mrs. Campbell’s pound cake was an event to call all

society together. The churches had not grown clannish. Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists and Campbellites, as they were called then, all flocked to eat in the service of a good cause. Mrs. Edwards lived next to the residence of Mrs. Seymour, and the house was the scene of many historic revels. Her husband was the son of Governor Edwards and she was from the noted Todd family of Kentucky, and was a woman of beautiful, graceful presence. It was from this home that her sister, Mary Todd, was married to Abraham Lincoln.

Miss Todd was married in the white, brocaded, satin gown in which her sister, Mrs. Wallace, had been married. This gown is still in the possession of Mrs. Walter Patteson, the grand-daughter of Mrs. Wallace.

Mr. Legh Kimball lived in Mr. Ninian Edwards' family and said he frequently took Miss Mary Todd to the house of Mr. Simeon Francis to meet Mr. Lincoln, as Mr. Edwards was very much opposed to the engagement; and truly it is not every flatboatman who turns out a President, and the greatest man of his or any age.

The borrowing of a dress for some special occasion was not an unusual thing in those simple days. Now, one would as soon think of asking a friend for her tooth-brush as to lend a party gown. But it was different then. Mrs. Tinsley and Mrs. Hurst were the very handsome daughters of Colonel Taylor and renowned for their style as well as beauty, and were especially generous to girls less fortunate than themselves. Mrs. Hurst was the mother of Mrs. Charles and Mrs. Maurice Starne and Miss Jennie Hurst.

Many of the houses were furnished very handsomely, with velvet carpets, damask and lace curtains, rosewood and mahogany furniture covered with silk brocatelle, and the tables boasted gold-banded china and solid silver and almost everyone kept their own carriage. As far back as 1835, Mr. William Harvey came from Maryland in his own carriage, which he afterwards sold to Mr. James L. Lamb, the father of Mrs. John M. Palmer and Mrs. G. R. Brainerd. The body of the vehicle was painted a bright lemon yellow, and covered by a

black leather top—long steps, four in number, unfolded; these were covered with striped carpet. It was considered a most elegant affair, and created quite an excitement, as it was the first carriage, with the exception of Governor Edward's coach, in Springfield. Mr. Harvey said on the journey from Maryland, that he always went forward when he entered a town, as the party felt they made better terms and had better service, the remainder of the train on horseback and in wagons, coming after. Many of the earlier families who peopled Springfield came from Maryland, Virginia and Kentucky, though there was a fair representation from the eastern States.

Mr. Jacob Bunn was president of one bank, and Mr. Nicholas H. Ridgely the other. Messrs. John Williams, J. Taylor Smith (though he was known familiarly as Jack Smith in those days), Mr. Edward R. Thayer and Mr. Hurst were the merchants. J. Bunn had a wholesale grocery establishment, and Mr. Jack Hough a furniture and cabinet-making shop. Mrs. Francis Ide has a memento of those early days in the shape of a mahogany bureau, with quaint, round pillars supporting a long, narrow mirror, larger pillars upholding the drawers. It is, I think, the most expensive piece of furniture in town, since Major Stuart gave Jack Hough the block of land extending from Sixth street to Seventh street, on which are the old Vredenburg residence, the Edward Keys' home, and the Roberts' residence and, of course, all between those buildings both on Sixth and Seventh streets, for it. The Williams and Van Bergens also opened hospitable doors to Springfield's elite, Col. Williams and Mr. Van Bergen both being very fond of good company.

It was quite the fashion for the young people of Springfield to go to dances in the neighboring towns of Jacksonville and Rochester. Mrs. Charles Ridgely has told me of a dance in the former place, held in the old Mansion House at which both Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Stephen A. Douglas devoted themselves to the lively, interesting Mary Todd. The invitations read "Dancing at early candle light." Lizzie Todd (the mother of John Grimsley) was there with her fiance, Harry

Grimsley, and Miss Eliza Barret, who after her widowhood became Mrs. Pascal Enos. Both Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Douglas danced repeatedly with the pretty Kentucky girl. Finally Mr. Lincoln came up saying, "Miss Mary, I want to dance with you the worst way." After the dance was over the lady with more truth than politeness, said, "Mr. Lincoln, I think you have literally fulfilled your request—you have danced the worst way possible."

Miss Eliza Barret's wedding at Island Grove in 1846, was a notable society event, and the guests were all from Springfield. She married a Mr. P. C. Johnson, a wealthy man from New York, who had traveled a great deal when European travelers were few and far between. When people went abroad in the forties it was a great event and their friends bade them good-bye as voyagers "to that bourne from which no traveler returns."

They were married at the Barret home about three miles from Old Berlin—Lizzie Todd and Harry Grimsley, Miss Barret, a Kentucky belle and beauty, and Mr. Campbell were the attendants. The ceremony was performed by Dr. Bergen of the First Presbyterian Church at 10 o'clock in the morning. The wedding breakfast consisted of such substantial viands as cold boiled ham, tongue, prairie chicken, beaten biscuit and Sally Lunn, followed by Syllabub, pound cake, fruit cake and all the other cakes our dear grandmothers could find within the leaves of their cookery books—not to forget the bride's cake that required the whites of thirty-six eggs and the combined skill of all the wise women of the family to make.

The bride was gowned in a changeable silk that shimmered from gold to blue, and wore a white bonnet tied in a great bow beneath her pretty chin, with broad white ribbons. After breakfast, a coach and pair drew up before the door in which the groom and the bride's father and mother seated themselves, the bride and the rest of the bridal party following in a great blue farm wagon, the kind of a wagon called a prairie schooner, because its bed rose in a graceful boat-like

curve at each end. It was in fact the vehicle in which Mr. Barret, Sr., had driven his family across the prairie from their old Kentucky home. It had been filled with straw over which were spread numerous fur rugs that Mr. Johnson had brought from Russia. Six yoke of oxen drew the unique vehicle, each with a huge white satin wedding favor on his headgear. Mr. and Mrs. James L. Lamb and Miss Susan and Lina Lamb were among the guests that attended the dance held in the great new barn at the home of the groom in Bates. A wedding must have been fatiguing in those days, for Mrs. Ridgely assured me, after dancing all night the merry party returned to the Barret homestead for the *Infair*—the bride having for her “second day dress,” another gorgeous toilette of changeable shot silk of flame color and blue, on which was brocaded thickly, small bouquets of brilliant colored blossoms. I must not forget to add that a great rabble of country folk charivariated the bridal pair and made night hideous with horns and tin-pans until placated by a gift of whiskey and cakes.

Mrs. Ridgely has also told me of the wedding of another sister, Mrs. William Fonday, whom many of us knew and loved. The Barret family had moved into town and lived on Monroe and Third streets, where a stone-cutter has a shop at present. There was no Chicago & Alton Railroad then and the yard was filled with great forest trees, and on the night of the wedding was illuminated by a headlight lent by the Wabash Railroad. A wedding always causes a great turmoil and this was no exception. All the beds were taken down and the furniture carried to the barn. The porch was lighted and draped with flags, and supper was served in the basement. Mr. Watson iced the cakes and the bride's cake was especially adorned with a small bride with a flowing veil and orange blossoms. Two great pyramids of macaroons, with a web of spun sugar thrown over them, stood at each end of the table, while a noble tower of glazed oranges reared its tall head in the center of the board. Mrs. Fonday was married in June, 1854; her very wide-skirted, white, silk gown was

buoyed out by ten or twelve stiffly starched petticoats, the fore-runners of the hoop skirts that followed in a short time. The gown was low in the neck, with short sleeves, and her gloves were wrist length, with a gauntlet effect of lace and flowers sewn to them. There were four bridesmaids and groomsmen—the Misses Caroline Lawrie, Nannie Barret, Fannie Todd and Jennie Barret, known to us as Mrs. Charles Ridgely. She said she had just been vaccinated, and her arm was so red and swollen that she had to tie a broad white ribbon to conceal it, but no satin ribbon could cure the little school girl's headache, and she was compelled to go to bed with a high fever as soon as Dr. Smith had performed the ceremony.

In those days the first bride's maid and groomsman always went on the bridal trip, too. Mr. and Mrs. Funday and their attendants went by stage to Naples, and there they took a boat on the Illinois river as far as LaSalle, and then embarked in a canal boat for Chicago—Mrs. Funday always declaring she nearly froze on the last mentioned stage of the journey.

They boarded the first winter at the American House, which stood on the present site of Bressmer's store.\* Mrs. George Chatterton, Sr., who was also a young wife, boarded there that winter.

Governor Matteson's administration was a very gay time in Springfield society. When the family came here from Joliet, the two older daughters were in Monticello Seminary. I can recall my aunt, who was also a Monticello girl, saying the Matteson girls achieved a pitch of elegance in their rooms never hitherto attained by any student—namely, they had a bureau. Mrs. Goodell, the eldest daughter, was married in the old mansion on Capitol avenue and also had an *infair* there, receiving for several days in her wedding gown and veil. Sometimes these festivities would last for a week. Miss Lydia Matteson fell in love with a Mr. McGinnis, and when her parents refused their consent to the engagement, she retired to her room and would see no one. Parties and dinners

---

\* Now Roland's Store.

and beaux had no charms for the disconsolate damsel, and finally the parents had to give in, and Miss Matteson married the man of her choice. It was the first wedding in the beautiful new mansion, and was at the witching hour of 6 a. m. It seemed the beaux of that period had to rise very early to ring the belles. Governor Matteson entertained a great deal, and even among his political opponents the genial Democratic Governor had many friends. Mrs. Matteson was a nobly beautiful woman, tall and stately, with the manners of a queen. She was an admirable wife and mother, and a woman of strong religious convictions.

When the present mansion was built under Governor Matteson's supervision, and furnished in what we considered most elegant style, the Governor gave a great *reception*—it was the first time that word was used in connection with such entertainments—heretofore the Governors had given *levees*.

Mrs. Ridgely told me the unpaved streets were so deep with mud that she walked to the reception under the escort of the Secretary of State, Mr. Hatch, who carried a lantern by which they carefully picked their way down Sixth street from the present residence of Peter Vredenburg, Sr., which had just been built by Mr. Fonday, and was considered very far out of town. The lady gayly danced until the wee small hours, but alas for that rule that "those who dance must pay the piper." Next morning two of the elders of the church waited on Miss Barret to reprimand her for disobeying the laws of the First Presbyterian Church *Session*. For there is no law in the Presbyterian *Church Book of Rules* against dancing. The elders, however, said if Miss Barret would promise not to transgress again the matter would be dropped. The promise was given and I presume not broken until the next dancing party. Amelia Owsley, afterwards the wife of Rev. Dr. Willis G. Craig of McCormick Theological Seminary, and Bettie Stuart, wife of C. C. Brown, were also reprimanded by the elders for the same dire offense.

Mr. Fonday had furnished the great red brick house

very handsomely with velvet carpets, rosewood furniture and brocatelle curtains, and gave a great legislative party as a house warming. Lilie Irwin and her sister Ella, Julia Ridgely, Julia Latham, Georgiana Heaton, Salome Butler, Hannah Lamb, Lulu Hickox and Mollie Reiley, Bettie Stuart and Amelia Owsley and Julia Enos were among the belles, while Mr. John Bunn, Bob Hitt, Pascal Enos, Hal. Reiley, Phil. Warren, C. C. Brown, Col. Mather and Mr. Buckmaster of Alton were among the beaux. Mrs. Charles Ridgely said her mother was quite scandalized at the manners of the rising generation, and asked her young daughter if it was considered proper for a girl to retire to dark corners under the stairs and whisper to a man. She had actually seen such conduct with her own eyes and could scarcely believe their testimony. Wasn't Solomon a wise man when he said there was nothing new under the sun? My Aunt Georgiana Heaton, a very pretty girl, if we can believe family tradition, said she went downtown to Jack Smith's store, bought tarlatan for a dress in the morning, made it and wore the dress in the evening. All this without the aid of a sewing machine. But we must remember tarlatan was a material as thin as organdie and was two yards wide—four straight widths, with a broad hem at the bottom and gathered in at the belt, completed the skirt; a simple, low-necked baby waist with short, puffed sleeves finished the dress, and a lace bertha, always an adjunct of a girl's wardrobe, gave the needed trimming to the neck. Add a corsage bouquet of drooping pink moss rosebuds, or trailing sprays of lily of the valley on sleeves and hair and bosom, and the pretty debutante toilet was complete.

Mrs. Ridgely also gave me a description of her own wedding, which took place at the Fonday home. It was an evening wedding, the ceremony performed by Dr. John H. Brown. About 6 o'clock as Mr. Watson was bringing in the three tall pyramids of macaroons and oranges that were to ornament the table, a terrific clap of thunder caused him to drop the trays and shattered all the luscious sweetness. Of course it

was too late to make more. How should they remedy matters, for the rains descended and the floods came and beat upon that house. But all available hands were hastily set to work, and calf-foot jelly of pink and white, sparkling in tiny wine glasses, were built up into pyramids by means of glass cake stands, and great bowls of fragrant white Madonna lilies stood in snowy loveliness along the table; and while solids were not lacking, champagne flowed in such quantity that the guests were quite jovial. Mrs. Ridgely wore four illusion skirts over white satin, and had on a hooped petticoat beside—the double skirt was looped with dew gemmed Stars of Bethlehem. The white satin waist was finished by a valenciennes bertha and the long tulle veil fell from a coronet of orange blossoms. The bride and groom spent their honeymoon with Mrs. Ridgely's sister, Mrs. Pascal Enos, in what is now the home of her nephew, Pascal Hatch. Mrs. Ridgely said she was completely dressed at 6 o'clock and married at 8, but meanwhile was not suffered to sit down lest she should mar the effect. Among the guests was Stephen A. Douglas, who was himself a recent bridegroom, and Mrs. Douglas, in a simple white tarlatan cut very low to display her marvelously beautiful neck, wore no ornaments save a cluster of rose geranium leaves in her corsage. She was said to be a great beauty of the brunette type. I heard a gentleman who attended the wedding say there were present three as beautiful women as he ever saw. Mrs. Jacob Bunn was there in the zenith of her soft loveliness—she had very dark, beautiful eyes fringed by long, black lashes, was exquisitely graceful and most universally admired. There was also present a Mrs. Mulligan of St. Louis, a member of the Semple family, who was a great beauty. But when the three women stood together I think the Springfield people gave the palm to our own Mrs. Bunn.

As Mr. Douglas congratulated Mrs. Ridgely he said, "I have never seen you since you were a little curly-headed girl; do you remember me?" "Indeed I do," replied the bride; "you came home with my father from a political meeting and seeing me in the yard said, 'Little girl, where were you born?'"

and when I told you in Illinois, you said, 'Then you are a mud sucker,' and I felt I could never forgive you.'

That winter Mrs. Matthew T. Scott, of D. A. R. fame, was a bride also. At a large legislative party given at the residence of Mr. Jacob Bunn, both brides were there in their bridal gowns; Mrs. Scott, fair to a statuesque marble pallor, with most beautiful neck and arms and hands, and Mrs. Douglas with all her brilliant dark beauty brought out by her snowy satin robe veiled in lace. Mrs. Scott was famed for her conversational powers, being both witty and intellectual, and having received a college education in a day when few colleges were open to women. Her father was President of Centre College of Danville, Kentucky, and Mrs. Scott had the advantage of the lectures there.

In those ante-bellum days when a man was elected to the Senate, he gave a great ball, unless he belonged to some of the more strict religious denominations, then he gave a promenade party. Mrs. Ridgely said she could remember the one General Shields gave on his election and it was a ball. Her sister, Mrs. Johnson, sent the little girl to the wardrobe to bring her her gown, and a gust of wind blew the thin tarlatan folds into the flame of the candle she was carrying to light the way, and in a moment all the rosy loveliness went up in smoke.

Senator Lyman Trumbull, who married Julia Jayne, the sister of Dr. William Jayne, was a strict Presbyterian, so they gave a promenade party, where you gossiped and ate and flirted, instead of dancing and eating and flirting. Some one has told me of a letter written by Mrs. Trumbull during her first season in Washington in which she said, "I have seen a great many prominent women since I have been here, but I have not met anyone so beautiful and gracious as <sup>1</sup>Lizzie Bunn, or as pretty a talker as <sup>2</sup>Mary Lincoln, or as sweet as <sup>3</sup>Sue Cook."

Mr. Trumbull ran against Abraham Lincoln in this contest for the senatorship, and it was so confidently expected that Mr. Lincoln would win that Mrs. Ninian W. Edwards had

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Jacob Bunn.

<sup>2</sup> Mrs. Abraham Lincoln.

<sup>3</sup> Mrs. John Cook.

sent out invitations for a great ball to be held in the hall over where Coe's book store now stands,\* to celebrate the victory of her brother-in-law. When the tables turned, however, and his opponent was elected, Mrs. Edwards was equal to the occasion, and instead of Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln, Mr. and Mrs. Lyman Trumbull stood in the receiving line next to the host and hostess.

A great many dances (they were called hops, by the way, and most abundantly justified the name) were given at the Chenery House, which stood on the present site of the Illinois Hotel and was the best hotel in town and kept by the father of Miss Sue and Fanny Chenery. The table was waited on by girls, and once a year these waitresses gave a dance, to which all the beaux of the town went, rather to the scandalization of the stricter folk.

Among these gay young blades we must number Benjamin H. Ferguson, George N. Black, Dr. George Pasfield, Jos. B. Perkins, John W. Bunn, C. C. Brown, Gen. Thomas Mather and others.

The Bunn house was one of the handsomest homes of Springfield, and boasted as its mistress one of the most beautiful and popular women in the State. Many of you will recall her gracious, quiet dignity, and the ease and elegance with which she presided over her household; and yet with all her dignity she was bubbling over with fun and merriment. This was one of the centres of Springfield's social life, both before and after the War.

Another house, that of Judge Benjamin S. Edwards, still stands amid its tall trees to show you how Springfield's old families were housed. Mrs. John M. Palmer has told me of a great party Judge and Mrs. Edwards gave, when it stormed so they had to have four horses to the carriage. Mrs. Judd, wife of Norman B. Judd, whom Abraham Lincoln appointed Minister to Prussia, and her sister, Miss Rossiter, graced the occasion; Mrs. Judd, in a corn-colored silk of such magnificence that the soft, lustrous folds of that gown still cast their

---

\* United Cigar Store.

pale yellow gleam across the length of half a century. Miss Rossiter afterwards married a Russian. The night was so wild in its mingled sleet and snow that Mrs. Edwards re-issued her invitations for the next night.

Judge Edwards was one of the brilliant group of lawyers that made Springfield an intellectual centre, and the family both by virtue of family and wealth, held always a leading position—he was a man of handsome presence and most courtly manner. I can recall the stateliness of his greeting and remember he always held his hat in his hand while he was talking with a lady. Mrs. Edwards has not so long left us, but that you all remember her gentle loveliness. The old James L. Lamb home, now the Court of Honor, was another landmark we still have of old Springfield. Four charming daughters grew up in its hospitable walls, but only two are left to tell the tales of these early times. I read Mrs. Palmer's girlish journal the other day, "Thursday, Dec. 20th, 1860—South Carolina has seceded." How little Hannah Lamb, sitting beside her father's sickbed, realized the import of her words—no comment, only "South Carolina has seceded."

The John T. Stuart home, where Harris Hickox now lives, for fifty years kept its hospitable front door open for guests at home and abroad. Major Stuart was a type of a gentleman of the olden times, so gentle and courteous—with as fine and gallant a bow for his laundress as for a Duchess. I remember his saying to me one day, "Carrie, I believe I am going to live to posterity only as the man who advised Mr. Lincoln to study law and lent him his law books. It is a little humiliating that a man who has served his country in Congress and in his State, should have no further claim to remembrance than that, but I believe it will be so." When Major Stuart and Mr. Lincoln were partners they never kept books, but divided a fee as soon as it came in; and if Major Stuart was not home, Mr. Lincoln would wrap up his share in a brown paper and put it on a shelf to await his coming, marked, "Stuart's half." I remember Mrs. Stuart saying she used often to see Mr. Lincoln, when he was a young man, come in town in his shirt sleeves or with the elbow of his coat sleeve ragged,

but she added, I never saw him dirty, he was always clean. Mrs. Stuart was a handsome woman, so dignified that I could never see her in my mind as she once pictured herself. She said, "When Elizabeth Edwards would send me word to come over and have some ice cream I would climb two fences to get to the Edwards home on Second street. The Stuart house was built in quite a wood, extending from the Charles Ridgely place to Jackson street.

Major Stuart was the successful opponent of Stephen A. Douglas for Congress in 1838. They were both young men, and the campaign was carried on in great good humor, the candidates often occupying the same bed during their travels round the country. But shortly before the election they had a joint debate in front of the old market house on the southeast corner of Monroe and Fourth streets. In this debate Douglas used some language that roused the Major's fighting Kentucky blood, and, tall and slim, he seized his short antagonist round the waist, tucked him under his arm, and carried the struggling "little giant" round the market house, quietly setting him down on the platform on his return. The Major was always rather ashamed to own this undignified encounter. He could never bear to fix a fee, and would, if possible, leave the office when such a time came, and if by any chance he had to make out a bill, the amount was usually placed with the postage stamps and not divided, it was so small. I lived in his house ten years and never saw him do a thing that I objected to, and when he died, I said, "I shall not look upon his like again"—and to his wife I can give no higher praise than to say she was worthy of him.

The Pasfield home, the old Logan place, where Judge and Mrs. Logan dispensed a true Southern hospitality; the \*Seymour residence, once the home of Judge Pope, afterwards remodeled by John E. Owsley on the plan of his ancestral home in Kentucky; the Phil Warren place, all remain substantially the same, types of the way in which we lived fifty years ago.

---

\* Now taken down and the site used for the Centennial Memorial Building.

The homes of Mr. Nicholas H. Ridgely and Mr. George Huntington were the center of musical culture in the town. Mr. Ridgely lived in a big gray brick house on the northeast corner of Monroe and Fourth streets, and his beautiful flower and fruit garden stretched its graceful length down to where the Silas Hotel stands. One of the first trials of a child's religious faith took place in that garden—\*Janie Ridgely and several small visiting friends were playing in that garden and one of them lost two bits (25 cents). Now, "two bits" is a large sum to lose—and Janie proposed they all kneel down and pray for its recovery. I regret to add, that two bits remains undiscovered to this day, but the impression was so deeply fixed in my mind, that I often think of it when I pass the spot.

Mrs. Nicholas Ridgely had an extremely sweet voice, an inheritance handed down to her daughter, Julia. Mr. Huntington played on the flute and was the leader of Springfield's first orchestra—amateur, I suppose you would call it, but they played classical music, and played it well.

Miss Annie Van Bergen, the elder sister of Mrs. C. C. Carroll, had a lovely voice that had been highly cultivated in New York. Miss Lilie Irwin was a fine pianist, while her sister, Ella, played on the harp. Miss Mai Stack, Mrs. Chatterton's niece, also had a beautiful voice, so strong and of such quality that she had been destined for the operatic stage—all these were a part of the material out of which Mr. Huntington wrought the most beautiful concord of sweet sound. I remember the time when Adalina Patti was to have sung here. The story of the naughty little girl who would not do as she was told, heavily impressed itself on my childish mind. All the grown-ups of the family went down to Concert Hall to hear the widely advertised Paul Julian, a boy violinist, and the child, Adalina Patti, a girl of twelve—she was brought here by her brother-in-law, Strakosch, afterward the noted impresario. The hall was rather small, and truth compels me to say, dirty—and was crowded to its utmost capacity. Paul

---

\* Mrs. James T. Jones.

Julian came on, played, was applauded, and went off. Adalina, second on the program, walked out upon the stage, looked disgustedly around, and ran back. After a long wait, Mr. Norman Broadwell announced "Miss Patti was too ill to sing," but rumor attested she said, "I will not sing in that dirty old hall." There was quite a large number of music-loving people in Springfield, and when Jennie Lind came to St. Louis, a large party went down to hear her.

The houses of Springfield, before the War, were either heated by grates, wood stoves or fire places. A few boasted what were called Franklin stoves—a stove open like a fire place, in which wood was burned, and andirons used; but the most popular stove was one that looked like a section of pipe cut off and set on four legs—I think they were called the Todd stove.

\*Mrs. Rhoda Bissell Thomas has told me when her mother did not approve of a caller she would not allow the stove to be refilled, and as wood burned rapidly, and the ceilings were high and the rooms in the mansion large, the temperature speedily reached an arctic chill that made the visitor retreat.

The houses were lighted by candles or lamps in which lard oil was generally burned. That passage in Maud Muller, "The tallow candle an astral burned," never commended itself to my mind, I had filled the astral lamp too many times, to illuminate the parlor while Dr. Pasfield, C. C. Brown, Joseph Perkins, Billie Brown of Island Grove, Col. Mather, Joseph Condell and others, called on my aunts, to feel any special enthusiasm over that species of lighting—the lard had to be heated into oil each time it was burned, so a lamp could not be prepared long before it was to be used.

The young men who afterwards developed into such staid, decorous lawyers, judges and bankers, had many amusing stories to tell of the tricks they played on good-natured Col. Mather. Mrs. Pope once had a very charming relative visiting her who made havoc with the susceptible hearts of

---

\* Daughter of Gov. Wm. H. Bissell.

the men, but Col. Mather and C. C. Brown were her special victims, the Colonel really meditating matrimony. He roomed with Mr. Brown, and the night before the charmer was to depart to her home in St. Louis, the gallant Colonel brought home a very large and expensive bouquet, which he proposed to present to Miss Allen on her departure by the 6 A. M. train. The Colonel, however, was a very heavy sleeper, and I am sorry to tell that Mr. Brown arose quietly, dressed, took Col. Mather's bouquet and departed, locking the door after him. He did the farewell honor gracefully, returning to find the peaceful warrior quietly slumbering. How he explained the missing bouquet I do not know.

New Year's Day was universally a fete day—everybody kept "open house," and if some family affliction prevented a lady's receiving, she tied a basket to the door knob wherein her friends could deposit their cards. Each lady received in her own home, assisted by her daughters and any house guests. As a child I can remember the great hurry and flurry that stirred the household on this festive occasion, to get the parlors to a comfortable degree of temperature, for some early birds came about 9 o'clock, and they were generally quite old birds that should have known better. Sometimes, when it was very cold, the fireman arose several times during the night to fill the stoves with wood. In this icy atmosphere, egg-nog was very tempting, and many a young gallant found it hard to stand upright about 6 P. M. At each house the caller was expected to eat oysters, chicken salad, drink coffee, put down a saucer of ice cream and cake, and nibble a few bon-bons. Where the oranges came in, I do not know, but this I can affirm, that with skins cut in fancy shapes, they were always present on the table, as well as raisins and almonds and white grapes. The first oranges of the season came at Christmas and the New Year, and very seldom at any other time. They were a fruit for high days and holidays.

Mr. Watson, the confectioner, way back in the forties, had gone to St. Louis to learn to make the famous macaroon pyramids, without which no party table was complete, each New

Year's table bore one of these brown, sticky monuments as its central adornment. I have never been able to fathom the mystery of the latter end of these pyramids. I think, perhaps, they may have been kept and brought forth from time to time to grace the festive board—one thing is certain, I never remember eating part of one.

The Governor and all the State officials used to call in one party, and during the War, General McClernand and his staff also called together, and many were the young hearts that fluttered at the sight of the gold lace and brass buttons. I think the misery of the War was largely mitigated to the young ladies of Springfield by the glitter of the two last mentioned articles. Much ingenuity and originality was shown by the gentlemen in their calling cards, but the best taste commended a plain engraved card. There was great rivalry among the girls as to which house was the most popular, each caller being promptly listed. One enterprising young woman added her father and brothers, the butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker, anything she said that wore trousers, to swell the number.

No gentleman ever called at a girl's home in those days until asked to do so by some member of her family. The girl herself seldom invited the man lest she should seem too anxious. And Sunday evening your best young man always took you to church—for everybody went to both services on Sunday, and also to prayer meeting. Most persons who had large houses were expected to entertain the Legislature at least once during the session. There were many funny stories told of gentlemen from the rural districts making their debut into the fashionable society of the Capital. The wife would accompany him often, and it was marvelous to watch the rapidity with which that rustic lady would unfold into a gaily dressed woman of fashion. An American woman has most wonderful power of adaptability if you give her only half a chance. At Mrs. George N. Black's a member of the Legislature said to his hostess, "Mrs. Black, I am compelled to leave

town on the 9 o'clock train, and would be pleased to have you give me my supper early."

Mrs. Cullom told of a guest from Egypt who was seen drinking from the ladle of the punch bowl. Mrs. Cullom also told a story on herself of a later date; an old country constituent of the Senator's called one evening when only Mrs. Cullom and her two daughters were at home. Girl-like, Misses Ella and Carrie made no effort to entertain the old man, and that duty rested heavily on Mrs. Cullom. She racked her brain for some topic to interest him, and finally fell back on the diplomatic reception at Washington to beguile the time until her husband's return. What was her chagrin to hear afterwards that the old man told a mutual acquaintance that he went up to see Cullom one night and found him out, but Cullom's wife and his daughters were home, that the girls seemed very nice, quiet, and well conducted, but the old woman turned in and bragged for all she was worth.

Mrs. Rhoda Bissell Thomas told me an amusing anecdote of Governor Reynold's time. When Mr. Kinney was running for the office of Lieutenant Governor, Governor Reynolds made Kinney's lack of education a great point against him. In a speech in opposition to the talented, but reckless young Irishman, he said, "Gentlemen, why will you vote for a man for so honorable an office, who has so little education. Why, gentlemen, he uses a little *I* when writing of himself." At this juncture, the young Irishman arose on the outskirts of the crowd and said, "Will the honorable speaker allow me to explain?" and turning to the audience, with a twinkle in his eye, he said, "Gentlemen, the reason I use a little *i*—*is*, that Governor Reynolds used all the big *I*'s up in his "History of Illinois."

It seems a strange eccentricity to us that anyone should arise at the dreadful hours of 5 and 6 o'clock in the morning to be married, but such was the custom of our mothers. Inaugurated, however, because the Chicago and Alton Railroad ran only one train a day to St. Louis, and that seemed the point often selected for the honeymoon. I can recall

the family getting up one morning in the dim twilight to go to the wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Milton Hay. Mrs. Hay was Miss Mary Logan and lived in Logan place, now the home of Mrs. Hugh Morrison, her niece. Miss Puss Logan, her sister, was her bridesmaid, and Mr. Ned Taylor groomsman. Of course, the two latter accompanied the bridal couple on their wedding journey, which was first to St. Louis, where they took the boat for St. Paul, stopping at various points to visit relatives of both bride and groom. When Miss Puss Logan became the wife of the Hon. Ward H. Lamon, her sister, Jennie, Mrs. Hugh Morrison's mother, went to visit her; and when she returned from a winter in Washington, the glories of her wardrobe deeply impressed me—she had a sky blue bonnet, that reared its head very tall in front, and the brim was filled in round the face with pink roses—pink and blue, the combination had never been worn here before—it was thought quite daring and *very Frenchy*. Miss Jennie wore her hair in curls and caught the first two back on each side of her face with two diamond bar pins, and when she came out at the first party after her return wrapped in an ermine cape, I felt she had nothing left to wish for, in this world, at least.

The preparations for the war brought many strangers to the Capital City. Among others came the picturesque figure of Colonel Elmer Ellsworth, afterwards immortalized as the first man who gave his life for our country's flag in the Civil War. Gen. John Cook organized a company of men called the Zouaves, and Col. Ellsworth came down from Chicago to train the lads into soldiers. He lived at Gen. Cook's home, which is now the convent of the Sacred Heart. *General* was *then* Captain Cook, commander of the new company. Ellsworth was a boyish-looking fellow with dark eyes, and wore his black hair quite long, and I fell into dire disgrace with the girls who were old enough to have beaux by intimating this long hair made him look like a barber.

Mr. John Hay was a brilliant figure that crossed this stage then set for War. Born of a family of strong intellectual

powers, young Hay proved no exception to the family rule. He was a handsome young fellow, rather short, but slender and well formed, with bright, dark eyes that wrought havoc in the hearts of susceptible maidens, and a tongue that could have talked the traditional bird off of the bush—fortunately he was of an age when a few soft words, and still softer looks, did not count. So he flitted from flower to flower, with a sonnet to this one's sweet eyes, and to that damsel's rosy lips, with no worse result than a fleeting pang which was speedily soothed by the flash of brass buttons. You see the kaleidoscopic picture changed so often one had no time to linger on the past.

The new company soon became very proficient in their drill, and was a marvel to us for their rapid movements; one figure, where they threw themselves prone upon their stomachs and then fired their guns, has always remained in my mind as the quintessence of military skill. The red-trimmed blue coats, scarlet knee breeches, yellow leggins and jaunty little caps of these youthful and highly ornamental warriors, were most becoming, and if they slew nothing else, they carried off numberless maiden hearts as trophies. Mrs. Palmer told me of a flag party planned in honor of these gay soldier boys. Mrs. Cook and Miss Hannah Lamb went to St. Louis to purchase silk to make a flag, and quite a party of girls, among whom were Julia Latham and Julia Ridgely, Mollie Condell and Ella Irwin and Ellen Jayne, came out to Captain Cook's residence to sew the handsome emblem. In the evening, Messrs. John Bunn, Charlie McClellan, Legh Kimball, Benjamin Ferguson, Mr. Chase and Colonel Mather came in a hay wagon to take them home. Alas, that all joys in this woeful world must be paid for. The originator of the scheme took cold on the moonlight ride, and spent a sneezing evening in bed, while the result of her genius, the silken flag, was presented to its proud possessors in Cook's Hall on the east side of the square. The company brought the flag back when the war was over, and its faded battered folds now trail their length in Memorial Hall. I once heard a woman say, whose

husband had gone to our late war, that she could stand to have him a soldier as long as the band played and the sun shone; and that is just how the war impressed my youthful mind. The parading of soldiers, the cheering and the music all seemed to set that first year of the war in a background of glory—we were too far from the scene of contest to feel any personal discomfort, and too young to have any forebodings. I wonder how I could have lived so unthinkingly and carelessly amid such grave and terrible times.

Governor Matteson gave an enormous party as a housewarming on going into the splendid new home he had built just across the street from the mansion, on the corner of Fourth and Jackson. This house, probably the most magnificent private residence in Central Illinois, was burned in 1873. The furnishing was not quite completed, but the Legislature was in session and enough was there to make it one of the grandest occasions that Springfield had ever seen. I heard a gentleman say that he took the belle of the ball to this party, that she had on a white tarlatan flounced to the knee, with a train over a yard long, that as they slowly proceeded down the crowded stairs, he heard one legislator remark to another in a loud whisper, "Look at the filley that John B— has with him." Col. Ellsworth was present, and that gallant warrior suffered defeat then and there. No sooner did he view Miss McClintock's fine eyes than he was transfixed and slain. He followed her around and abjectly begged for dances; indeed, her escort assured me he acted like he was crazy. Whether the fair Clara would have none of him, or whether "The soldier boy to the wars hath gone," and forgot her amid the excitement of battle, I do not know; certain it is she did not become Mrs. Ellsworth. She really was a beauty, and I can recall her loveliness even after the lapse of half a century.

When the war really began, and our gallant soldier boys came back at intervals, pale from illness and wounds, I can remember the patriotic thrills with which we wound bandages, and scraped lint. How we sent boxes of canned fruit and

jellies to the hospitals. I had never heard of such a thing as "First aid to the wounded," but how I pined to be a hospital nurse. I never dared to mention this longing at home, well knowing fifteen years was rather immature for a nurse, but at least I officiated at a series of tableaux, for which we charged fifteen cents admittance, which undoubtedly must largely have swelled the funds of the Aid Society. I know I visited the soldiers' widows, as every woman was called, who had a husband in the army. For I remember asking one if there was anything she really needed, and she said yes, she had always wanted a glass preserve dish. I hope we filled that long-felt need.

In writing this paper I have lived over many of the days of my youth, and am conscious much of interest has been left out. *Tempus* does fugit, however, and I close.

"Oft in the stilly night,  
Ere slumbers chain hath bound me,  
Fond memories bring the light  
Of other days around me."

---

NOTE.—I am indebted to Mrs. John M. Palmer, Mrs. Charles Ridgely, Mr. John Bunn and to Mr. Lincoln Dubois for much of the material contained in this paper.—CAROLINE OWSLEY BROWN.

## THE STORY OF THE RUNAWAY BALLOON.

---

In the year 1858 the Illinois State Fair was held at Centralia, September 14 to 17 inclusive. The St. Louis Republican of September 15, speaks of the magnitude of the Illinois Fair as follows:

“The opening of the Illinois State Fair yesterday at Centralia must have been exceedingly gratifying to the friends of the Association under whose auspices the Fair is held, and especially so to those who resolutely insisted on giving the sixth Fair to Southern Illinois. The interest taken in it is evidently greater than has ever been displayed in an Illinois Fair. It promises to be more important in its bearing upon the agricultural interests of the State than any previous gathering for like purposes. The display of blooded cattle is four times as large as that at the St. Louis Fair, and, by Kentucky and Illinois breeders, is pronounced the largest and finest display of the kind ever seen in the West or Southwest. Judges of horseflesh say, too, that they have never in the State at any Fair seen so remarkable a collection of fine horses. Some of the judges at the St. Louis Fair are there, and their opinion is that if number and quality are taken into consideration, the Illinois State Fair must take the blue ribbon. The collection of swine of every breed, of natives of the most approved stock is large; so also of sheep. The mule show thus far is limited. So also is the mechanical department, but the show of agricultural implements is the largest ever presented by the Association. Both the President and Secretary of the Association, Messrs. Webster and Francis, say that in the particulars above mentioned, the State, and particularly Southern Illinois, have reason to be perfectly satisfied and to indulge in no little degree of pride. The farmers are pouring in from every direction, by railroad train, in wagons and on horseback.

Strangers are here from all parts of the State and from a dozen different States. The grounds are admirably adapted to the purposes of the Fair. Accommodations have been provided on an extensive scale for all who come. The conveniences for supplying meals to the visitors are such that 600 persons can be seated and fed every fifteen minutes. This is exclusive of outside arrangements. Comfortable straw beds and good bunks are numerous enough for the people of a city of considerable size. The novelty of attending such a Fair in a country district, away from all cities and towns of any size, is one of the pleasing inducements to attend.

The finest opportunity is offered for the display of fine horses and stock. The ring or trotting course is a quarter of a mile in circumference, and the track one hundred feet wide. Trials of speed worth seeing by horse fanciers will come off there every day this week. Many of the premium horses and cattle of the St. Louis Fair are at the Illinois Fair, their owners have made a very superb display of the silverware they received, in the business office of the Association.

It is to be hoped that occasion will be taken by many in St. Louis and vicinity to go over to the Fair at Centralia. By taking the morning train on the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad they can be in Centralia by 11 o'clock, and return at night. By all means, however, let them go to pass a night on the ground. The moonlight is delightful, the pleasant walks are numerous, the shady grove skirting the ground is a charming spot by day or by night, and whoever goes will come back amply repaid for the trip. We shall furnish daily reports of the Fair of a general character—sufficiently minute, however, to satisfy all exhibitors of premium stock."

The people were greatly interested in balloon ascensions which were features of the Fair. When the balloon was at rest on the farm of Benjamin B. Harvey, after a flight, Mr. Harvey and his children gathered around to see the balloon, and the youngsters climbed into it with all the zest of explorers,

and in some manner, while the children were in it, the balloon became loose and soared away, carrying the children with it. Our older citizens remember the excitement occasioned by the flight of the children. The Historical Society has received several requests for information in regard to the incident, and the future fortunes of the Harvey children. An account of the affair was published in the Transactions of the State Board of Agriculture for 1858. It is here reprinted. It tells the story of the runaway balloon, but, of course, gives no account of the after-life of the children. It has been sixty-four years since those children had that thrilling experience. Does anyone know anything of their after-life. The Historical Society will be grateful for information about them.

---

## **THE ASCENSION OF THE TWO HARVEY CHILDREN.**

BY SAMUEL WILSON, THE BALLOONIST.

As there have been several different accounts published about the balloon ascension of the two children, after my aerial voyage from Centralia, and most of them very incorrect, I have concluded to give the facts as they occurred.

Mr. Brooks, being indisposed, permitted me to take his place, which I cheerfully accepted. As the balloon passed rapidly upward, I was carried to the northwest, until I reached the height of nearly two miles. Meeting with an eastward current, I was wafted slowly over the Fair Grounds, and remained nearly fifteen minutes directly over Central City. I then discharged several pounds of ballast, and ascended a mile higher, where I found a stronger current blowing to the eastward. I could now distinctly see the Mississippi, with several steamboats floating on its bosom. Centralia, which is about one mile and a half from the Fair Grounds, appeared but a few rods, and the cars seemed to move with the speed of an ox team. The largest prairies were diminished to good-sized farms. The whole country for a hundred miles around, with

its rivers, towns, fields and forests, looked like an immense concave map spread beneath me.

Soon after witnessing one of the most splendid sunsets my eyes ever rested upon, I found myself slowly descending upon a large forest. I regretted very much to find the ascension power giving out so soon, as I had anticipated a long and pleasant journey by moonlight. In fact, I had prepared myself with sufficient clothing to reach the Atlantic Ocean, if the aerostat would carry me there.

After feasting for an hour upon one of the most gorgeous views that nature in all her loveliness can present, I amused myself by perusing some newspapers that were given to me to distribute on the way.

I threw out ballast when I had descended within half a mile of the earth, and soon went up to the height of three miles, where I remained until near dark, when the power of my machine again gave out, as it was not well coated with varnish; and I descended in a field on the farm of Benjamin B. Harvey, about seventeen miles from Centralia, and three from Rome. The grappling iron caught in a small tree, and Mr. Harvey and son came to my assistance. They then took hold of the anchor rope and drew the aerostat, while I remained in the car, to the house. Mr. Harvey's family and some of the neighbors soon collected around the balloon, and seemed as much astonished as the Digger Indians and the descendants of Montezuma were at my ascensions from Mexico and California. As they had never seen the "elephant" or rode on his back, some of them concluded to take a ride in the balloon. Accordingly, the anchor was made fast to the fence. Mr. Harvey mounted the car, while his sons and some of the neighbors let him up a few feet by holding on the rope. I warned them several times to hold fast to the rope, as the airship might slip her anchor and leave them in the lurch.

After Mr. Harvey had satisfied his curiosity in balloon riding, he placed his three youngest children—two girls and a little boy—in the car. While he and his sons managed the

balloon I stepped to one side to converse with the ladies, who were asking me many questions about my aerial voyage. After the three children had remained in the car a few moments, Mr. Harvey took out the oldest daughter, which gave the balloon so much power that it jerked away from them and the fence in an instant, and in a minute was out of sight, leaving us completely overcome with fear and amazement at an accident of so novel and thrilling a character. The emotions of the parents may be more easily imagined than described when they heard them cry, "Mother, let me down; mother, let me down," until they had disappeared apparently among the stars, and could be heard and seen no more. I informed them that the balloon was not very tight and would come down, I thought, in one or two hours, and not go more than ten or twenty miles away, as there was but little or no wind at the time. Although it went toward the northwest when it ascended, I told them I thought it would go east, in the same direction in which I came from Centralia. I informed them that there would be no danger of the children falling out of the car, as the ropes were too numerous and close. The most I feared was that they might come down in a large forest and not be easily found. I advised them to arouse the neighborhood for at least ten miles around, particularly to the east, as I believed the balloon would go in that direction. Mr. Harvey gave me his horse to ride back to Centralia to have the news sent by telegraph and railroad in every direction. I reached Centralia about 12 o'clock at night, and in the morning had an extra published and the news spread as soon as possible. Mr. Knowles and I went in search of them on Saturday, and were told by different persons that the balloon was seen passing toward the west in different places from 8 to 10 o'clock at night. Saturday evening it was reported that they were found safe several miles from where they went up, but it was not known to a certainty where they were found—at Centralia—until Sunday morning, when it was ascertained that they had safely descended about eighteen miles southeast

of Mr. Harvey's, near Mr. Atchison's house, suspended in the air, the anchor having caught in a tree.

Saturday morning Mr. Atchison had got up early to look at the comet, or "blazing star," as he termed it, and discovered the balloon, when the little girl called to him to pull them down, telling him to do it "easily." The little boy was found asleep. The little girl said her brother complained of being cold when they were very high.

She did not pull the valve-string. The balloon remained in the air, probably longer than I did, as it had more ascensive power in proportion to its weight.

A brother of the children gave me their names and ages—Martha Ann being eight and David three years.

The joyful news reached their parents about 2 o'clock on Saturday, and the children came home the same evening, on which occasion the rejoicing must have been equal to the sorrow which had so lately preceded it.

---

\* From "Transactions of the Illinois State Agricultural Society," Vol. 3, 1858-59, pp. 92-93.

## HOW ABRAHAM LINCOLN RECEIVED THE NEWS OF HIS NOMINATION FOR PRESIDENT.

REMINISCENCES OF EARLY SPORTS IN SPRINGFIELD — AN  
IMPROBABLE STORY CORRECTED.

BY THE CRIER OF THE COURT, T. W. S. KIDD.

It has been said that Mr. Lincoln was engaged in playing a game of ball when the dispatch was handed him announcing his nomination to the Presidency in 1860 at Chicago by the Republican party. This is a great mistake. Mr. Lincoln was as fully aware of what was going on that day as any man in Springfield. It would argue an apathy in regard to passing events never characterizing Abraham Lincoln in anything political or professional. He was what the world would style a "well posted man" on nearly every subject claiming attention from public men particularly, and in a matter of such moment to *him*, and one upon which he had exchanged views with nearly every prominent delegate to the convention from this State, either in person or by letter, that it is out of the range of the probable to presume for a moment that he was playing ball or in any other way treating the matter with that indifference which some have endeavored to picture in this story. Allow me right here to diverge a little to give the true history of Mr. Lincoln's whereabouts when receiving the news. He had been in the telegraph office, at that time on the north side of the square, awaiting dispatches, and had patiently endured the suspense until the convention had begun to take a ballot. He then left the office and walked to the store of Smith, Wickersham & Co., where Mr. Rosenwald's store now is. While standing there, talking of what he had already learned, a yell was heard, and footsteps were also heard coming down the stairway of the telegraph office. This was taken

up until yell after yell was heard all along the north side, and a messenger came running to him, announcing the news. In a few minutes a hundred people had gathered around him cheering, while some wanted to know the particulars and others wanted to congratulate him. He wanted to get out of the crowd, and remarking in a loud voice to those around him, "Well, there is a little woman who will be interested in this news, and I will go home and tell her," started for home.

Mr. Lincoln was not playing ball at the time the news came to this city that he had been honored by a nomination for the Presidency. But withal that, he was a lover of the sport, and frequently played "hand ball." In 1859, Zimri A. Enos, Esq., Hon. Chas. A. Keyes, E. L. Baker, Esq., then editor of the Journal. William A. Turney, Esq., Clerk of the Supreme Court, and a number of others, in connection with Mr. Lincoln, had the lot, then an open one, lying between what was known as the United States Court Building, on the northeast corner of the public square, and the building owned by our old friend, Mr. John Carmody, on the alley north of it, on Sixth street, enclosed with a high board fence, leaving a dead wall at either end. In this "alley" could be found Mr. Lincoln, with the gentlemen named and others, as vigorously engaged in the sport as though life depended upon it. He would play until nearly exhausted and then take a seat on the rough board benches arranged along the sides for the accommodation of friends and the tired players.

Our old friend—now deceased—Patrick Stanley, had built an "alley" in the rear of his grocery in the Second Ward, which is still standing, to accommodate his Irish-American friends, who have a native love for the same character of ball sport. On more than one occasion, "Old Abe" could have been seen walking down there in company with Mr. Turney and others, who had the same fondness for the game, to test their skill with some of Mr. Stanley's more robust friends. Mr. Lincoln was also very fond of the old game of "corner ball," and frequently joined these same gentlemen in

excursions out of the city to get a pasture in which they might have a quiet game of ball. He was passionately fond of these ball games, not only for the sport they afforded, but for the better reason that they gave him recreation from office labor and the mental toil in the studious preparations he made for his professional duties and the indefatigable study in other channels by this self-made man. Mr. Lincoln was just as much in earnest in playing these games as he was when on the stump, making a speech before a jury, in the argument of a cause, or when unraveling knotty law points before the court. I have sat and laughed many happy hours away watching a game of ball between him on one side and Hon. Chas. A. Keyes on the other. Mr. Keyes is quite a short man, but muscular, wiry and active as a cat, while his now more distinguished antagonist, as all now know, was tall and a little awkward, but which with much practice and skill in the movement of the ball, together with his good judgment, gave him the greatest advantage. In a very hotly contested game, when both sides were "up a stump"—a term used by the players to indicate an even game—and while the contestants were vigorously watching every movement, Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Turney collided with such force that it came very near preventing his nomination to the Presidency, and giving to Springfield a sensation by his death and burial. Both were badly hurt, but not so badly as to discourage either from being found in the "alley" the next day. Base ball was not "all the rage" at that period, but we have no doubt that had Mr. Lincoln remained in private life he would have been equally fond of base ball; at least we conclude thus from the fact that the same gentlemen who played with him, with but few exceptions, organized the first base ball club ever organized in this city, when the disease reached the Capital of Illinois.

---

NOTE.—The above article was taken from "The Round Table." January 4, 1882, a newspaper published in Springfield, Ill. A file beginning Vol. I, No. 1, Jan. 1, 1882, to Vol. II, No. 8, 1883, in the Illinois State Historical Library.

## **CARTHAGE COLLEGE CELEBRATES ITS DIAMOND JUBILEE JUNE 6, 1921.**

HILLSBORO COLLEGE.

ADDRESS BY AMOS MILLER.

I come here today at the request of the President of Carthage College, Rev. H. D. Hoover, Ph. D., to speak of the "Lutheran College of the Far West," located at Hillsboro, Illinois, established seventy-five years ago. The founding of an institution of learning in any community is an event fraught with the hope by those participating, that it will develop a high standard of moral and intellectual character.

The building in which the Lutheran College was conducted, known in later years as the Hillsboro Academy, was erected in 1835 by public-spirited men of Hillsboro, most prominent of whom was John Tillson, who not only gave the land and the largest amount towards its erection, but also guaranteed to the teachers their full pay and presented the school with a fine set of philosophical apparatus, piano and other equipment.

Among the stockholders the name of Rev. Daniel Scherer of revered memory appears. He organized the Lutheran Church at Hillsboro in 1832, when the county was practically a wilderness.

The Academy, being the only educational institution of its kind for a long distance, it was liberally patronized by students from all sections of the West and South, some even as far south as the State of Louisiana. Upon its rolls were names which have since become famous in local and State history. Gov. Zadok Casey, educated his children here. Prominent families in the state at that time moved to Hillsboro to educate their children. Among them were Generals Kitchell

and Alexander of Paris, Thornton of Shelbyville, Harry Wilton of Greenville and others.

In 1846, while Rev. A. A. Trimper, a Lutheran minister, was principal of the Academy, a movement was put on foot, resulting in an Act of the General Assembly of Illinois, which was passed and approved January 22nd, 1847, granting a charter to the "Literary and Theological Institute of the Lutheran Church of the Far West," to be located at Hillsboro, Illinois. For five years following, the Academy was known as the Lutheran College, and was managed very successfully with Rev. Francis Springer, D. D., as president, while Rev. A. A. Trimper, his assistant, had charge of the female department in the Lyceum Building.

Believing Springfield a more favorable locality for the college, the Act of the General Assembly of Illinois of 1847 was amended, approved and in force June 21st, 1852. By this amendment certain persons named therein were created a body corporate and politic, for the purpose of founding and maintaining in or near the city of Springfield, Illinois, an institution of learning, to be known by the name of the "Illinois State University."

It may be of interest to give the names of the trustees of the Literary and Theological Institute at Hillsboro at that time. As given in the amendatory Act they were Revs. L. P. Ebjoern, E. J. Donmeyer, C. B. Thummel, Mr. J. P. Lilley, A. J. Stroh, Rev. Ephraim Miller, A. A. Trimper, Messrs. Edmund Miller, Absalom Cress, David Gregory, Jacob Cress, Jr., and Francis Springer, D. D. These, most of whom resided in Hillsboro, together with John T. Stuart, James C. Conkling, Richard V. Dodge, Elijah Iles, and Rev. Simeon W. Harkey, nearly all of the latter, resided in Springfield, constituted the first board of trustees of the "Illinois State University." From 1847 to 1852, while a Lutheran College, it was generally known as the "Hillsboro College," and was a popular Hillsboro enterprise, and had the support of the citizens of the community, without regard to denominational lines. At one time, Dr. Springer, of whom I shall speak later, Dr.

A. A. Trimper and others, circulated a petition to partly endow the college. The plan was to raise, by subscription to scholarships, the sum of \$10,000, the interest to be used in running the institution, paying its instructors, etc. One subscribing \$125 would be given a scholarship good for twelve years; one subscribing \$200 received a scholarship good for twenty-five years, while one subscribing for \$400 received a perpetual scholarship. The fund was raised and quite a number of young people received the tuitional part of their education from these scholarships. They were transferable, and frequently poor young men were allowed to use them without charge by the owners as an act of philanthropy. With the surrender of the charter and the removal of the college from Springfield, these scholarships became worthless. In April, 1852, the institution began operations in the city of Springfield. It may be with modest pride that the citizens of Hillsboro and their Lutheran friends claim the honor of founding the first "Illinois State University," and that the Hillsboro College is the *alma mater* of Carthage College, our present progressive and prosperous institution, whose diamond Jubilee we are celebrating today. Her influence has directed the intellectual and moral forces of many students and alumni of several states of the Middle West.

The early struggles and career of a prosperous and successful college is often lost sight of, yet it is marked by vigorous, sometimes vehement, struggles to free or avoid the obstructions to progress and success. Like the broad, deep river, which rolls its majestic waters to the sea with scarcely a ripple on its bosom, tells but little of the movements of the mountain stream it once was, of the chasms it has leaped, of the precipices over which it has fallen, of the mountains through which it has cleft its way, of its devious course to avoid what it could not surmount, until in its well defined channel it becomes the source of blessing to all within the range of its beneficent influence.

If the time allotted me permitted, I would speak of some of the pioneers who gave their energies and ability to instruct

the young in the Hillsboro College. Among them was Prof. Edmund Miller, a Lutheran, and an able teacher, full of enthusiasm, kind in disposition, ready at all times to help along and encourage young people. The late Judge Edward Lane of Hillsboro, a distinguished lawyer and a member of Congress for four terms, gives Prof. Miller the credit for getting his education. When Judge Lane, a lad of sixteen years of age, came to Hillsboro he had not then learned to read or write, he told me. Prof. Miller soon met him and suggested he should come to school at the Academy. Lane did not want to do this, giving as his reason, he was so big and overgrown, he did not want to be in classes of small boys and girls, it would be embarrassing to him. Prof. Miller replied we can arrange that all right, you come to my home and I will give you private lessons until you are advanced far enough to go in classes of your age and size. This he did, and Judge Lane, at the age of sixteen, began his schooling.

Rev. Francis Springer, D. D., who had charge of the Lutheran College while it was in Hillsboro, it was my good fortune to know personally in latter years. To know him was to revere and love him. His qualities of mind and heart compelled one's admiration. It was a delight, as well as a source of information and instruction to hear him in conversation. He possessed a large fund of general information, and his style of preaching was impressive, dignified and eloquent. His manners were courteous, and in his intercourse with people he was genial and full of kindness. In stature he was of stocky build, rather under size in height, large chest and shoulders, dark complexion, with a large head containing a very large, active and fertile brain.

He was not only an able teacher and an eloquent preacher, but was an all-round man, abreast with the times, interested in all internal improvements and the social betterment of the community in which he lived. From his personal experience he would relate incidents, which, when told by him were interesting stories, as the following one will show: "In the early fifties the people along the line of the Terre Haute, Alton and

St. Louis Railroad (now the Big Four), were called on by the company to lend the credit of their respective counties in aid of the enterprise. Doctor Springer was residing at Hillsboro, in Montgomery county, he was president of the then young and thriving Lutheran College at that place. He volunteered with Hon. E. Y. Rice and Judge William Brewer to go forth among the people to induce them to vote for a subscription by the county of \$50,000, which was finally carried by a majority of only seven votes. In a record of the incident written by himself, I will quote as follows: He says, 'I had an appointment at Van Burensburg, a place now nearly gone to decay. Within a few days of the time for me to fill the engagement, information was brought to Hillsboro that the people down there were hostile to the railroad, that I would not be permitted to address them on the subject, and that I might receive bodily injury if I should go there. However, I went, Judge Samuel Haller and Rev. A. A. Trimper accompanying. As we neared the place, the unfriendly reports grew more numerous. My clerical brother became alarmed and advised retreat. Judge Haller on the other hand, said, "No, go on, and we'll see." A large gathering of men, and boys awaited the speaker. They were seated on the ground, or standing against the trees. In the midst of my speech a flask was drawn from the pocket of a young man directly in front of me. It was handed round until it came to a youngster who held it towards me and inquired, "Say, little preacher, wouldn't you like to have a little of the critter." "Not just now, I thank you," was my reply, as pleasantly as I knew how. About an hour's talk, in which I did my best to convince them of the many advantages of the railroad, and how easy it would be for the county to pay the \$50,000, a venerable citizen, a Baptist preacher, originally from Kentucky, arose to reply. His name was Sears—familiarily called "Pap" Sears. Never, perhaps, was a public speaker more completely discomfited, overwhelmed and utterly "used up," than I was.

"Now, boys, I'm going to tell you that this 'ere tarnal thing they call a railroad is nothing but a Yankee invention.

Now boys, hold out your hands, here's mine. You see your hands and mine show work. Look at the little preacher's hands—jest feel of 'em, if you want to; they're as soft as a baby's hands. And then, when that tarnal thing comes thunderin' and smokin' and snortin' and screamin' over the prairie and through the woods, it'll skeer all the cattle an' horses and hogs that it don't kill, clean off the farms. And besides, in less than six months there won't be a feather, a hoof or a hair of prairie chicken, turkey or deer in all these diggins'. Then whar are your guns? What are they good for when you've nothin' to shoot at?"

With all his singularities of grammar, Mr. Sears possessed the true ring of the orator and his oration to that crowd was the winning feature of that day's work. When the polling came, there was but one vote in that precinct in favor of the railroad.' "

At the breaking out of the Civil War, Doctor Springer gave up his position as City Superintendent of Schools in Springfield, for the purpose of volunteering for the ranks, but was refused by Capt. Ellsworth. He was soon, however, sought as chaplain by the officers of the Tenth Illinois Cavalry. His regiment, with others, fought their way to Fort Smith, Arkansas, an old military post of the United States, where, by order of the Secretary of War, he was made chaplain of the post. He did not believe in the arbitrament of arms for the adjustment of opinions, doctrine, policies and corrections of errors, but his intense loyalty and patriotism for and of his country impelled him to offer himself a sacrifice in defense of his country in the time of its peril. While at Fort Smith he was appointed superintendent of the Freedman's Bureau, and wisely and energetically managed its affairs. One of the stories he told, of his experiences in that relation was one of an old colored woman coming to the office one day to see him, and when he found time to listen to her story it proved to be a request for a *bureau*. She said she had never had one, and it was something she had always wanted, and having heard

that Ucle Sam was *giving a bureau* to all the freed colored people, she wanted to apply for her share of the government bounty, and would "Marse Springah" please pick her out a nice one. Dr. Springer was elected in 1873 county superintendent of schools of Montgomery county, serving for a term of four years.

As an inspiration and guide to the younger generation, it is helpful to relate the personal characteristics of a truly great and good man. This I have attempted in rather a desultory way, but I have not spoken of his humble birth in Franklin county, Pa., of his being left an orphan boy when only six years old, his mother dying first, when he was so young that he retained only the dimmest remembrance of her, of his being indentured until he should be twenty-one to an innkeeper, who was by the terms of the indenture to give him only six months' schooling; that his desire to acquire more education, through the advice of friends, at the age of fifteen years, left, with only a "fipenny bit" as the stock of his finance, went to Hagerstown, Maryland. Here, weary and hungry, he drifted up against a benevolent citizen who heard the lad wished to learn a trade. An engagement was entered into by which he remained with his benefactor four years, during which time he learned sign and ornamental painting. It was during this period he attended a course of instruction in the Lutheran Catechism and united with the church by confirmation. The suggestion that he educate himself for the ministry was made, which suggestion, after due and careful thought, was accepted, and he went to Pennsylvania College and Hartwick Seminary, N. Y., for his education. After being ordained as minister of the gospel, he came to Illinois, where he engaged in teaching and preaching, and as president of the Lutheran College at Hillsboro, which position he resigned after the removal to Springfield, but remained a member of the board of trustees of Carthage College until his death.

The far-reaching influence of a man of his type and culture is hard to estimate. He believed in education and en-

deavored to inspire in the young a love and a desire for knowledge. He was intensely patriotic and loyal to the principles of freedom and to the doctrines of the Lutheran Church. When he came to Illinois, then the "Far West," there were no railroads at that time in the State, no telegraphs nor telephones. The means for travel then were by the slow stage coach, over prairies where there were no roads and across streams without bridges. Abounding with enthusiasm, he faced the future and an unknown and untried country to him, to build up high ideals in the minds of the young in the West at Hillsboro. It is men of such character, with will and foresight, who have laid the cornerstone of our educational system, in fact, of our great government; to the arms of men like Doctor Springer we are to intrust the safety and custody of our government and its institutions, in all time to come with the hope and trust future generations may continue to enjoy the blessings of religious and civil liberty. Men who became prominent as preachers, lawyers, jurists, and in other callings, received their education at the Lutheran College at Hillsboro during the time it was under the direction of the Lutheran Church and Doctor Springer, and after it ceased to be the Church's institution, private school from time to time was conducted there by Lutheran instructors. Among those receiving their education, at least in part, if not all, were Rev. G. A. Bowers, D. D.; Judge J. J. Phillips, who became a member of the Supreme Court of Illinois; Hon. Edward Lane, who served four terms in Congress; Hon. J. M. Truitt; Hon. George W. Paisley, a member of the Senate of Illinois, and many others who could be named, were proud of the fact they received their education and inspiration from the Hillsboro College.

In 1880, after nearly a half century, the ground on which the Academy building stood, was transferred to the city to be used as a public school. In 1887 the old building, a two-story frame parallelogram, a portico in front, with four large fluted columns, doric capitals supporting the gable, in the triangle of which a design of an open book or Bible from

within which radiated rays of light or halo, was removed to a vacant lot in the south part of Hillsboro, where it now stands in the process of disintegration, decay and dilapidation. To perpetuate its architectural simplicity and beauty, the public library, built of stone and brick just across the street from the old Academy site, is architecturally a replica of it.

Doctor Springer and others who were active as instructors in the active days of the Lutheran College at Hillsboro, are dead, but their deeds live. They live in the memories of those yet living who knew them. The art of printing and the mighty elements of nature now impressed into the service of mankind, give every action on the stage of life, the need of immortality and hand down to posterity the good and evil of every generation and actor. Should not this fact prompt us to an exalted idealism, and to earnest efforts looking to the greatest good of our fellowmen, inspiring in the souls of men and women a flame of patriotic devotion to the truth, and holding out a new hope to civilization, to the end that error shall be crushed, and that truth and righteousness shall be triumphant.

**ADDRESSES MADE BY GENERAL JOHN J. PERSHING,  
U. S. A., AND SECRETARY OF WAR  
NEWTON D. BAKER.**

TO

**OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS OF THE 33RD DIVISION  
IN THE FIELD, LUXEMBOURG,  
APRIL 22, 1919.\***

**BY GEN. JOHN J. PERSHING.**

Although I have followed the effort that has been made by the 33rd Division from the time of its landing up to the time of the Armistice, it has not been my good fortune to have an opportunity to inspect it as a whole, nor to say a word of a personal nature as to what it has accomplished.

Now that demobilization has begun it is well for you, before you leave, to form in your minds a very distinct impression of what has been accomplished by the American Expeditionary Forces, of which you have been such an important part.

When we entered the war we found the Allied Army in a very low state of morale and our entry gave them new hope. When our Divisions, even partly trained though some of them were, were thrown into the line, stopped the onslaughts of the armies of the Central Powers, then our Allies took a new courage and a new spirit of aggressiveness.

Beginning with the battle of Sampigny, of splendid memory, following the operations of the American Army on down to Chateau Thierry, and in the Marne-Aisne offensive, in the Champagne, and under our own splendid army in the battle of St. Mihiel and later in the final great victory of the war, the Argonne, we have to our credit nothing but a succession

---

\* Reported by Sgt. H. L. Livingstone, Q. M. C., 33rd Division, 1907 S. St. St., Springfield, Ill.

of victories. This is one thought that you must carry home very clearly in your minds. Another is that the very good effort we made to provide for four million men was completed only to accommodate two million men, as we found that the stuff of which those two million men was made was sufficient to carry the war to a successful conclusion in 1918, instead of prolonging it to 1919, as we all thought might be necessary, or even to 1920. These things, then, have been a part of your work. They are to your credit, credit of the entire American Expeditionary Forces, but they would not have been possible except through the very splendid individual efforts that you have offered to the cause. Whether you know it or not, whether you fully realize it or not, there has been in each individual a spiritual uplift which carried him forward with an aggressiveness, which, combined as a whole, made the American Army an invincible one. You have belonged, then, to the greatest army, the most splendid army of modern times, under probably the best organization and composed of a personnel unequaled in modern times with an aggressiveness and fighting spirit unsurpassed by any. You have in that army, and as a part of it, fought in the greatest cause for which mankind ever fought. You have as a part of that army and in that cause represented perhaps the greatest nation, at least in many respects, in the world today.

Isn't it a proud thing, men, for you to carry home these thoughts with you, and when you contemplate it I am sure none will dare to minimize your efforts in your presence or speak discouragingly of them.

It is necessary that you carry home with you a very correct impression of what you have done, because your service has been far from home and far from your people, who will expect you to carry back a story of what America has accomplished in the war. It has been a very great privilege for every individual to have served as a part of this army in the war and each has given his very best, each has made the supreme effort to carry out the wishes of our people, but in

doing so you also have received much. You have received a strengthening of character, you have received a breadth of vision which you had not before and you have prepared yourselves, unconsciously, to take up the duties that will devolve upon you when you return to your homes and your firesides. These duties may be manifold, none of us can tell what we are going to be called upon to do, but we know, we are assured, that each will return to his home and follow whatever calling may fall to his lot with the very same earnestness, with the same industry, and with the same integrity of purpose with which you have fought the battles of our country.

When you return home with the military victory, as you are going to do, I am going to add to that another victory, and that is a moral one, which you are carrying back. It is the greatest moral victory that has ever been accomplished by an army. Isn't it a splendid thing that each one of you will be able to return home and say to his mother, or wife, or sister, or sweetheart, that he belonged to an army of two million men, served in a foreign country for more than two years, under more than ordinary temptations and yet returned home to the bosom of his family absolutely clean, morally as well as mentally and physically? Wouldn't that be a splendid thing to say to the womanhood of America, who remained back there waiting and praying that you might return with a victory? Wouldn't it be a tribute and honor to the women who made many sacrifices and came to the fight alongside of you in Europe and administered to the wounded and sick and otherwise maintained an esprit and morale? Wouldn't it be a fine thing for the coming generations of young men of America for you to be able to say that this was an army of moral crusaders who returned home with a victory such as the world never has seen? More than all the splendid victory is the individual whose earnest work as such will make the combined victory possible. Let us bear that in mind, carry it out, go home with it proudly as we shall return home with the military victory.

I shall close by simply expressing to you, your commander and your officers, my very sincere thanks and my appreciation of the splendid work that has been done by you since your entry into the war. You are returning home with a record of which you should be exceedingly proud. You are returning home with the gratitude of all of those who are familiar with what you have done. You are returning home with the gratitude of the Allies, who know what work you have performed, not only upon your own front, but elsewhere on the western front. May I extend to you the thanks and gratitude of the American people, but I shall express the hope that you, yourselves, at a very early date, may receive from their own lips, at your own firesides, in your own homes in America, their thanks and their congratulations. Thank you very much.

In honor today of the presence of the Honorable Secretary of War, who has witnessed this splendid review, splendid appearance of this Division, I am going to ask him to say a word to you, although he has several times declined my invitations.

ADDRESS OF SECRETARY OF WAR NEWTON D. BAKER.

This splendid review which you have given us today has called upon you to begin early in the morning to get ready, and now we are at the setting of the sun and many of you have to scatter to remote places so it would not be just for me to take more than a minute to express the sentiment of gratitude I feel at having been privileged to witness you today as a complete Division in battle array.

I do want, however, to tell you that those of us who see you as you now are have thrills which you perhaps little understand, and now that we have come to the sunset of this great enterprise I bring you not only thanks for the inspiration you have given us, not only thanks for the great work you have done, but having very recently come from the other side I bring you a message of love and welcome from home. You are about to sail and when you get to the other side you will

find the arms of the United States stretched out in welcome to you, from the port to your own homes, all along the line the flags will be out and your friends ready.

The story of what you have done will for days be the only subject of discussion and throughout your whole lives it will be the great thing for conversation and memory.

I have watched this army grow on both sides of the water. It did not grow like a poppy but it took genius to make it grow. It took genius to organize in France for the receipt of this army, drill it, place it, and take care of it. It takes genius to send this army home in the way you have been invited to go home, and I want, in your presence today, not only to thank the man power of the army, but also to thank your great Commander-in-Chief, and ask you to join me in three cheers for General Pershing.

\* NOTE.—A History of the Thirty-third Division, A. E. F., by Lieutenant Colonel Frederick L. Huidekoper has been published by the Illinois State Historical Library.

## ORIGINAL LETTERS—A DESCRIPTION OF THE ILLINOIS COUNTRY.

WILLIAM DOBELL TO MRS. LUCY COVENEY.\*

Albion, Edwards County, Illinois.  
United States of America.

My Dear Sister,

It is my intention to proceed with the Sequel of my Last Letter to you in which I mean to describe the general face and appearance of the country—the habits, modes of living and general manners of the people and to treat particularly of Agricultural pursuits, and am happy in acknowledging the hearing from you in the interim of my writing, and for the information you give us respecting the Old Country friends & acquaintances. It is a pleasing reflection, that the distance of 4 or 5000 miles does not preclude the communication of intelligence from our friends. But I Proceed in my description. I believe I have already told you that about Albion the face of the country is pretty much Woodland, there are therefore very few Farms of any extent within 2 or 3 miles; some fields about Town cleared for Pasture excepted—the prospect is necessarily very confined. When we come to the Prairies from 3 to 5 miles distant, we enter on the Farming Districts and here the land is pretty much entered & occupied for several miles in every direction with Farms of a greater or less extent. But North & West a few miles further from Town, there are Tracts as yet unoccupied, & where portions may be obtained from 40 acres upwards, at the Public Land office (Shawnee Town) at the Low price of 1 Dollar 25 Cents per Acre this is Land uncleared & wholly in a State of nature—We will suppose an industrious hardworking Young man

---

\* Copied from the original manuscript, a letter from William Dobell to his sister, Mrs. Lucy Coveney, Tenterden, Kent County, England, January 6, 1842.

comes here to settle, and upon his arrival has 2 or 300 Dollars at command. He enters at the Public Land office 80 Acres, Timber & Land suitable for cultivation—he fixes upon the place of his residence, Farm Yard & Buildings, & is careful to fix where good water may be obtained—he must cut Timber to build a Log House, & also for Rails to fence in as much Land as he intends cultivating at first, say 20 or 25 Acres. He should now also purchase a Cow or two, and some hogs for Breeding & for a supply of Pork for domestic use. One or Two Horses may be sufficient at first as he must be content to increase his stock of working & breeding Cattle, as time & means may enable him to do. Price of Cows from 9 to 12 Dollars each a Horse say 25 to 40 or 50 Dollars, young Hogs may now be bought very cheap. Having plowed his Land, his first year's crop will be wholly or in great part of Indian Corn at an average of about 40 bushels per Acre, and if the Soil be kindly he may raise Turnips also. We will suppose that during his 1st year he has laid out a Garden well fenced in & secured for the growth of vegetables, garden fruits, herbs etc. for his own consumption. — And planted an Orchard with young Apple, Peach & Cherry Trees as these form the principal Orchard fruits of this part of the Country. Indian Corn or Potatoes may be planted between the Young Trees so as not to impede their growth & thus whilst the Orchard is raising, the land it occupies need not be left in an unproductive state. The 2nd year, if able, the Farmer will take in under fence more Land for Corn and raise some wheat upon a portion of the ground first cultivated, first manuring it from the Stable, Cow Yard etc, average Crop I believe about 15 to 20 Bushels per Acre. Here I remark, that during a great part of the year, Cattle, Hogs, etc., cost the Farmer but little for keep. as during Spring, Summer and part of the Fall they find plenty of Food in the open Prairies and unfenced woodlands where they may range at liberty. In the Third year we expect the Farmer will be able to add to his first Purchase and extend his cultivation, but this depends mainly upon his industry & economy at the outset of his course. Thus from year to year

he may find himself increasing in prosperity and the produce of his industry supplying him with the necessaries and some of the comforts and enjoyments of life.

The Farmer now in his 3rd year may perhaps raise a small Crop of Oats enough for his own demand, and have laid down a few Acres for Hay & also a piece of pasturage for Cattle sheep & calves which he intends raising—and he may then consider himself pretty well established & finding increasing conveniences for his Farming occupation, he should proceed regularly onwards with diligence and caution, turning his Crops and indeed all his Saleable produce to the best possible account, & living within his present means of expense & enjoyment. Farmers usually keep a few Sheep, *more* for the sake of the wool for Clothing than from any pecuniary advantage derived from it. Turkeys, Ducks & Fowls are kept for Family use as well as for Sale. Geese especially on account of the value of their Feathers for Beds—and here it should be observed, that the Farmer ought to make sufficient by the Sale of his Poultry, Butter eggs & Vegetables etc. to defray the expence of his Store bills & some other expenses, His Farm producing Him most of the necessary Articles of Life, he has only occasion to purchase Furniture, Cooking & washing Utensils, Tea, Coffee, Sugar, Cotton goods, Sheeting, Shirting etc. and small articles for daily domestic Use leaving if possible the produce of his Corn, Cattle, Pork etc. to be added to his Capital, year by year, to enable him to add to his Stock of working and Fattening Cattle etc. and to extend his business and increase his conveniences for Farming occupation.

We now also suppose him in this 3rd year to have some produce as Corn etc. Cattle, Hogs, etc. ready for Market, and the prices he could now procure are as follows—Indian Corn 25 Cents per bushel—wheat about 1 Dollar Oats 5 Bushels to the Dollar Hay at per 100 lbs. or Ton—Flour 5 Dollars the Barrel weighing nearly 200 lbs, Potatoes 25 to 31¼ Cents per bushel, Pork at the Pork Merchants now scarcely 2 Dol-

lars per 100 lbs., Beef  $2\frac{1}{2}$  Dollars, Poultry, Butter, Cheese, Eggs etc. are now low. The Price of Provisions is now much less than it was but a few years since, and the Farmers you may be sure feel & complain of it & call the present "hard times." This with the present scarcity of money is unfavorable both for Farmers & Traders. Business is dull, & principally conducted on Credit and by Barter. But the principal Market for Western Produce is New Orleans and the Towns on the Mississippi. Salted Beef, Pork, Corn, Flour, Butter, Lard, Poultry and some live Cattle are taken down the River at this Season in flat-bottomed Boats holding from 40 to 60 Tons by the Merchants and often by 2 or 3 Farmers uniting their Stock, and thereby becoming their own Merchants as well as Producers. Occasionally the Drovers from Ohio purchase here great numbers of Cattle to fatten & take to Philadelphia and the Eastern Markets. These are the principal outlets for the disposal of our Marketable Produce.

It will be seen from the above Statement in what manner Cultivation is effected, produce raised & disposed of, and how fair a chance is offered for Young, industrious saving men to procure a subsistence & accumulate property. The above description is a history of the experience of several Farmers that I know, that emigrated from England from 7 or 8 to 20 years ago. Some with some little means to establish themselves at first, others from their daily Labour gradually to procure the means to raise a Farm they may not have met with equal success, but I believe all are doing well, and improving in circumstances. In the same manner men of the most common mechanical arts and trades may in this Country succeed to advantage but of this I have written before. It is a mistaken notion in England, that a little labour is *here* sufficient for the means of subsistence. Constant labour & economy are necessary in every occupation to ensure desirable success here as well as elsewhere and it is useless for persons to emigrate to this Country unless they possess property sufficient to maintain themselves, or are of decidedly industrious & persevering habits.

The manners, customs, modes of living etc. of the Inhabitants appear strange to the newly arrived emigrant, and this is perhaps no where more observable than in the shifts they make to do without those conveniences which are considered almost indispensable in every English Family, as to Furniture etc. Beds crowded, a scanty supply of Tables, Chairs etc. a Few Iron & Tin Cooking utensils, Plates Knives and Forks, Cups & Saucers a Tea & Coffee Pot & a Coffee Mill, form the principal garniture of a Farmer's Log Cabin. The English Language is universally spoken here except amongst a few Dutch & German Families, and the Americans pride themselves on speaking the English Language in greater purity than the English do. It is true we do not hear much of that provincial dialect which is so various in many of the Counties of England. The Americans are very particular in their pronunciation. However we speak a common Language and generally pretty well understand one another. It is common here to rise early and to retire early in the evening to rest—breakfast early—Dine about 12 or 1 & eat supper after dark, or the labours of the day are over, to eat meat morning and night often partaking of a Cold Dinner and a hot Supper, Tea or Coffee at breakfast & Supper and *water* the Universal beverage at Dinner and through the Day excepting with those who drink whisky or other ardent spirits and with those Farmers who can make Cider sufficient for their daily or very frequent use. Very little Beer is consumed, but it may generally be had at the public Houses or Groceries as they are called, although much higher than in England.

Remarks on the peculiarities of the manners and customs here might be extended to a very considerable length, but for the present I must desist and touch on subjects of a more personal nature. I feel happy & thankful to Divine Providence in saying that my health in general for some months past has been better, than for the same period since living in this Country or indeed for several years before I left England. My late School near the Village Prairie is broken up—

the School House sold & removed to a distance in Village Prairie to serve for a Township School. I have been staying at Sister Craig's above a month, but in the mean time have been able to organize a School at Graysville a Town on the Wabash 10 miles from Albion where I shall commence on Monday next with Eleven Scholars already subscribed for, and a good prospect of an increase; I hope this change will better my circumstances, as my late School did not yield sufficient for the expenses of my board, Clothing etc. during the past year. I leave it when everything is settled, worse off than I was 12 months ago; it was only during the first 12 or 18 months that I was able to save any thing & that not much. Keeping School is here an uncertain employment as to its continuance. In some situations the people are satisfied with a School of 3 or 6 months continuance during the winter and it is no uncommon thing in Summer to see School Teachers anxiously seeking for employment of some kind. It is unusual for a Teacher to continue for 2 or 3 years in the same place as I have done and Mr. Harwick who opened a School in Albion before I came is here still and likely to continue. I hope my introduction to Graysville may lead to a settlement there as the Town & neighborhood will be able to supply a succession of Scholars. But leaving a space for my Sister to write I must conclude and leave it to your discretion to read or lend the above to any of your friends to whom the information it communicates may be interesting—and without mentioning names be pleased to give my kindest respects to all relations friends & acquaintances & believe me to remain,

Your ever affectionate Brother

WILLIAM DOBELL.

Albion Wednesday January 6, 1842.

P. S. Thursday January 7th.

As Mrs. Craig is just now so busy that she has not time to write, I add a few lines by way of Postscript. Mr. Craig continues much in the same state, but I think something worse for a few weeks past, & is unable to do any thing scarcely at

his business. Mrs. Craig's School is in a flourishing state—she has now 25 Scholars. Lucy & Henry are well, & getting forward in their Education, but not so fast as I could wish to see them. Your liberal and enlightened friends will feel pleased to hear, that the people in this part of the Country appear to feel an increasing interest on the subject of Education. New Schools are erecting, & Schools have already increased in various Districts around Albion, & there does not appear to be any lack of competent Teachers to conduct them—and I hope the time is not far distant when there will hardly be found a young man or woman who has not at least learnt to read & write. This is a pleasing Subject of observation & of anticipation, for Political & Civil Liberty without knowledge & education may in many cases lead to Licentiousness and disregard of Order & good Government.

Knowledge & virtue alone can form the basis of *good Society* & produce those Social affection & benevolent feelings & actions which constitute the bond, security & happiness of society. Religion also flourishes amongst us, chiefly on Orthodox principles, but all parties appear cordially to unite their efforts to enlighten & reform mankind. The improvement in the morals & general conduct of the people gives pleasure & ground to hope that in a few years the Social State here may approximate to that which *exists generally* in the *enlightened* Countries of Europe. As this is now the Country of my adoption, where I expect to live & die, I hail with pleasure every improvement in or addition to its public Institutions, in the progress & extension of Education and knowledge—in the increase of the Social affections & benevolent feelings—and in whatever may prompt the advancement of Society. Mr. and Mrs. Craig & the Children unite in love with yours,

W. DOBELL.

A. S. FRENCH TO DAVID W. HARROWER.\*

“Duck Point”, La.,  
April 6th, 1863.

D. W. Harrower,  
Friend David:

After a long silence I again resume my pen and ink, which I find under the circumstances, the best substitute at hand for a good old-fashioned *talk*. If you could “drop in” some of these pleasant evenings to my tent, where I am surrounded with all the “weapons of our craft,” I could joyfully throw down the “mortar & pestle” and live again the days of old. But I dare not indulge in such speculative musings however agreeable they may be to me else I lose myself and be under the necessity of taking a *homeward trip* to recover my self-possession. At a certain sandbar a few miles below Helena, which has very felicitously been called “Camp Despondency”—“devil’s half-acre”—and other equally euphonious names, I received a letter from you dated Feb. 14th, in a box sent to Adjutant Abel, also one from Ed. with some tracts. Like mine to you it was a long while coming but nevertheless gladly received and *very* welcome. A few days after that upon the boat which brought us down the river another letter came bearing your familiar superscription, but only a few days old (mailed, Mar. 24th). It was a good long letter and I have enjoyed reading it and *re*-reading a number of times—may I often be thus favored. Our regiment, indeed our whole division, lay opposite the Yazoo Pass for two weeks—expecting to be sent down that way, but for some reason best known to our superiors our destination was changed and we were put aboard steamers and sent down the broad Mississippi—touching at Providence where the canal had been dug through to the lake of that name—we passed down to Transylvania landing fifteen miles below, where we disembarked and went into camp on as beautiful a spot of earth as I have ever seen in all

---

\* Letter copied from the original manuscript owned by the Misses Smith of Springfield, Ill., nieces of Mr. Harrower.

my rambles in the south—it was on an immense plantation where almost countless acres were tilled by four hundred slaves all belonging to one man, (or rather his wife) for he, lucky fellow, came from N. Y. five or six years ago, not worth a competence hardly, but married a “beautiful, rich, and accomplished” young widow—heiress to five large estates all largely “stocked” with negroes. I said *lucky*, but take that all back, for don’t think from what I saw that he is by *any* means the *happiest* man alive. We staid there only 24 hours when orders came to embark again for a still more southern point. Down we came to Young’s Point five miles from Vicksburgh, Grant’s Hd. Quarters. We were encamped about two miles above that “Point” where we found dryer land, and here we are yet. We are alongside of the canal they are cutting through to a bayou leading to Red river. Our regiment has been at work with the spade once or twice since arriving here. It is a stupendous undertaking and there are from 3 to 5000 men at work on it daily—aided by immense steam dredging machines which throw out dirt by the cartload at a time. All is life and activity here and at all the principal points in this vicinity. We do not know anything more of what is transpiring in the immediate vicinity of the “doomed city” than you do. All is uncertainty, anxiety and expectation. Soon all of us may be called into scenes which try men’s souls.” We are in hearing of all the guns at V. eight miles distant, and every day and night hear their deep-toned, ominous echoes and reverberations as they are borne upon the wings of the winds. While at Young’s Point a day or two since I met our old acquaintance Geo. Reynolds—now holding a clerkship on Mather’s Staff—a good position with nothing to do but to enjoy oneself among the satellites of the “great ones”. He is looking well—has had no sickness—and thinks he is prospering finely. Speaking of old acquaintances reminds me that our former schoolmate Andrew J. Weber, now Lieut. Col., is in command of the 11th Mo. and in our division. He is a splendid officer, very popular with his regiment, and in the whole division, and has a well earned reputation for gallantry

throughout the army. From the beardless youth he has grown to be the calm—determined—efficient commander. He has grown taller and is quite slender but a fine figure—face covered with hair. Would to God there were more of the men in power of the stamp of character possessed by Col. Weber—*true to themselves, their country and their God.* Geo. Weber is also in that regiment as a 2nd Lieut.

David I have already brought this to a sufficient length, and have not yet alluded to your views upon the war and politics of the day. I can truly say that I admire you for the frank avowal of your sentiments and think you are *honest* in your belief. But *verily* it seems we were born to disagree on this subject. Had I time I might follow your reasoning and reply to your arguments, but it will avail nothing for we have freely talked these things over before and never arrived at any definite conclusions. I will only repeat what I have told you since the beginning of the war, and this belief has been strengthened every day since I have been in the service—I honestly and sincerely believe that the inhuman traffic in flesh and blood, called slavery, has received its death blow; and for the reason that it is in the way of, and an obstacle to, the establishment of the federal power in the rebel states, that it is in antagonism with every principle of justice—humanity and liberty; and as long as there remains a vestige of this evil in the land endangering the very life of the republic, and giving a foundation and chief cornerstone to a rebel government *let the war go on! Spread desolation everywhere; let us all die or linger out a miserable existence, crippled—broken down in constitution—and even shut up in dungeons, rather than sacrifice our country and its honor on the altar of so deep, dark and damning an institution.* I speak earnestly but honestly and in all candor, call it abolitionism or what you will.

The battle field has no charms for me, neither a hospital filled with suffering victims. I love peace, and all my longings are for its return honorably, when I may enjoy once more

the society of loved ones at the domestic fireside, with nought of strife or discord to mar our good feeling. God speed the day.

You refer in your last to certain complimentary notices in the city papers in regard to the "Hosp. Steward" of this regiment. I have not *sought* popularity, any more than to discharge faithfully what I conceived to be my duty; for *this* I deserve no credit—nor need I say that my name was paraded in the papers without my knowledge or consent, and by an unknown friend. But I must not weary you longer. I shall await with pleasure your reply to this, for letters here are like angel's visits. Remember me cordially to that "*handsome, gallant young fellow*" you referred to in your last, and to all other friends who may ask for me.

Write soon and believe me ever truly your friend,

ALVIN S. FRENCH.

D. W. Harrower Esq.  
Springfield, Ills.

P. S. Our regt. is now in the 1st Brig.—3d Div. 15th Army Corps, under respectively Gen. C. Buckland Tuttle and Sherman. A.

A. S. FRENCH TO DAVID HARROWER.\*

Division Hospital,  
3rd Div. 15th A. C.  
June 26th, 1863.

Friend David:

You may have imputed to me the charge of neglect or inconstancy, on account of my long silence after receiving *two* such long, interesting letters from you—and while I admit my actions might bear such a construction, I can say conscientiously I have no apology to offer further than a simple statement of facts which I doubt not will be all required by you.

---

\* Letter copied from the original manuscript owned by the Misses Smith of Springfield, Ill., nieces of Mr. Harrower.

Of our march down through La. to Grand Gulf, out into the interior of Miss.—the taking of Jackson and finally our assaults on this place, you have long ere this had ample details and a repetition would hardly be of interest to you. The march was long and severe and I have not yet recovered my usual health since our arrival here. You at home can scarcely appreciate the boldness of the plan of taking such an army through such a stretch of an enemy's country without a base line of operations, and an exceedingly precarious line of communication. The excitement of the hazardous undertaking and the hope and expectation of *accomplishing* the object of the expedition carried the men through trials and hardships hitherto untried, and that too without murmuring. I do not love to dwell on the darker side of *any* picture, nor *do* I often say much on that subject in my letters home and for the reason that "loved ones" are too prone to *magnify* the sufferings of absent ones and uselessly grieve over them. The nearer you get to these "bugbears" the less frightful do they appear. We were on short rations most of the time and part of the time no rations. One evening I can now recall to mind when we were rather "hard up." We had marched all day on a few mouthfuls of "hard tack" for breakfast and no dinner. Night found us exceedingly weary and somewhat hungry, but what was to be done? The "*larder*" was empty as our *stomachs*! One of our mess appeared while we were deliberating and lo! a "measure" of meal or cracked corn was in his hand causing visions of *mush* or "hasty pudding" in our eager imaginations. But where's the kettle to boil it in said one, we have no vessels? An old oyster can was produced out of which a *mush* pot was constructed. The *mush* is made but how are we to *eat* it—no knives or spoons—just beside our campfire stands a dogwood tree the bark of which readily peels—and soon *bark spoons* begin to multiply and of an excellent quality too. At this point in the proceedings some one presents us with a pint of molasses. *Mush* and molasses!! Talk not to us, O epicure, of the joys of luxurious living and choice viands! We ate our simple meal with as thankful

hearts and keen a relish as ever did prince or princess, and then throwing ourselves down on our grassy couch beneath a tree were soon asleep, living again in the familiar scenes of home, or fighting in dreamland the battles of our country.

Through five fearful days of conflict before Vicksburgh I was with regt. on the field, when I was ordered to report for duty here in our Div. Hospital. Since then the regiment has been sent about eight miles in the rear to hold a certain cross-roads and I tried hard to get off and rejoin my regt. and succeeded one day in getting Dr. Lucas, Div. Surgeon to release me. I got all ready to go, started my baggage, when I was hailed by Dr. L. and told that he *could not* get along without me, as he had ascertained in the few hours I had been off duty. There are in our hospital about four hundred patients from our Div. and your humble servant is chief steward of the Dispensary. The Col. and the regt. are importunate in their entreaties for my release and I am equally anxious to go. While it is pleasant to know one is appreciated and well-thought of, it is at times a great bore. I am happy, David, in knowing that I have many ardent friends in the service—indeed it nearly always happens that friends rise up around me in every strange circle in which I am thrown. God has been very good and kind to me all along my life's course thus far, tho' I am conscious of my lack of merit and daily shortcomings.

30th—I had written thus far when taking a notion to go out and *visit* the regt. if nothing more, I obtained permission, and started in an ambulance expecting to return next day. Just after getting out to the encampment I was taken quite sick, much worse than at any time since I have been in the service and was obliged to give up entirely and go to bed. With good attention however I was up in three days and have just reported back for duty, tho' still very weak—hope soon to be able to say “Richard is himself again.”

Out on the road between here and the “Big Black” I saw some of the largest peach orchards I *ever* saw and all loaded

down with fruit—some of which was just ripe and you may know I *indulged* to some extent in that luxury. The woods are full of blackberries, plums and all kinds of wild fruit. Having naturally an ardent appreciation of nature in her manifold developments there is a charm about Southern growth, wild in particular, which I have never experienced elsewhere. The forests of Live Oak, Magnolia, Gum, Elm, and many other more familiar trees, are truly grand and imposing, and scarcely possible does it seem to me for an immortal being to contemplate such scenes without having his thoughts and aspirations drawn from “nature, up to Nature’s God.”

David you know not how often I have read and *re-read* your “*minutes of the Bachelor Club*,” nor with what intense delight, or rather *joy*, I pondered o’er the scenes referred to in your letter. *Verily*, “within the sacred precincts” of our Brotherhood have we passed some of the happiest moments of our existence—and not alone of pleasure did we think while we were spending our leisure hours together, for *I* can look back and remember as a result of our associations some of the best resolves of my life, and which yet linger with me urging me *on* to a higher and better life.

Had I time I should like to give you some description of the siege of Vicksburg, and the stupendous systems of works with which Grant is surrounding it and approaching towards it. I was all thro’ the works a short time since and they are truly wonderful. There are trenches and winding causeways dug clear up to the enemy’s forts—I went up to the rebel fort, which was blown up a few nights ago; it is on a very high hill—the highest around the place, and from there I had a splendid view of the city, everything being nearly as distinct as Springfield would be from the cupolo of the College. I did not tarry long there for the rebels now and then kept throwing over hand grenades rendering it rather “unhealthy” for Yankees. Every hill around is bristling with our cannon and all day and all night long the heavens and earth quake

with resounding arms. God speed the end—'twill not be long now. We have no fear from Johnston in the rear for we have an army of no small size out there to meet him. But I must close—Do not fear to write too often nor too long letters—for I am lonely here—I have not many leisure hours. With much love to you and the "Club," I am

Yours,

A. S. FRENCH.

## CIRCULAR LETTER BY GOV. NINIAN EDWARDS.

---

A communication from Ninian Edwards, Territorial Governor of Illinois, in relation to his candidacy for the United States Senate upon the admission of the State into the Federal Union. Governor Edwards was elected to the office he sought. The original manuscript of this circular is in the Illinois State Historical Library.

Edwardsville, September 10, 1818.

Being a candidate for the Senate of the United States, I beg leave to assure you, that if I should be elected, my best talents shall be exerted to protect the interest; and to promote the prosperity of our Infant State.

In doing which two objects will particularly command my attention—

The first, is the complete extinguishment of the Indian title, to all the lands in this State, that lie South of the Illinois river, and of the communication between it, and Lake Michigan—which I really think I can accomplish by going to Congress.

The second, is to have as much public land as possible, immediately surveyed, and put into market, with a view to enable my fellow citizens to obtain lands to please themselves, without too much competition—and also for the purpose of connecting all the different settlements in the state, with each other—which is equally required by the dictates of a sound policy, and a just regard to the interest, and convenience of the different parts of the state—and by all other means, in my power, I would cheerfully aid, in enabling those to acquire land, who are the least able to purchase it, for I would wish to see every man in the state, an Independent Freeholder. I also purpose making the tour of the Eastern States, and from

my general knowledge of our country and the station I have held in it, for upwards of nine years, I do expect that I could be as useful as any other man in bringing it into notice, and in promoting emigration to it—which I should take great pleasure in doing.

I flatter myself that the people of Illinois cannot doubt, that I would in all other respects, serve the state with as much zeal, and fidelity as any other man—of which, they have had a sufficient pledge, in my efforts to protect their wives, and children—and to defend this country against a savage foe, without any assistance of men or money from the general Government—Without any authority to act at all—and at the most awful crises, without even the commission of Governor, my old one having expired, and its renewal having been overlooked—and without ever having drawn a single ration for myself, or a cent of pay for my extra services.

My fellow citizens cannot have forgotten with what zeal, I endeavoured to obtain for them, the right of preemption—the right of suffrage—compensation for losses—pay for their services &c, &c, &c. And they may judge of my usefulness, by comparing their success with that of the citizens of other Territories.

It is true, that I have never been able to accomplish as much for them, as I wished. But I have done all I could. And though, I have doubtless committed many errors, being a fallible man, Yet I trust that the general tenor of my official conduct is proof sufficient, that I have laboured as hard to promote the general good, as any other man, who has filled the station in any Territory whatever.

NINIAN EDWARDS.

# EDITORIAL



JOURNAL OF  
THE ILLINOIS STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY  
Double Number.

Published Quarterly by the Society at Springfield, Illinois.

JESSIE PALMER WEBER, Editor.

Associate Editors:

George W. Smith

Andrew Russel

H. W. Clendenin

Edward C. Page

Application for membership in the Society may be sent to the Secretary of the Society, Mrs. Jessie Palmer Weber, Springfield, Illinois.

Membership Fee, \$1.00—Paid Annually.

Life Membership, \$25.00

---

---

VOL. XV.

APRIL-JULY, 1922.

Nos. 1-2.

---

---

ILLINOIS STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY HOLDS ITS  
TWENTY-THIRD ANNUAL MEETING.

The Illinois State Historical Society met in its annual session on Thursday and Friday, May 4-5. The meeting was held in the Senate Chamber in the State House at Springfield. Dr. O. L. Schmidt, president of the Society, presided over all sessions of the meeting. The first session was held Thursday afternoon; the annual address was presented Thursday evening by Prof. James A. Woodburn of the State University of Indiana. A reception followed Professor Woodburn's address. On Friday morning the Society held its annual business meeting, at which time reports of officers and committees were read, and the election of officers occurred and some papers were read. On Friday noon the members of the Society and their friends attended a luncheon at the St. Nicholas Hotel, on which occasion an eloquent address on Gen. U. S. Grant was given by Judge Charles S. Cutting of Chicago. Judge Cutting is a member of the State Constitutional Con-

vention. On April 27th, 1922, occurred the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of General Grant and Judge Cutting's address was presented in honor of this centennial.

In the afternoon the literary exercises were continued and at the conclusion of the program the annual meeting of the Society was adjourned. On Thursday afternoon, Mr. James R. Hammill of River Forest spoke to the Society on the American Indian. The address was given entirely without notes and Mr. Hammill gave an interesting account of his studies of the history of the Red Men, especially of those tribes who once inhabited the locality which is now Chicago.

Mr. James Shaw of Aurora, Illinois, presented a paper on the River and Harbor Convention which was held in Chicago in 1847, and of which Abraham Lincoln, Horace Greeley and many other great men of the period were members. The title of Mr. Shaw's address, "A Neglected Episode in the Life of Abraham Lincoln," describes very well the idea of this excellent historical paper. The title of the address of Dr. Charles B. Johnson of Champaign was, "On and about the Old National Road in the early Fifties." The Old National road or highway was the post road from Washington, D. C., to the West. It was completed as far as St. Louis, but the advent of railroads made unnecessary the extension of this expensive highway building by the federal government.

Dr. Johnson has lived many years in localities through which the Old National Road passed, and he told well the history of the struggles and triumphs of those statesmen whose wisdom caused the building of the road, the great value of the road itself and the causes of its final decay. On Friday morning in addition to the business matters considered by the Society, it had the pleasure of listening to an address by Mr. George S. Godard, State Librarian of Connecticut, on the care and custody of archives. Mr. Godard has done splendid work in his State in collecting its early records. The history of Connecticut covers the colonial period of American history, and its towns and villages, as did other New England towns,

kept records of most of the official and vital records of their people. These records have been collected, Mr. Godard having secured necessary legislative sanction. They have been repaired when necessary, have been classified, indexed and made available. Their principal use is, of course, historical and genealogical.

The State of Illinois is just now establishing a department of archives as a division of the State Library. The Secretary of State of Illinois is by virtue of his office State Librarian. The Hon. L. L. Emmerson, Secretary of State, listened with much interest to Mr. Godard's address and briefly told the Historical Society something of his plans for the development of the Department of Archives in this State. Mr. Godard showed a large number of photostat copies of important Connecticut records.

The Illinois State Historical Library has published a valuable series entitled Illinois Historical Collections. For several years the Historical Collections were under the editorial supervision of Professor C. W. Alvord, now of the University of Minnesota. The present editor of the Collections is Professor Theodore C. Pease of the University of Illinois, who had been asked to present an address telling the Society about the Collections. Professor Pease did not give the address before the Society, but this valuable and instructive paper will be published in the annual Transactions as a most important contribution to State history.

On Friday afternoon, Mrs. Harry Ainsworth of Moline gave an interesting paper on James T. Gifford and the founding of Elgin, Ill. Mr. Gifford was the grandfather of Mrs. Ainsworth, and she has written the story of the pioneer from original sources, such as his journal, his account books and family stories and traditions. The address gave many amusing, and some pathetic incidents in the career of Mr. Gifford and his contemporaries. The Historical Society is greatly pleased to have such original material collected, and it is to be hoped that Mrs. Ainsworth's example will be followed by members of other pioneer Illinois families.

The Reverend Albert P. Haupt of West Salem, Ill., gave a paper on the history of the Moravian Settlement in Illinois. The address furnishes much valuable historical material in regard to this religious denomination of the State of which little has been written.

The annual address before the Society by Professor Woodburn on "The Organization and Promotion of Historical Knowledge within a Generation," was one of the most brilliant and scholarly addresses with which the Historical Society has been favored during its existence. Professor Woodburn took as a starting point for his paper the organization of the American Historical Association in 1872, and told in a charming, clear, and interesting way the story of modern American historians and their work and its value as history and as literature. This excellent address is published in this number of the Journal. Musical numbers were given throughout the sessions of the meeting. At the luncheon at the St. Nicholas Hotel, Mrs. Gary Westenberger sang the Illinois Centennial songs.

On Thursday afternoon, Miss Diamond Vadakin of Springfield, sang a group of songs. On Friday afternoon, little Misses Lorna Doone and Virginia Dare Williamson, twelve-year-old twin daughters of Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Williamson gave some numbers on the violin. They were accompanied on the piano by their mother. The little girls are being well instructed, and they gave an excellent and creditable performance which gave much pleasure to the Historical Society and its friends. On Thursday evening, Mrs. S. B. Harry of Taylorville sang for the Society. Mrs. Harry has a voice of unusual beauty. The songs she sang were well chosen and greatly pleased the large audience. At the close of the Thursday evening session a reception was held, at which Doctor Schmidt, Professor Woodburn, and other speakers and officials of the Society received their friends. Doctor Schmidt was accompanied by Mrs. Schmidt, who is greatly interested in the work of the Society.

## ANOTHER DOUBLE NUMBER OF THE JOURNAL OF THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

The editors again present a double number of this Journal, that is, two numbers at one time. This, as was explained in the last number of the Journal, is being done in an effort to "catch up," chronologically speaking. When this is accomplished it is hoped that the Journal can be brought out with a reasonable degree of regularity, although the editors do not expect to be able to bring it out with the promptness and regularity of a contemporary commercial magazine. There are always many good reasons for unavoidable delays. This is true of nearly all state or institutional publications. The editors ask for contributions to the Journal.

---

## PRESIDENT HARDING HONORS MEMORY OF GEN- ERAL U. S. GRANT AT CELEBRATION AT POINT PLEASANT, OHIO.

One hundred years ago, on April 27, was born to Jesse Grant, a tanner, and his wife, Hannah Simpson Grant, a son, whom they named Hiram Ulysses Grant, little dreaming that one hundred years later the President of the United States would visit the little settlement honoring the memory of that son. This occurred, however, when Warren G. Harding, President of the United States, visited Point Pleasant, Ohio, to assist in the centennial of Gen. Ulysses S. Grant.

In the presidential party was Mrs. Henry C. Corbin, widow of another famous man whom Point Pleasant gave to the world. He was made Major General in the United States Army in 1900, for his services in the Spanish-American War, and Ohioans recalled with pride the memory of this son of the State, who ranks next to General Grant in the history of this little town. President Harding and his party were met by Governor Davis of Ohio and many representatives from that state as well as others in official life at Washington. President Harding spoke from the porch of the little hotel in Point Pleasant.

## CHICAGO PAYS TRIBUTE TO GENERAL ULYSSES S. GRANT.

Chicago celebrated on Thursday, April 27, 1922, the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of General Grant, with special programs in the schools and speeches at the Union League Club in the evening. Former Governor Joseph W. Fifer was the speaker. Guests at the dinner preceding the speeches included members of the Union League Club who served in the Civil War, the Commander of the U. S. Grant Post, G. A. R., the State Commander of the G. A. R., and State Commanders of the American Legion, Loyal Legion, National Guard, and Spanish American War Veterans. Outside of Chicago probably the most notable celebrations were held at Galena, Illinois, the city where General Grant resided when he entered the war, and at his birthplace, Point Pleasant, Ohio.

---

## NATION'S CAPITAL HONORS GENERAL ULYSSES S. GRANT—MEMORIAL IS DEDICATED.

Machinery of the government was halted by executive order of President Harding on April 27, while official Washington paid homage to the memory of General Ulysses S. Grant, Union Army chieftain and twice President of the Republic, on the centenary of his birth. The crowning event of the day's ceremonies was the formal dedication of the massive Grant Memorial in the Botanic Garden, in the shadow of the Capitol, a heroic monument which it has taken fifteen years to complete at an expense of a quarter of a million dollars. Preceding the dedication, which was presided over by Calvin Coolidge, Vice President of the United States, there was a military parade from the White House to the Capitol. At the dedication, members of the Senate and House, the Supreme Court, and heads of executive departments joined in the tribute to General Grant. Presentation of the Memorial to the country was made by Secretary of War, John W.

Weeks, a member of the Grant Memorial Commission. Secretary Weeks made a plea for everlasting peace in his presentation address, and stressed the point that America had dared to take a definite step in that direction when it called the international conference on limitation of armament.

Following the presentation, amid great applause, Princess Julia Cantacuzene, granddaughter, and Princess Ida Cantacuzene, great-granddaughter of General Grant, unveiled the Memorial, dedicated to the nation by Union and Confederate Veterans. The exercises were called to order by the Right Reverend Samuel Fallows of Chicago, president of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, and chairman of the Grant Memorial Commission. The Reverend William Edwards Huntington, president emeritus of Boston University and a First Lieutenant under Grant in the 49th Wisconsin Volunteer Infantry, gave the invocation. Following the unveiling and a salute of twenty-one guns, Vice President Coolidge delivered the address of acceptance, and a formal military dedication of the monument was participated in by General John J. Pershing, Secretary of the Navy Denby, General Julian S. Carr, Commander-in-Chief of the United Confederate Veterans, and General Lewis S. Pilcher, Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic.

Taps were sounded at the conclusion of the exercises by a guard of honor, composed of cadets from the United States Military Academy and midshipmen from the United States Naval Academy. The benediction was by the Reverend Washington Gardner, Past Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic.

In his speech accepting the Memorial, Vice President Coolidge laid particular emphasis on the greatness of General Grant in peace as well as in war. "It is in response to an increasing sentiment of gratitude and patriotism," the Vice President said, "that national action has set apart this day to observe the Centennial Anniversary of the birth of a great American, who was sent into the world endowed with a great-

ness easy to understand, yet difficult to describe, the highest type of intellectual power—simplicity and directness; the highest type of character—fidelity and honesty. He will forever hold the admiration of a people in whom these qualities abide.”

---

#### CHICAGO HISTORICAL SOCIETY OBSERVES HUNDREDTH BIRTHDAY OF ULYSSES S. GRANT.

The career of the soldier-president, from his infancy in the little Ohio town, to his last days when he wrote his memoirs so that his wife need not be in want, was outlined on the evening of Thursday, April 27, in an address before the Chicago Historical Society, by Frank Hatch Jones, son-in-law of General U. S. Grant. “I met General Grant but once, forty years ago,” said Mr. Jones, who married Mrs. Nellie Grant Sartoris, daughter of the famous general. The address, he explained, was made from information supplied by Mrs. Jones and from the General’s memoirs. “Military life had no charm for him,” said Mr. Jones, “and he did not wish to attend West Point when he won the appointment in 1839. Up to that time his name had been Hiram Ulysses Grant. From then on he called himself Ulysses S. Grant, as he did not like the initials H. U. G. His qualities of courage, justice, purity, modesty, made his example the best I know for the youth of the nation to cultivate.”

---

#### GALENA ILLINOIS CELEBRATES THE ONE HUNDREDTH BIRTHDAY OF GENERAL ULYSSES S. GRANT.

At the celebration of the one hundredth birthday of General Grant in Galena, the principal address was delivered by William McCauley, Commander of the Illinois Department of the American Legion. Other speakers included Mayor A. W. Thode of Galena and Andrew Courtney Campbell of Chicago. Mr. Campbell presented a chair used by Grant to the Grant Memorial Home in Galena.

## MEMORIAL DAY OBSERVED IN CHICAGO.

Thirty-five thousand marched in Memorial procession in Chicago, May 30th, 1922. Veterans of three wars were in the parade. Chicago deserted its other streets and boulevards to line Michigan avenue to Roosevelt road. Those who were not on the sidewalks were in line marching. Following the motorcycle police came a police escort headed by Lieut. George H. Weideling. After them came Governor Small and Mayor Thompson with their staffs. Attending the State Executive were Adjutant-General Carlos E. Black and Colonels R. J. Shand, S. O. Tripp, A. E. Inglesh and Percy B. Coffin. With Mayor Thompson were his cabinet, W. H. Reid, Major Carlos Ames, Chief Fitzmorris, Dr. H. N. Bundesen and P. H. Moynihan. They dismounted from their horses at the reviewing stand and entered it. Brig.-General James E. Stuart, Grand Marshal of the day, himself a veteran of three wars, with his staff, next made his appearance. Then, after a band and a troop of cavalry had passed, came Chicago's Posts of the Grand Army of the Republic. Slowly, but unflinching, the veterans in blue trudged past the stand. With some came their grandsons and daughters, ready to render aid, if needed. A fife corps played the sprightly tune of "Yankee Doodle" and "Marching Through Georgia." Some of them with rifles of '61 over their shoulders, had placed white roses in their barrels. The crowd paid homage to the soldiers with deafening cheers. Their march had been long, for them—they started at the Chicago Public Library—and the day was hot. They broke ranks at Eleventh street, and found rest in benches placed directly north of the reviewing stand, to watch their sons and grandsons. Daughters of Veterans, Ladies of the Grand Army of the Republic, the Women's Relief Corps, and Daughters of the G. A. R. followed. The middle-aged men who had fought at San Juan and at Santiago in 1898, marched past, ten posts strong. Succeeding them came the Veterans of Foreign Wars. Then came smaller detachments, including the Veterans' Corps of the 2nd Infantry, the United Veterans

of the Republic, and Camp Luzon 17, of the Army of the Philippines. The third main division of the parade consisted of men who had fought overseas in France. A dozen officers, at whose head was Captain A. A. Pantelis, Marshal, with John A. Hartman and Roy G. Swindel as Assistant Marshals, marched past the stand. In automobiles driven by the United States Liberty drivers, commanded by Mrs. Sidney G. Goldenberg, were scores of wounded from the various hospitals. Seven districts of the American Legion, numbering between ten and thirteen posts to a district, followed their disabled comrades. They showed that they had not forgotten how to march in even ranks during the four years of peace, whether they were in uniform or "civies." The Legionnaires, the largest single delegation in the parade, saluted the flags held by Civil War Veterans. Mothers and fathers with gold stars passed by doing honor to the sons buried in France. The shrill notes of the bagpipes, played by members of the British legion, added a picturesque note to the day, as did the green-gray uniforms and the plumed hats of a dozen Italian veterans.

The Buck Private Society, the Disabled Veterans of the World War, commanded by Colonel John V. Clinnin and American Volunteers with the A. E. F. concluded the Third division. The National Guard, with Major-General Milton J. Foreman at its head, passed the stand. At the head of the detachments of Infantry, steel-hatted, with fixed bayonets gleaming, were such soldiers as Brigadier-General Abel Davis, Colonel Nelson A. Bolte, Colonel William E. Swanson, and Lieutenant-Colonel Nelson Morris. Captain O. B. Duncan led the 8th Infantry. Brigadier-General Henry Reilly of "Reilly's Bucks" fame headed the 58th Artillery Brigade. "Anti-craft" Artillery and the 33rd Tank Company finished the military section of the parade. Police, led by Deputy Superintendent John H. Alcock; the Chicago fire department, with its band; high school cadets and bands, at whose head was Major J. L. Beals and a dozen fraternal organizations,

made the seventh and final division. "It was as fine a parade as I have ever seen," declared General Stuart, preparing to start home at 6 o'clock. "It was fortunate that we should have had a day like this."

---

## HISTORY OF THE THIRTY-THIRD DIVISION, AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES IN THE GREAT WORLD WAR.

The Illinois State Historical Library has published a history of the Thirty-Third Division during the World War. This Division was made up largely of Illinois troops. Lieutenant Colonel Frederick L. Huidekoper, at one time adjutant of the Division, is the author of the history, which he wrote from his own notes and diaries, those of other officers and men and from the official records of the Division. Colonel Huidekoper came to Springfield shortly after the close of the war and in person presented the manuscript of the history to the State of Illinois through its chief executive, Governor Frank O. Lowden, who on behalf of the State accepted it and turned it over to the Historical Library for preservation and publication. Afterwards the Legislature made an appropriation for its publication. Colonel Huidekoper is a noted military historian and a graceful and pleasing writer. The story of the service of the Division is told in so clear and simple a manner as to be understood and enjoyed by any reader even those with little or no knowledge of military or technical terms.

The Board of Trustees of the Historical Library has tried to obtain the addresses of former members of the Division, both in Illinois and elsewhere. A list of names of fifteen thousand members of the Division was obtained and post cards carrying a stamped, addressed return card, were sent to each of them, telling the soldier that if he desired the history a copy would be sent him free of charge if he would send his correct address on the return card.

Thousands of the cards came back with the addresses.

To these addresses the history was sent. Many cards were returned to the library undelivered. In addition to the one volume edition sent to the members of the Division a small edition, only two thousand sets, was issued, with notes and maps. The narrative or text is the same as in the one volume edition. The larger or library edition has been placed in the libraries of Illinois and in many other important libraries. It has not been distributed or given to individuals. The history was published under the editorial supervision of Professor Theodore C. Pease, editor of the Illinois Historical Collections. The author of the history, Colonel Huidekoper, also read proof and assisted in bringing the work through the press.

---

#### THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL AT WASHINGTON, D. C.

"Today, American gratitude, love and appreciation give to Abraham Lincoln this lone white Temple, a Pantheon for him alone." With these words, President Warren G. Harding, on Tuesday, May 30, 1922, accepted on behalf of the American people, the heroic Lincoln Memorial, erected by the government at a cost of more than \$3,000,000, located on the banks of the Potomac River at the extreme west end of the Mall in Potomac Park. Looking toward the Capitol of the United States and the Washington monument, which was reflected in the mirror lake at his feet, surrounded by thousands of distinguished citizens, members of the Senate and House, diplomatic representatives of foreign nations, veterans of the great World War, the Spanish-American War, and the Rebellion. President Harding accepted the Memorial from the hands of former President William Howard Taft, Chief Justice of the United States and Chairman of the Lincoln Memorial Commission.

Characterizing Lincoln as "incomparably the greatest of our presidents," President Harding delivered a devotional tribute to the great emancipator in a measure reflecting the spirit of the bronze inscription carved above the massive head

of the Lincoln statue beneath the shadows of the colossal marble shrine:

In this temple  
As in the hearts of the people  
For whom he saved the Union,  
The memory of Abraham Lincoln,  
Is enshrined for ever.

Mr. Harding spoke, he said, on this occasion, "simply as a reverent and grateful American, rather than one in official responsibility." He spoke of Lincoln as "a very natural human being," not a super-man, referring to the hardships, disappointments and sorrows that beset him, the calumnies heaped upon him during the great crisis of his life, and pointed to Lincoln's career as offering "outstanding proof that a representative popular government, constitutionally founded, can find its one way to salvation and accomplishment.

"Abraham Lincoln," said President Harding, "was no super-man. Like the great Washington, whose monumental shaft towers nearby as a fit companion to the Memorial we dedicate today, the two testifying the grateful love of all Americans to founder and savior—like Washington, Lincoln was a very natural human being, with the frailties mixed with virtues of humanity. There are neither super-man nor demi-gods in the government of kingdoms, empires or republics. It will be better for our conception of government and its institutions if we will understand this fact. It is vastly greater than finding them super-men if we justify the confidence that our institutions are capable of bringing into authority, in time of stress, men big enough and strong enough to meet the demands."

"He, with his love of freedom and justice, this apostle of humanity, would have found his sorrows tenfold repaid to see the hundred millions to whom he bequeathed reunion and nationality, giving of their sons and daughters and of their fortunes to halt the armed march of autocracy and preserve civilization, even as he preserved the Union."

Chief Justice Taft, in presenting the memorial for which "the American people have waited fifty-seven years," traced the story of the memorial project from the beginning, giving credit to two sons of Illinois for their great part in its accomplishment, the late United States Senator, Shelby M. Cullom, and Representative Joseph G. Cannon, who is about to retire from Congress.

"In 1911," said the Chief Justice, prefacing a description of the memorial, "two sons of Illinois, Shelby M. Cullom and Joseph G. Cannon, fathered the bill for the creation of the present commission, under whose official supervision this work has been done. The commission claims no credit for it. They consulted the fine arts commission, made up of Burnham, Millet, Olmstead, French, Hastings, Gilbert and Moore, who urged the present site and recommended as the man to design and build it, Henry Bacon, the student and disciple of McKim. McKim was the dean of architects of this country and did most among us to bring the art of Greece to appreciation and noble use. Bacon has been his worthy successor.

"For ten years the structure has been rising. From the the solid rock beneath the level of the Potomac, fifty feet below the original grade, it reaches a total of 122 feet above that grade. The platform at its base is 204 feet long and 134 feet wide. The colonnade is 188 feet long and 118 feet wide. The central hall where the statue stands is 60 feet wide, 70 feet long, and 60 feet high. The proportions of the memorial are so fine that its great mass and height and length and breadth are suppressed in its unity.

"The outside columns are the simple Doric, the inside columns Ionic. The marble of the structure is from the Colorado Yule mine, remarkable for its texture and the purity of its white, and for the size of the drums which make the columns noteworthy in the architecture of the world."

Robert T. Lincoln, son of the martyred President, was one of the principal guests of honor at the impressive ceremony and was cheered by the throng when President Harding,

following his address, greeted him. After the dedication, Mr. Lincoln, who for many years has made Washington his home, held an informal reception on the wide approach to the Lincoln shrine, the President joining with Chief Justice Taft and other dignitaries of the government in congratulating the surviving son of the great President on the completion of the nation's memorial to his father. The dedication program included also an able address by Dr. Robert R. Moton of Tuskegee Institute, who told of the place Lincoln holds in the hearts of the colored people of America, and the reading of the dedication poem, "Lincoln, the Man of the People," by Edwin Markham, its author.

---

#### LORADO TAFT GIVES STATUARY TO UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS.

Lorado Taft, on the occasion of the forty-third reunion of his class at the University of Illinois, and the fiftieth anniversary of the first graduating class of the institution, brought as his gift to the University, his latest work, a group of colossal figures, "Alma Mater," "Learning," and "Labor." The composition presents "Alma Mater" in the person of a stately woman welcoming with outstretched hands the youth of Illinois. To her left is the sturdy embodiment of "Labor," reaching out his hand toward "Learning," thus carrying out the spirit of the motto of Illinois, "Learning and Labor."

Mr. Taft's work will be cast in bronze and taken to the University of Illinois at Champaign-Urbana, where it will be placed on the campus in front of the auditorium.

---

#### HONOR CONFERRED ON PROFESSOR E. HASTINGS MOORE, UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO.

An extraordinary honor was conferred on Professor E. Hastings Moore, head of the Department of Mathematics in the University of Chicago, by the American Mathematical Society which met in Chicago recently. The Society an-

nounced the establishment of a fund to be known as the Eliakim Hastings Moore publication fund and \$2,000 was provided as its nucleus. The Society paid a remarkable tribute to the place of Professor Moore in the development of mathematical research in the United States and as a leader of investigators and teachers. Besides establishing the fund in his honor, the Society presented to Professor Moore an illuminated memorial as an expression of its regard. It was signed by 174 mathematicians. The especial occasion of the celebration was the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the Chicago Section of the American Mathematical Society.

---

MR. AND MRS. WILLIAM H. FRANTZ CELEBRATE  
THEIR SIXTY-FIFTH WEDDING ANNIVERSARY.

On Sunday, April 9th, 1922, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Frantz, pioneer citizens of Monmouth, Illinois, celebrated the sixty-fifth anniversary of their wedding. Mrs. Frantz was before her marriage Miss Mary Anne Lucas. Mr. Frantz was 93 years old on the day following the wedding anniversary, Monday, April 10th. Attending the celebration were twenty-two grandchildren and fifteen great-grandchildren.

---

EVERETT J. MURPHY, WARDEN OF THE ILLINOIS  
STATE PENITENTIARY FOR TWENTY  
YEARS, DIES.

Everett J. Murphy, for twenty years warden of the Illinois State Penitentiary at Joliet, died at 4 o'clock, Monday, April 10, 1922, after two years' illness, of heart disease.

Mr. Murphy was born at Nashville, Illinois, in 1852. After receiving a common school education he entered mercantile work in Sparta. He served Randolph County first as Deputy Circuit Court Clerk, and then as Sheriff. In 1886, he was elected to the State Legislature, and after his removal to East St. Louis, he was elected a member of the Fifty-fourth Congress. His first experience as warden of a penitentiary came

in 1889. Governor Fifer appointed him warden of the Southern State Penitentiary at Chester. In 1897 he was appointed a member of the State Board of Pardons. Mr. Murphy was appointed warden of the Illinois State Penitentiary in 1899 by Governor John R. Tanner, and served in that capacity until the administration of Governor Edward F. Dunne, when he retired to devote his time to the presidency of the Commercial Trust and Savings Bank at Joliet. In 1917, prison conditions were such that Governor Frank O. Lowden induced him again to become warden of the state prison at Joliet. He served until the time of his death.

Although known as a strict disciplinarian, Mr. Murphy was one of the first wardens to introduce prison reforms. It was under his regime that men were first taken out of the cells at meal time and permitted to gather in one large dining room. He abolished stripes in Joliet and introduced the gray uniform. The escape of prisoners from the prison farms turned him against the honor system, but he was a strong advocate of the merit system, whereby only prisoners who had good records were sent to work on the farms.

Mr. Murphy had been seriously ill with heart disease for the last two years, and several times he was taken to hospitals in Chicago for treatment, but with no permanent benefit.

Funeral services were held on Wednesday, April 12, and burial was made in Elmhurst Cemetery. He is survived by his daughter, Mrs. Henry J. Sawyer, and his son, William A. Murphy, of Joliet.

---

#### J. MACK TANNER, 1868-1922.

J. Mack Tanner, fifty-four years of age, died at St. Luke's Hospital, Chicago, Saturday, April 15, 1922, after an illness of two years' duration. He was born in Butler County, Missouri, November 10, 1868. He graduated in Knox College, Galesburg, in the Class of 1891, with highest honors. Mr. Tanner was teller and assistant cashier of the United States Sub-Treasury at Chicago for two years; assistant cashier in

the Cook County Treasurer's office, 1895-6; he was the private secretary of Governor John R. Tanner, his father, 1897-1901; Secretary of State Board of Charities, 1901-1905; Colonel of the Fourth Illinois Infantry, I. N. G., 1901-1905; President of the State Horticultural Society for two years; Chairman Clay County Red Cross; Chairman Clay County Committee of the State Council of National Defense; and the sales director of the various Liberty Loans for Clay County. Mr. Tanner was a member of the Constitutional Convention State of Illinois, 1920.

Mr. Tanner is survived by his widow, Mrs. Patsie Ingersoll Tanner, and one son, John R. Tanner. Funeral services were held in the First Presbyterian Church, Springfield, Monday, April 17, 1922. Interment was made in Oak Ridge Cemetery, where his father, mother, sister, and his little son are buried.

---

#### LAST CADET NAMED BY LINCOLN DIES.

Commander James Douglas Jerrold Kelley, U. S. N., retired, widely known writer on naval topics, died in New York, April 30, 1922, at his home, 25 East Eighty-third street, after an illness beginning last July. Commander Kelley was born December 25, 1847, and was appointed to the United States Naval Academy in 1864, the last man appointed by President Lincoln. He was prize essayist and gold medalist at the Naval Academy. At the time of Commander Kelley's retirement in 1901 he was aid to the Commandant of the Brooklyn Navy Yard. For many years he was naval editor of the New York Herald.

---

#### CYRUS B. ADAMS, WELL KNOWN PENOLOGIST, DIES.

Cyrus B. Adams, nationally known as a penologist, and for many years superintendent of the St. Charles School for Boys at St. Charles, Illinois, died suddenly May 12, 1922. He

had been ill for a short time. Mr. Adams was born in Ohio on July 4, 1862, graduating in 1884 from Ohio Wesleyan University. In 1902 Colonel Adams was appointed superintendent of the Ohio School for Boys, and in 1909 came to St. Charles, Ill., as superintendent. He served during the administrations of Governor Deneen and Governor Dunne, and in 1914 went to Massachusetts as head of the State Reformatory and State Superintendent of Prisons. In 1918, he was reappointed to St. Charles, and had been there ever since.

---

JAMES KIRKLEY, OF CHICAGO, ONE HUNDRED  
YEARS OLD.

James Kirkley, 2216 Warren avenue, said to be Chicago's oldest citizen, celebrated his one hundredth anniversary, Friday, April 21, 1922. He was born in England, and has lived in Chicago since 1857. He was the guest of his four children, his three grandchildren and his great-great-grandson, James M. Kirkley, IV.

## GIFTS OF BOOKS, LETTERS, PICTURES AND MANUSCRIPTS TO THE ILLINOIS STATE HISTORICAL LIBRARY AND SOCIETY.

- Bishop Hill, Illinois. Historic Bishop Hill. Souvenir Book. Gift of F. R. Peterson, Bishop Hill, Illinois.
- Brown, John Park. Illinois Incidents and other Verse, 72 pp., 1919. Gift of The Elgin Scotch Society, Elgin, Illinois.
- Cairo, Illinois. Gavel made from an oak girder taken from the first brick building erected in Cairo, Illinois. Gift of Arthur Barter, 2614 Holbrook Avenue, Cairo, Illinois.
- Chapman (Rev.), Arthur Samuel. Centennial of the First Methodist Episcopal Church, Paris, Illinois, . . . . 16 p., 8°. Paris, Illinois. Gift of Rev. Arthur S. Chapman.
- Chicago, Illinois. Sewell, Alfred L. "The Great Calamity." Scenes, incidents and lessons of the Great Chicago Fire on the 8th and 9th of October, 1871. Published, Chicago, 1871, by Alfred L. Sewell. Gift of F. G. Weeks, Carson, Iowa.
- Civil War. Copies of Civil War Orders. Twelve numbers. United States Government, publishers. Gift of The George D. Smith Estate, New York City, N. Y.
- Connecticut State. "Alumni Record of Wesleyan University." Gift of the Wesleyan University Library, Middletown, Connecticut.
- Cook County, Illinois. Roll of Honor Books of the Deceased Soldiers and Sailors of Cook County, Illinois. 309 pp., 1922. Compiled by E. R. Lewis. Gift of Adjutant-General Carlos E. Black, Springfield, Illinois.
- Daughters of the American Revolution. Governor Edward Coles Chapter, Mattoon, Illinois. Year Book, 1922-1923. Gift of the Regent, Miss Emily Dole Oblinger, 3205 Western Avenue, Mattoon, Illinois.
- Daughters of the American Revolution. Fort Armstrong Chapter, Rock Island, Illinois. Year Book 1922-1923. Gift of Mrs. Grace R. Sweeney, Rock Island, Illinois.
- Daughters of the American Revolution. Isaac Hull Chapter, Salem, Illinois. Year Books 1920-1923. Gift of the Regent, Mrs. Ernest R. Charlton, Salem, Illinois.
- Detroit Public Library. Journal of Joseph Valpey, Jr., of Salem, November, 1813-April, 1815. Burton Collections. Gift of the Library.
- Freeport, Illinois. Sixty-fourth Anniversary, Lincoln-Douglas Debates. Also sketch of the history of Freeport, Illinois. Compiled by L. A. Fulwider. Gift of Mr. C. F. Hildreth, Freeport, Illinois.
- Harding, Warren G. Story of Warren G. Harding. By Charles Burleigh Galbreath, 1922. 32 pp. Gift of F. A. Owen Publishing Co., Dansville, N. Y.
- Illinois. Federation of Women's Clubs. Year Books, 1921-22, 1922-23. 2 Vols. Gift of the Illinois Federation of Women's Clubs.

- Illinois. Taxation in Illinois. By O. L. Manchester. 62 pp., 8°. Published by the Illinois State Teachers Association, 1922.
- Landon, Fred (M. A.). The Diary of Benjamin Lundy. Reprint from The Ontario Historical Society's Papers and Records. Vol. 19. Gift of The Public Library, London, Ontario.
- Lantern carried on the Northern Cross Railroad by T. M. Averitt, afterwards carried on the Wabash Railroad by a son of T. M. Averitt, a conductor on the road. Gift of the grandson, Harry Averitt, Hammond, Indiana.
- Lavine (Capt.), A. Lincoln. Circuits of Victory. 634 pages. Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City, N. Y., 1922. Gift of Illinois Bell Co., Springfield, Illinois.
- Letter. Richard Yates to Horace Greeley and others, with regard to the reelection of Lincoln. Dated Springfield, Sept. 6, 1864. Photostat copy. Gift of Detroit Public Library.
- Lincoln, Abraham. Barton, (Rev.) William E. Lincoln and Douglas in Charleston. 8 pp. 8°. Charleston, Illinois, 1922. Published by The Charleston Daily Courier.
- Lincoln, Abraham. Barton (Rev.), William E. The Man who married Lincoln's Parents. Harrodsburg, Kentucky, 1922, Harrodsburg Herald.
- Lincoln, Abraham. Barton, (Rev.) William E. The Parents of Abraham Lincoln. Charleston Daily Courier, Charleston, Illinois, 1922.
- Lincoln, Abraham. Friedell, L. Defense of the mother, Conversion and Creed of Abraham Lincoln. Gift of L. Friedell, Minneapolis, Minn.
- Lincoln, Abraham. Rudeen, E. F. Abraham Lincoln, The Ideal Christian. Gift of Frederick Ray Risdon, 304 Munger Block, 342 North Main Street, Los Angeles, California.
- Lincoln, Abraham. Spanish-American Institute, Gardena, California. Lincoln Day Program, February 11, 1922. Lincoln Gettysburg Address in Cruciform. Souvenir, 1922. Gift of The Spanish-American Institute, Gardena, California.
- Map. Scenic and historical Mid-Continent Trail. Gift J. Nick Perrin, Belleville, Illinois.
- Medals. Lincoln and Douglas Medals, also miscellaneous medals. Gift of Mr. DeWitt Smith, Springfield, Illinois.
- Newspapers. The Cherokee Advocate, published by The Cherokee Nation, I. T., issue of December 24, 1904. Gift Miss Mabel Eliot, Bloomington, Illinois.
- Oak Park, Illinois. Congregational Church. Sixtieth anniversary. Gift of Rev. William E. Barton, D. D., LL. D.
- Oak Park, Illinois. Congregational Church, Oak Park, Illinois, The Red Book. Gift of Rev. William E. Barton, D. D., LL. D., Oak Park, Illinois.
- Pageant. Halifax County, N. C., The Spirit of the Roanoke. A Pageant of Halifax County, North Carolina, designed and written in collaboration by Halifax County teachers under the direction of A. E. Akers. 78 pp. Herald Publishing Co., 1921. Roanoke Rapids, N. C. Gift of Professor A. E. Akers.
- Pageant. The Torch Bearer. By John Kearns. Gift of Dr. Joseph R. Harker, Illinois Woman's College, Jacksonville, Illinois.

- Pictures. Beardstown, Illinois. Panorama View Beardstown Flood, 1922.  
Gift Mrs. Anne C. Dickson, Springfield, Illinois.
- Spanish-American Institute. Gardena, California, Annual Report, 1922.  
Gift of the Institute.
- Stevens, Rodgerick G. The Workmen of the Temple. A Treatise on Industrial Relations. Gift of the Stevens-Davis Company, 1230-1236 West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago, Illinois.
- Virginia State. Tyler, (Dr.) Lyon G., Ed., Virginia First. 16 pp. 1921.  
Published by the Colonial Dames of America. Gift of Dr. Lyon G. Tyler, Richmond, Virginia.
- Waller, Elbert. History of Illinois, second edition and Illinois 1909 Pioneer Days. 1918. Gift of Elbert Waller, Thebes, Illinois.
- Wyoming, Illinois. Tuesday Club, Year Books, 1920-1921, 1921-1922, 1922-1923. Gift of Mrs. W. R. Sandham, Wyoming, Illinois.

# NECROLOGY







EDMUND BEALL.

## **EDMUND BEALL, 1848-1920.**

BY KIZZIE HUSKINSON SHIFFLETT.

Edmund Beall was born in Alton (Madison County), Illinois, September 27, 1848. He was the son of James W. and Mary J. Hodges Beall (of Illinois and Tennessee families).

His grandfather established the first furniture factory in Alton on the present site of the Standard Mill. With his brother Charley, Edmund Beall grew up in the Methodist and Baptist faiths (the former church then stood on the corner of Fourth and Belle Streets). Alton boasted, at this time, of a public school to which the eligible could go for a small fee. Taxes were then an unknown problem; many pupils preferred a fireside education preparatory to entering on their life's labor, for many boys felt the burden of a family on their young shoulders for support. Edmund Beall was one of these, for at the age of seven, his father dying, he took up the uncertain warp of family life with a brave heart and right good will. When twelve years had rolled by, the young worker entered the Alton Daily Telegraph as an apprentice. He soon became quite an adept in the art of printing. Before his fourteenth birthday, "War" was bugled from North to South, and the young patriot felt his heart filled with moral courage. He determined to become a soldier in the "Union Army," and accordingly enlisted in Company "D" of the 134th Illinois Volunteer Infantry, thus being known as the youngest soldier in his State. Rock Island was his camp of service, and it was from here that he later received his honorable discharge September 24, 1865.

When the martyred President, Abraham Lincoln, was brought to Springfield for burial, Edmund Beall's hands helped decorate Lincoln's home with memorial emblems.

When Mr. Beall returned to his home town, he joined his

stepfather (John Mellen) in his blacksmith shop; but, the printer's trade soon beckoned him back and it was not long 'ere he became manager of the job department and soon owner.

Eighteen hundred seventy-two marks the manufacturing of "miners' tools" by Edmund and Charley Beall; their capital was as meager as their energy was great. Thus they began laboriously to wield and weld out a vast fortune. One small shop formed the nucleus of three gigantic factories.

The sage advice of William Huskinson, pioneer railroad builder, was heeded by the brothers, who designed a much-needed miner's special pick and shovel, which proved to be of such specific value, as to cause the demands to far exceed the output. Night and day the Beall factories toiled and the owners toiled also.

Aside from his remarkable business ability, Mr. Beall displayed great interest in civic improvement. Serving his city as alderman fourteen years, Mr. Beall showed such administrative ability, that the Altonians demanded he become "Mayor of Alton." Mr. Beall succeeded himself as mayor of Alton three times, being known far and near as the "Stork" mayor. Like Roosevelt and Julia Ward-Howe, he firmly believed in large American families, saying then would "all products be loyal Americans."

Weal or woe was listened to, with kindly heart and cheerful action by this master-builder. While in office, Mr. Beall "cleaned" up Alton; he tried to make the city beautiful by having flower-beds placed in the arid byways. Rock Spring Park was given Alton by William Elliot Smith through Mr. Beall's suggestion; many municipal recreations sprang up there which brought the citizens together. A fine Country Club was planned and a splendid golf course soon arranged. Mr. Beall obtained a twenty-five-year water franchise for his city; had innumerable fire plugs put in, thus providing safety for the city; he finally succeeded in bringing the State Insane Asylum to "Upper Alton" (during Governor Deneen's

regime). He merged Upper Alton and North Alton into the city proper.

In doing all this, Mr. Beall was prophetic enough to behold in Alton a continuity of factories on through to Granite City.

Mr. Beall was not a man to stand still. He was elected "State Senator of Illinois," November 8, 1910, from the Forty-seventh Senatorial District. Here his zeal was to serve his State faithfully as to the purpose of moral good. Together with Lieutenant Governor Barrett O'Hara, he opened a sweeping vice-crusade of the State. Being made vice-chairman of this Crusade, and open to his own convictions, he soon obtained splendid results for the Crusade to work upon. A book of limited edition was published disclosing the "White Slave Traffic of Illinois," with sincere motive in view, so that its purpose soon achieved the desired effect. The eyes of the State were opened to the social evil existing therein.

While in the Senate, Mr. Beall introduced a bill to erect a monument to commemorate the centennial of the first territorial assembly of Illinois, at Edwardsville, and to commemorate the first territorial governor, "Ninian Edwards" (a distant relative).

In 1911, Mr. Beall toured Europe. Ever being a lover of art and flowers, Mr. Beall brought back many handsome trophies which now adorn his beautiful home on Twelfth Street, Alton, Ill.

Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands presented the famous "Stork Mayor" of Alton a beautiful diamond.

At the time of the great "World War," the Beall Brothers decided to retire from active life and accordingly sold their business. The two most efficient sons of Senator Beall still manage the huge Beall factories. Their names are Edmund Beall, Manager, and Roy Beall, Assistant Manager. Both men are trained for the management of large works.

Senator Beall married Mary E. Harris (daughter of Benjamin B. Harris of Marblehead, Mass., and a pioneer railroad man of Illinois). Eight children were born of this union.

Those living are:

Hattie (Mrs. J. H. Gill); children: Abbie, Mildred, Edmund.

Abbie (lately deceased), wife of L. Caywood; children: Mary and Harley.

Edward Wesley Beall.

Edmund Harris Beall, married Miss Nellie Lucia Lane (daughter of Hon. Gilbert Lane and Annie Huskinson Lane).

Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Harris Beall's children are Edmund Lane Beall and Helen M. Beall.

Roy Beall, married Miss Harriet Burnap.

Mr. Beall was of striking personality, his authority was unquestioned; he was ever seeking to straighten out the biased sides of life for his workmen. His advice was always to the point that focused thought and improved conditions. His life's maxim was "Continue to do the best work you can and results will ever follow, for time always speaks true."

Mr. Beall died suddenly in Los Angeles, California, whither he and his excellent wife were sojourning for his health, January 31, 1920.

He is buried in Alton, Illinois.

## SEYMOUR MORRIS, 1863-1921.

Seymour Morris of Chicago, Illinois, was born in Utica, N. Y., February 15, 1863. He was the son of Joseph and Clara Elizabeth (Seymour) Morris, and died in Chicago, Illinois, September 27, 1921. His first American ancestor was Edward Morris and the record in Waltham Abbey, England, states that "Edward Morris left for America in 1636." He settled at Roxbury, Massachusetts.

Richard Seamer (Seymour), his maternal ancestor, settled in Hartford, Connecticut in 1639, where he appears as proprietor and also one of the settlers who received land by "courtesies of the town."

Seymour Morris was educated in the public schools of Chicago, graduating from high school in 1880. September 6, 1880, he entered the office of Judge Lucius B. Otis in the real estate and renting business at 142 LaSalle Street, Chicago. In 1904 he became trustee of the L. Z. Leiter Estate and in 1907 of the Albert Keep Estate. At the time of his death he managed the affairs of many individuals and held the following offices:

Director, The Merchants' Loan and Trust Co., Chicago.

Director, Spaulding & Co., Chicago (Jewelers).

Director and Vice-President, Chicago City Railways Co., 1912 to 1921.

Assistant Treasurer, Chicago Chapter, American Red Cross.

Secretary, Chicago Historical Society.

Treasurer, Chicago Orphan Asylum.

Director, U. S. Fidelity & Guaranty Co., Baltimore, Md.

During the World War Mr. Morris was appointed Chairman of Exemption Appeal Board No. 2 of the Northern District of Illinois and served in that capacity until the end of the war.

He was greatly interested in genealogical research, having compiled the following books:

Morris Genealogy (1894).

Tucker Genealogy (1901).

Society of Mayflower Descendants in the State of Illinois Year Books One, Two and Three.

List of Genealogies being Compiled.

Society of Colonial Wars in the State of Illinois Year Books.

Pamphlet, "The Hale Family."

Pamphlet, "First Three Generations of the Seymour Family."

He was the prime mover in the organization of the Society of Mayflower Descendants in the State of Illinois and founder of the Illinois Society of Colonial Wars.

He had a large library of New England Town Histories and Genealogies and Vital Records, consisting of some 6,000 volumes, to which he was adding from time to time. Genealogy was his hobby.

Mr. Morris was a member of several clubs, namely:

The Chicago Club.

Union League Club of Chicago.

Union League Club of New York.

Glen View Golf Club.

South Shore Country Club.

Mid-Day Club.

Lake Geneva Country Club.

Metropolitan Club of New York.

Life Member of the New England Historic and Genealogical Society (Boston).

Society of the Cincinnati.

New England Society of Chicago.

Illinois Society of the Sons of the American Revolution.

Pennsylvania Society Order of Founders and Patriots of America.

Society of Colonial Wars in Massachusetts. (Life member.)

Illinois Society of Colonial Wars.

Illinois State Historical Society.

He was married January 18, 1888, at Chicago, Illinois, to Ida Nesbitt Tucker, daughter of William S. and Martha (Nesbitt) Tucker. His wife and one son, Seymour Morris, Jr., of Chicago, survive.

## **THOMAS DOREMUS VREDENBURGH, 1841-1922.**

Thomas D. Vredenburgh was born March 15, 1841, on a farm two miles west of Curran, Illinois, and he died at Owanita, Lee County, Florida, March 9, 1922, where he was spending the winter, and was buried in Oak Ridge Cemetery, Springfield, Illinois.

He was the fifth child of John S. and Ann Doremus Vredenburgh, who settled in Curran Township in 1835, removing there from New Jersey.

Mr. Vredenburgh enlisted for service in the Civil War as Private in Company B, 10th Illinois Cavalry, in which Regiment he subsequently held the following commissions:

1st Lieutenant and Adjutant, 2nd Battery, April 8, 1862.

1st Lieutenant, Company D, October 14, 1862.

Captain, Company D, May 31, 1863.

Major, December 31, 1864.

Lieutenant Colonel, October 10, 1865.

Mr. Vredenburgh was taken prisoner of war June 6, 1863, at Richmond, La., and was confined at Shreveport, La., and Tyler, Texas, until the latter part of August, 1864. He escaped from Camp Ford, Tyler, Texas, with the assistance and connivance of a number of prisoners of war who were to be exchanged at New Orleans.

Mr. Vredenburgh was married to Maria S. Reynolds, who preceded him in death by about twenty years. He leaves one son surviving, William R. Vredenburgh, of Springfield, Illinois.

Thomas D. Vredenburgh was engaged in the lumber business in Springfield and Loami in the early years of his business life later establishing the Loami Bank of which he was cashier for a number of years, retiring shortly after his wife's death, thereafter making his home with his son in Springfield, Illinois.

### **MRS. J. TRUE DODGE, 1846-1922.**

One of the oldest native residents of Alton and member of a leading family, Mrs. Mary L. Sargent, wife of Capt. J. True Dodge, passed to her rest at 5:00 o'clock June 18, 1922, after an illness protracted through many weary months. In fact, she had been an invalid for the last three years, but it was not until the last few weeks that her malady assumed such serious phase as to preclude hope of recovery. The highest medical skill and careful nursing were powerless to check the advance of the grim destroyer. Nor did the unremitting care of her husband, who devoted his time and strength in efforts to save the life of the one most dear to him, avail to more than alleviate her condition. His devotion to her was wonderful in its self-abnegation, yet nothing was a sacrifice to him that held out any hope of relief to the sufferer.

Mrs. Dodge was a woman of rare culture and refinement, of keen intellect and vivid interest in the world around her. She was of an earnest Christian character which shone brightest in the faith and hope that illumined her last illness. She surveyed the close of her earthly life with calmness and serenity, knowing it was but the entrance to her Father's house. A beautiful patience and fortitude characterized her closing days possible only to those who realize that underneath are the Everlasting Arms." She was a consistent member of the First Presbyterian church.

Mrs. Dodge was a favorite in a wide circle of friends. Her education had been obtained in the Alton schools and at Cambridge, Mass. She was a wide reader of current literature and of the works of standard writers of earlier days. Her cultivated taste and judgment made her a discriminating critic of works of merit or the reverse. In her later years her reminiscences of early days in Alton and of the friends of her youth and young womanhood were of rare interest and a

never-failing source of pleasure to her friends in their relation. The Puritan virtues of her ancestors were perpetuated in her life, but, softened and made additionally attractive by the graces of a wide and beautiful charity. She will be sadly mourned by the friends of a life-time, as well as those to whom she was united by the ties of kinship. In company with her husband she had spent much time in New Orleans and other southern and eastern cities which gave her a broad estimate of life in various sections of the country, but the greater part of her life was spent in Alton which was ever the home of her heart during the more than seventy-five years of her pilgrimage. She knew Alton in her girlhood, in times of peace and prosperity, and in the throes of the Civil War when her kindred and friends responded to the call to arms; and in her declining years she saw the younger generation take up the torch of freedom their fathers had handed down and carry it forward in distant lands.

Mrs. Dodge was born in Alton, August 22, 1846. She was the daughter of the late Benjamin F. and Susan Phinney Sargent, both scions of old New England families of colonial and revolutionary descent, who were pioneer residents of Alton and worthy exemplars of the virtues and fame of their ancestors.

She was married December 31, 1875, to Capt. J. True Dodge, with whom she spent nearly forty-seven years of congenial companionship, and who is now left lonely and bereft in his old age. In addition to her husband, she is survived by her niece, Mrs. Jessie Sargent McNiece, of St. Louis, and three cousins, Mrs. R. M. Forbes and Mrs. J. Wead of Alton and Mrs. William Graham of St. Louis, besides relatives in Boston and other eastern cities.

The funeral was held Tuesday afternoon, June 20, at 4:00 o'clock from the family residence on Twelfth Street, Rev. E. L. Gibson officiating.

## List of Publications of the Illinois State Historical Library and Society.

No. 1. \*A Bibliography of Newspapers published in Illinois prior to 1860. Prepared by Edmund J. James, Ph. D., and Milo J. Loveless. 94 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1899.

No. 2. \*Information relating to the Territorial Laws of Illinois passed from 1809 to 1812. Prepared by Edmund J. James, Ph. D., 15 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1899.

No. 3. \*The Territorial Records of Illinois. Edited by Edmund J. James, Ph. D., 170 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1901.

No. 4. \*Transactions of the Illinois State Historical Society for the year 1900. Edited by E. B. Greene, Ph. D. 55 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1900.

No. 5. \*Alphabetical Catalog of the Books, Manuscripts, Pictures and Curios of the Illinois State Historical Library Authors, Titles and Subjects. Compiled by Jessie Palmer Weber. 363 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1900.

Nos. 6 to 28. \*Transactions of the Illinois State Historical Society for the years 1901-1921. (Nos. 6 to 22 out of print.)

\*Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. I. Edited by H. W. Beckwith, President of the Board of Trustees of the Illinois State Historical Library. 642 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1903.

\*Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. II. Virginia Series, Vol. I. The Cahokia Records, 1778-1790. Edited by Clarence Walworth Alvord. CLVI and 663 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1907.

\*Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. III. Lincoln-Douglas Debates of 1858. Lincoln Series, Vol. I. Edited by Edwin Erie Sparks, Ph. D. 627 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1908.

\*Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. IV. Executive Series, Vol. I. The Governors' Letter Books, 1818-1834. Edited by Evarts Boutell Greene and Clarence Walworth Alvord. XXXII and 317 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1909.

Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. V. Virginia Series. Vol. II. Kaskaskia Records, 1778-1790. Edited by Clarence Walworth Alvord. L and 681 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1909.

\*Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. VI. Bibliographical Series, Vol. I. Newspapers and Periodicals of Illinois, 1814-1879. Revised and enlarged edition. Edited by Franklin William Scott. CIV and 610 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1910.

\*Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. VII, Executive Series, Vol. II. Governors' Letter Books, 1840-1853. Edited by Evarts Boutell Greene and Charles Manfred Thompson. CXVIII and 469 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1911.

\*Illinois Historical Collection, Vol. VIII. Virginia Series, Vol. III. George Rogers Clark Papers, 1771-1781. Edited with introduction and notes by James Alton James. CLXVII and 715 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1912.

\*Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. IX. Bibliographical Series, Vol. II. Travel and Description, 1765-1865. By Solon Justus Buck. 514 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1914.

Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. X. British Series, Vol. I. The Critical Period, 1763-1765. Edited with introduction and notes by Clarence Walworth Alvord and Clarence Edwin Carter. LVII and 597 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1915.

\*Illinois Historical Collections, XI. British Series, Vol. II. The New Regime, 1765-1767. Edited with introduction and notes by Clarence Walworth Alvord and Clarence Edwin Carter. XXVIII and 700 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1916.

Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. XII. Bibliographical Series, Vol. III. The County Archives of the State of Illinois. By Theodore Calvin Pease. CXL and 730 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1915.

Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. XIII. Constitutional Series, Vol. I. Illinois Constitutions. Edited by Emil Joseph Verlie. 231 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1919.

Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. XIV. Constitutional Series, Vol. II. The Constitutional Debates of 1847. Edited with introduction and notes by Arthur Charles Cole, XV and 1018 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1919.

Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. XV. Biographical Series No. 1, Governor Edward Coles by Elihu B. Washburne. Reprint with introduction and notes by Clarence Walworth Alvord. 435 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1920.

\*Bulletin of the Illinois State Historical Library, Vol. I, No. 1, September, 1905. Illinois in the Eighteenth Century. By Clarence Walworth Alvord. 38 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1905.

\*Bulletin of the Illinois State Historical Library, Vol. I, No. 2, June 1, 1906. Laws of the Territory of Illinois, 1809-1811. Edited by Clarence Walworth Alvord. 34 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1906.

\*Circular Illinois State Historical Library, Vol. I, No. 1, November, 1905. An Outline for the Study of Illinois State History. Compiled by Jessie Palmer Weber and Georgia L. Osborne. 94 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1905.

\*Publication No. 18. List of Genealogical Works in the Illinois State Historical Library. Compiled by Georgia L. Osborne. 8 vo. Springfield, 1914.

\*Publication No. 25. List of Genealogical Works in the Illinois State Historical Library. Supplement to Publication No. 18. Compiled by Georgia L. Osborne. 8 vo. Springfield, 1918.

Journal of the Illinois State Historical Society, Vol. I, No. 1, April, 1908, to Vol. XV, Nos. 1-2. April-July, 1922.

Journals out of print, Vols. I, II, III, IV, V, VI, VII, VIII. No. 1 of Vol. IX, No. 2 of Vol. X.

Volume XV

October 1922-January 1923

Nos. 3-4

---

JOURNAL  
OF THE  
Illinois State  
Historical Society



Published Quarterly by the  
Illinois State Historical Society  
Springfield, Illinois

---

Entered at Washington, D. C., as Second Class Matter under Act of Congress of July 16, 1894, accepted for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on July 3, 1918.

[Printed by authority of the State of Illinois.]



SCHNEPP & BARNES, PRINTERS, SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

89968—3M

JOURNAL  
OF THE  
ILLINOIS STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

---

JESSIE PALMER WEBER, *Editor*

*Associate Editors*

Edward C. Page

Andrew Russel

H. W. Clendenin

George W. Smith



## OFFICERS OF THE SOCIETY.

---

### *President*

DR. OTTO L. SCHMIDT.....Chicago

### *Vice Presidents*

GEORGE A. LAWRENCE.....Galesburg  
L. Y. SHERMAN.....Springfield  
RICHARD YATES .....Springfield  
ENSLEY MOORE .....Jacksonville  
CHARLES L. CAPEN.....Bloomington

### *Directors*

EDMUND J. JAMES, University of Illinois..Urbana-Champaign  
E. B. GREENE, University of Illinois.....Urbana-Champaign  
MRS. JESSIE PALMER WEBER.....Springfield  
CHARLES H. RAMMELKAMP, President Illinois College.....  
.....Jacksonville  
GEORGE W. SMITH, Southern Illinois State Normal University  
.....Carbondale  
RICHARD V. CARPENTER.....Belvidere  
EDWARD C. PAGE, Northern Illinois State Normal School.....  
.....Jacksonville

WALTER COLYER .....Albion  
JAMES A. JAMES, Northwestern University.....Evanston  
H. W. CLENDENIN.....Springfield  
JOHN H. HAUBERG .....Rock Island  
ORRIN N. CARTER.....Chicago  
STUART BROWN .....Springfield  
REV. IRA W. ALLEN.....La Grange

### *Secretary and Treasurer*

MRS. JESSIE PALMER WEBER.....Springfield

### *Assistant Secretary*

MISS GEORGIA L. OSBORNE.....Springfield

### *Honorary Vice Presidents*

The Presidents of Local Historical Societies



## CONTENTS.

---

I.	Officers of the Society.....	vii
II.	An Appeal to the Historical Society and the General Public .....	ix
III.	D. N. Blazer, The History of the Underground Railroad of McDonough County, Illinois....	579
IV.	Jacob W. Myers, The Beginning of German Immigration in the Middle West .....	592
V.	Mrs. John M. Palmer, The Illinois State Capitol Grounds.....	600
VI.	Julia Ann Buck, A Pioneer Woman of Illinois.....	604
VII.	Sarah Bond Hanley, Major John Crain Bond.....	610
VIII.	Fulton County Memorial to its Heroic Dead in the World War—The Gift of Mr. and Mrs. U. G. Orendorff, Canton, Ill.....	622
IX.	Civil War Diary of Patrick White—Contribut- ed by J. E. Boos.....	640
X.	Noah C. Bainum, General Grant's First Day's March.....	664
XI.	William R. Sandham, Lewis Bayley, Early Settler of LaSalle Co..	670
XII.	Mrs. Effie J. Keen, History of St. John's Episcopal Church, Mt. Carmel, Illinois .....	677

XIII.	Diary of Asahel North on a Journey from Vermont to the Illinois Territory, 1816.....	679
XIV.	Duncan Ferguson, Story of the Almanac used by Abraham Lincoln in the Duff Armstrong Trial.....	688
XV.	Albert J. Hopkins, A Memorial by James Shaw.....	692
XVI.	William H. Holden, A Memorial by C. G. B. Goodspeed.....	704
XVII.	Editorial .....	717
XVIII.	Necrology .....	755
	Mrs. Charles Ridgely.....	755
	Caleb Barrett Laning.....	756
	Levy Mayer .....	759
	Mrs. Frank Hatch Jones.....	760
	Bishop Samuel Fallows .....	761
	Elizur Southworth .....	763
	James R. Mann.....	766
	Major William Russell Prickett.....	771
XIX.	List of Publications of the Illinois State Historical Library and Society.....	791

## **AN APPEAL TO THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY AND THE GENERAL PUBLIC.**

---

### **Objects of Collection Desired by the Illinois State Historical Library and Society.**

(MEMBERS PLEASE READ THIS CIRCULAR LETTER.)

Books and pamphlets on American history, biography, and genealogy, particularly those relating to Illinois and the West; works on Indian tribes, and American archæology and ethnology; reports of societies and institutions of every kind, educational, economic, social, political, cooperative, fraternal, statistical, industrial, charitable; scientific publications of states or societies; books or pamphlets relating to all wars in which Illinois has taken part, especially collections of material relating to the great world war; privately printed works; newspapers; maps and charts; engravings, photographs; autographs; coins; antiquities, encyclopedias, dictionaries, and bibliographical works. Especially do we desire.

#### **EVERYTHING RELATING TO ILLINOIS.**

1. Every book or pamphlet on any subject relating to Illinois, or any part of it; also every book or pamphlet written by an Illinois citizen, whether published in Illinois or elsewhere; materials for Illinois history; old letters, journals.

2. Manuscripts; narratives of the pioneers of Illinois; original papers on the early history and settlement of the territory; adventures and conflicts during the early settlement, the Indian troubles, or the great rebellion or other wars, biographies of the pioneers; prominent citizens and public men of every county, either living or deceased, together with their portraits and autographs; a sketch of the settlements of every township, village, and neighborhood in the State, with the names of the first settlers. We solicit articles on every subject connected with Illinois history.

3. City ordinances, proceedings of mayor and council; reports of committees of council; pamphlets or papers of any kind printed by authority of the city; reports of boards of trade and commercial associations; maps of cities and plats of town sites or of additions thereto.

4. Pamphlets of all kinds; annual reports of societies, sermons or addresses delivered in the State; minutes of church conventions, synods, or other ecclesiastical bodies of Illinois; political addresses; railroad reports; all such, whether published in pamphlet or newspaper.

5. Catalogues and reports of colleges and other institutions of learning; annual or other reports of school boards, school superintendents, and school committees; educational pamphlets, programs and papers of every kind, no matter how small or apparently unimportant.

6. Copies of the earlier laws, journals and reports of our territorial and State Legislatures; earlier Governors' messages and reports of State Officers; reports of State charitable and other State institutions.

7. Files of Illinois newspapers and magazines, especially complete volumes of past years, or single numbers even. Publishers are earnestly requested to contribute their publications regularly, all of which will be carefully preserved and bound.

8. Maps of the State, or of counties or townships, of any date; views and engravings of buildings or historic places; drawings or photographs of scenery; paintings; portraits, etc., connected with Illinois history.

9. Curiosities of all kinds; coins, medals, paintings; portraits; engravings; statuary; war relics; autograph letters of distinguished persons, etc.

10. Facts illustrative of our Indian tribes—their history, characteristics, religion, etc., sketches of prominent chiefs, orators and warriors together with contributions of Indian weapons, costumes, ornaments, curiosities, and implements; also stone axes, spears, arrow heads, pottery, or other relics.

It is important that the work of collecting historical material in regard to the part taken by Illinois in the great war be done immediately before valuable material is lost or destroyed.

In brief, everything that, by the most liberal construction, can illustrate the history of Illinois, its early settlement, its progress, or present condition. All will be of interest to succeeding generations. Contributions will be credited to the donors in the published reports of the Library and Society, and will be carefully preserved as the property of the State, for the use and benefit of the people for all time.

Your attention is called to the important duty of collecting and preserving everything relating to the part taken by the State of Illinois in the great world war.

Communications or gifts may be addressed to the Librarian and Secretary.

(MRS.) JESSIE PALMER WEBER.

## **\* THE HISTORY OF THE UNDERGROUND RAILROAD OF McDONOUGH COUNTY, ILLINOIS.**

By D. N. BLAZER.

I have been asked to write a historical account of the underground railway that was in existence in McDonough county before the Civil war, but it is impossible, after a lapse of more than sixty years, with no authentic records to draw from, to assemble anything like a chronological account of the events that transpired in those troubled times. As it is my aim to deal only with those events that I know to be true, I must therefore confine my account largely to episodes that came directly under my attention as a boy, and to incidents related to me by my father and mother, coupled with much valuable information secured from the children of Andrew and Harmon Allison, who like the Blazers, my father James Blazer, and his brother, John Blazer, and their families, were ardent abolitionists, and a part of the underground system. I trust that this account, which is as accurate and complete as it is in my power to give it at this late date, may assist you in gaining an idea of the strife and animosities that existed in the decade in 1860.

It was preached that slavery was a divine institution and that the negro was nothing more than an animal; the fearless men who operated the underground system were criminals in the eyes of the law but they gained courage for their dangerous work in the firm belief that they were performing a duty in the eyes of God and that the black man was a human being with a soul.

All underground railroads started on the line of some free state that bordered on a slave state. The road that extended through McDonough county started at Quincy, which was station No. 1, receiving negroes from across the Mississippi river in Missouri. Station No. 2 was down at Round Prairie in Hancock county, at the Pettyjohn or Burton home.

---

\* An address before the McDonough County Historical Society, October 20, 1922.

Station No. 3, in McDonough county, was generally at the home of some one of the Blazers down on Camp Creek in Industry township, or at the home of Uncle Billy Allison, or one of his sons up on Troublesome Creek. Part of them lived in Chalmers and others in Scotland township. Station No. 4 was at the home of Henry Dobbins in Fulton county, from whence cargoes of negroes were dispatched to Galesburg, Princeton and on to Canada, the terminus of all underground railroads. It is interesting to recall that the Princeton station was in charge of the Lovejoy family, which played such an important part in the early abolition movement.

At the time when the quarrel between the abolitionists and adherents of slavery was becoming most bitter, proponents of emancipation engaged an orator to speak afternoon and night at Old Camp Creek church, then located about a mile and a half southeast of Ebenezer church and a like distance southwest of the present Camp Creek church. Antagonists served notice that the speaker would not be permitted to talk, and when the afternoon meeting hour drew near there was an organized gang present bent on breaking up the meeting and probably doing violence to the orator. These men were armed and acting in a threatening manner.

The atmosphere was tense with excitement. Bloodshed was feared.

There were men and women present, who, while not in sympathy with any argument that could be delivered against slavery, were governed by cooler judgments, and they prevailed upon the gang not to start any trouble. "Let him speak; we'd like to hear what he has to say," was the admonition that calmed the armed band.

The address was an impassioned speech depicting the negro in chains, cowed to the dust under the whip of the master, sold and bartered like cattle and torn asunder mother from child, father from son—the negro, though black by no fault of his own, born in the image of his Creator and entitled to life, liberty and happiness no less than his white brother.

The orator held his audience well, but only for the moment. Animosities were too bitter to be wiped out with a single flash of oratorical genius; hatred of the negro as a free and equal being was too deeply imbedded. When the

address was finished and the more inflammable minds descended to the level of everyday thinking, these hatreds and animosities again came to the surface, and there was a general determination that the speaker had said enough for one day. A council of the abolitionists was held, and both men and women debated whether or not it would be advisable to permit the speaker to go through with his evening program. It was finally decided that in order to avoid probable bloodshed, the evening session should be called off.

In 1852 the abolitionists had a candidate for president in John P. Hale. The adherents of slavery declared there should not be an abolitionist vote cast in McDonough county.

In those days there were a number of voting places in the county and any resident could go where he chose to vote, but there was no secret ballot then. When you went to the polls you gave the clerk your name, who wrote it down, called through the list of offices to be filled and you told him your choice, which was registered. The voting place in Macomb that year was James M. Campbell's store on the west side of the square and north of West Jackson street, known for years as Campbell's Corner.

Now the abolitionists were just as defiant as their opponents and sent word back to them that they would vote at 10 o'clock in Macomb. The records show there were nine votes cast for Hale. The archives in the attic of your court house have been thoroughly searched for the names of the nine men but they are not to be found. George, Andrew and Harmon Allison and Charles, John and James Blazer made up six of the nine men, but I am not positive as to the other three.

I am indebted to the late Alex. McClain for the information that the nine men met in the Court House yard. By lot they decided their places in the line, and then marched across to Campbell's Corner, single file, each with his gun on his shoulder. There were many men of the opposition there with guns and many who were there just to see what would happen. Of course, the vast majority of them, as now, felt that every man should have the right to vote his own sentiments, and probably that spirit had much to do with preventing bloodshed.

In assembling data I have had the honor to receive a communication from Sarah K. Allison, now living at 504 East Washington street, Macomb. This communication, coming from the grand-daughter of Uncle Billy Allison, one of McDonough county's foremost ardent abolitionists is especially interesting and I take pleasure in including it in its entirety, as follows:

"The first I remember of hearing about the Underground Railroad was when I was a little girl in our district school in the country. This was when Lincoln ran for President in 1860. We school children were political enthusiasts on the sides our fathers were on. We had gleaned many notions of right and wrong.

"I remember one day I was told we kept "niggers" in our attic. This I was too small to understand but that evening I told mother and asked what they meant. She replied, "You may tell them there are none there now." This did not improve matters much—because I heard a lot about the "nigger." One thing was he was not more than a sheep, with wool on his head, etc. These went home again to mother, who said, "They do not know it all—God made all people and he made the colored man too."

"Years later I heard father telling about taking some farm produce to market to a named place and returning with several colored people underneath the straw on the bottom of his wagon bed. After a time he noticed he was followed by three horsemen. They were gaining on him although he was driving as fast as the roads would permit.

"Coming to a gully or deep ravine he slowed down and told these colored people to jump out, and keep along the stream. This they did while he drove on as fast as possible. Yet he was overtaken and ordered to halt. This he did and explained he had marketed produce and was returning home but they turned everything upside down in the wagon—then let him go on.

"This incident father repeated more than once, because he said he never knew what became of them—those colored people. He searched the ravine for them when it was safe to do so but he never heard from them in any way afterward.

"This related incident brought more questions from me and mother then told me "The Allison's helped slaves to freedom and sometimes had kept them a while when pursued." The attic in the old home had old gowns, hoods, coats, etc., used as disguises. They helped them reach the Blazers.

"The Quincy Station was from John Van Dorn's. My mother's oldest brother, John Brown, helped them from Missouri across. He had many adventures that worried his mother. She told me about this.

"My mother, Beulah Brown, and her sister, Lucinda Brown, married two Allison brothers, Harmon and Andrew, and came to reside near Macomb in 1851-1853. My father's sister, Mary, married into the John Van Dorn family by a previous marriage at Quincy, Illinois. There was another wedding, the spirit of those independent times, made to slip "Twixt the cup and the lip" as it were. Elizabeth, my father's sister, met a southern gentleman with southern principles, but Cupid played a part and he promised she should be free to hold her own views on the slavery question and so express them. The wedding was arranged for, guests invited, the table set, and guests, groom-to-be, minister and everyone there. Then he broke his promise and plead with her not to talk abolition politics in the home he was taking her to; for her own sake as well as his, he asked her not to do so.

"She replied he had commenced just a little bit too soon to curb free thought and the freedom of expression. She handed him back his ring and in her wedding gown went into the guest room where the company had gathered and announced there would be no wedding, giving her reason.

"The would-be groom was met by his party and friends and departed. Later Elizabeth married a Yankee doctor from Massachusetts. They agreed on politics.

"I wonder if there are not times when silence is really wisdom after all. So much depends but young America believes in independence and I glory in her spunk, don't you?"

I was told by a friend that McDonough county had a complete account of the Underground Railroad in Clark's History. That interested me and I secured a copy which I prize highly. It is an interesting and accurate account of the early

history of the county, and as a whole the abolitionist question is treated ably, but the story of the Underground Railroad in McDonough county could be told only by the families who conducted it and they would not talk.

Mr. Clark did not mention an Allison and but one Blazer, John Blazer, who told him one story and only part of that. The strife and worry of twenty years with their neighbors had worn them out and they did not want to say or do anything that would stir up old scores. I can remember Mr. Clark visiting at my father's house and insisting that my father tell him something but father and mother said no. He told them that John Blazer had given him a story and my father said that was enough.

The story was about Tom, a bright, likely young negro who was quite religious. My uncle asked him what church he was going to join. He said: "When I get up North I'm gwine to join the Yankee church. One thing sure I nebber will join the Presbyterian church." Now that was quite interesting as the Blazers were Presbyterians. "No," said Tom, "they are perfect debbils and I'll never join that church. My master was a Presbyterian."

While John Blazer told the anecdote of Tom he did not tell that Tom, together with an old negro, a young wench and two little pickaninnies were in the same shipment and that it was extremely muddy at the time. That cargo was held a week or more at Burton's.

At that time our family was keeping house for a year or more at the home of my uncle, John Blazer, his wife, my Aunt Mary, having died. The two negro men, the black woman and two pickaninnies were delivered to us by Burton and stayed in a bedroom just off the living room, and although neighbors happened in frequently we never heard a whimper from the babies. The neighbors were none the wiser except of course that the Blazers were always under suspicion of aiding negroes to freedom. Why didn't John Blazer tell Mr. Clark this? Twenty years of strife, threats of imprisonment, and an aversion against stirring up old animosities closed the lips of those men who could have written a first hand account of the underground railway in McDonough county or furnished the material for Mr. Clark to do so.

One of the early experiences of the Blazers, told to me by my father, occurred in the early 'forties. One evening there was a party of several men gathered across the ravine back of my grandmother Blazer's house, better known in late years as the Butcher place. They all carried guns and the Blazer men went into the house to get their weapons but my grandmother said, "No, do not take any guns, we will just go over and see what they want." They went but by the time they got there the men had disappeared. On their way back the boys discovered that their mother carried a meat ax under her apron.

When my cousin, Jennie Blazer Watson, was a little tot and just beginning to talk, a neighbor man, who had very curly hair, came to my grandmother's. Jennie toddled up to him and said, "You have curly hair all over your head, just like little Maggie." Well, Maggie was a little black girl, who with her mother, previously had gone through on their way to Canada.

A child's prattle could not be used as evidence in court so nothing came of it except to cause more talk and more discussion of the fugitive slave law, for the Missouri Compromise and the Dred Scott decision were ably and fluently discussed at that time by school children and men who could neither read nor write.

The most interesting story connected with any negro that passed through the Underground Railroad of McDonough county was woven around Charlie, a very light colored buck, with a sharp nose. He probably was a quadroon, or quarter-blood and was the property of a man by the name of Busch, whose plantation lay back some miles from the Missouri river. It was customary with the planters when the wheat was threshed to go to town and stay while negro boys hauled it to market. Charlie and two others were hauling the Busch wheat. When "teaed up" one night Busch and the other planters were discussing recent escapes of slaves from Missouri, when Busch turned banteringly to Charlie and asked him why he didn't try running away just for a little excitement. When Charlie went to his quarters that night he was thinking, and before he went to sleep he had it all figured out how he was going to make a break for Yankeedom.

Next morning Charlie was up early and on their way the boys scolded him for driving so hard. When they reached home Charlie, who was the boss when his master was not around, put the boys to loading the wagons with wheat for the next day's trip to the river. Charlie told the boys he was going to a dance across the way and went to an old mammy and asked for some bacon and pone. She gave it to him but said, "Nigger what you up to? You know you would not need any bacon or pone if you were going to a nigger dance. You are up to some deviltry." Charlie struck out afoot, but not a word did he tell his wife for he said he knew it would break her heart. He had nearly forty-eight hours start, for the boys had to drive to the river and the master go back home to secure dogs and organize for the chase. When the pursuers reached the big river Charlie was housed securely with the Van Dorns and John Brown in Quincy.

The Blazers gave Charlie the credit of being the smartest negro that ever passed over the McDonough county route. After reaching Canada Charlie got some Pennsylvania Presbyterians interested in trying to get his wife and two children to Canada. They sent an old Presbyterian minister through, who arranged with Busch for their freedom for \$800. The preacher went back and raised the money but when he returned with the cash Busch had raised to \$1200. He went back to Pennsylvania, secured the \$1200 but Busch had concluded he must have \$1500. This Charlie would not agree to, determining to go back, steal them, and take them to Canada. He made several trips. Twice he succeeded in getting his wife and children and making a start. After the first attempt Busch had the mother and two children sleep in the loft above his and his wife's bedroom, which was reached by a ladder and a scuttle hole, but Charlie climbed to the top of the cabin, removed the clapboards and succeeded in getting nearly to the Illinois side of the Mississippi with his loved ones when the chase was so close it was evident they were going to be captured. On the advice of his wife Charlie jumped into the river and escaped in the dark.

A few days later he was at the Blazers on his way to Canada. Charlie by this time knew the road and did not require any conductor. Lodging and something to eat were

his only needs and he always had a new and interesting experience to relate. One is worth a place here.

Charlie was on his way to Missouri and left Dobbins, the Fulton county station, for the Blazer post, but he had not gone far when a fog arose and Charlie lost his way. He wandered around nearly all night, finally gave up and lay down to sleep. When he awoke it was daylight and two men were standing over him. They ordered him to get up, which he did, but Charlie jerked a big dirk knife and made a slash at one of them. Charlie escaped and arrived at my father's early that night. They fed him but decided he had better strike out for the next station immediately. Charlie said he cut the fellow's clothing but did not think he was hurt much. The fact that one of them carried an ox whip suggested that the men from whom Charlie escaped had been plowing prairie and were at the time of the encounter looking for their cattle which had been unyoked and turned loose to graze during the night. This guess proved to be true, for later one of the ploughmen was found laid up from a slight wound such as might have been caused by a knife. However, the ploughman did not mention any set-to with the fugitive negro, declaring that he had accidentally fallen against a ploughshare. Perhaps they thought it would not be of any credit to them to acknowledge that a negro was too much for two of them.

Charlie did not succeed in stealing his wife and children but on the other hand they finally captured Charlie and sent him to the hemp works in Tennessee. There was only one place worse that you could send a negro and that was the indigo works in Florida. There he would lose his finger nails inside of two years and be a dead man in five years. But Charlie was too smart for them to keep him any place unless they kept him chained. A few months later, just at the opening of the Civil war, Charlie crossed the Ohio river near Cincinnati and went up through Ohio. He told the Ohio people of his wonderful experiences, which they doubted, but he gave them the address of Henry Dobbins. They wrote to him and he verified Charlie's story.

After the emancipation of the slaves Charlie's wife and two children reached Canada, the Canaan of all negroes.

It frequently happened that families were divided on the slave question. The Chase family and an incident directly connected with the Underground Railway is worth a place in this article. A conductor from the station in Hancock county started to bring a darkey to the Allison station. A fog, which was very common at that time, rose and he found he was lost. After driving for some time he came to a house and called the man out and asked the road to Macomb and found he was just out south of town. He knew Rev. James Chase lived close to Macomb and was an abolitionist, so he inquired the way to Chase's.

He was told it was just a little way over to the Chase home and was directed to the Harvey Chase place, which stood just this side of Kill Jordan, now within the city limits of Macomb, where the Archie Fisher home stands. Now it happened that Harvey Chase, who had been reared as an abolitionist the same as James, had changed and was on the other side of the question.

When he called Mr. Chase out and informed him of his mission he was told that he was wanting James Chase and was directed to his home, which was on the farm east of the county farm.

When the abolitionists asked Harvey Chase why he did not call an officer and have the darkey sent back to his master he explained by saying, "the stranger came to him in good faith and he, as a gentleman, was honor bound to keep the faith." But his brother, James, had a different explanation. He said "brother Harvey knew slavery was wrong and while he talked in favor of it he did not believe in it." The Chase brothers were gentlemen of honor.

The last cargo of negroes passed over the Underground Railway in McDonough county in 1860. This last cargo was not only the largest but the most valuable that ever passed over our route, and the only negro ever captured in this county was taken from this cargo. They were all big husky fellows, picked with a view to strength and endurance and were brought up for the hemp works of Tennessee. They were brought into a river town and were to be delivered the next morning when the master would get his money but that night they all escaped and reached Quincy, this was in June.

The prize was a big one; \$500 per head was the sum offered for their capture.

The cargo of negroes had been out to Round Prairie two or three times and back-tracked to Quincy until things would quiet down, but was finally delivered to us by Pettyjohn of the Huntsville country one morning before daylight in September, 1860.

I was aroused and told to go to my uncle's to inform him of the arrival of the negroes. I rapped gently on the window of Uncle John's bedroom. He signalled with a light tapping on the pane to let me know that he understood. I returned home, and by the time I had reached there the negroes had been stowed away, each in a shock of corn, and supplied with food and water. I am not sure at this late date whether there were eleven or twelve negroes in the cargo, as the shipments were then called. Clark's history incorrectly reports the number as five.

When Pettyjohn delivered the negroes at our home he started on his return trip immediately.

Just after daylight on a hill west of Middletown, or Fandon, he passed a man on horseback. At some distance Pettyjohn looked back and saw that the other traveler had stopped and was looking over the conductor and his empty train. Pettyjohn at once knew that he was suspicioned. The man on horseback was not one of those that took part in hunts for runaway slaves, but as afterwards told to my father, he cargo had arrived at the Blazers. That was Dave Chrisman's who was the leader of the slavery-sympathizers in McDonough county. Clark's History reports that the driver got lost and left his team and wagon in a gully near Dave Chrisman's house, and in that way it was learned that the cargo had arrived at the Blazers. That was Dave Chrisman's story, and it was generally believed. There was no means of knowing that it was not true and Mr. Clark was justified in writing it as the abolitionists would not give the historian any facts. At the time this history was written the negroes had long since been free and the abolitionists were only too glad to dismiss the old strifes from their thoughts. Dave Chrisman was a bluffer and invented the story of finding the team near his house thinking it would add to his notoriety.

I recall very well that while the dozen negroes sat and sweated in the corn shocks, for it was a hot September day, my father and John Blazer flailed buckwheat just south of the John Blazer house and they had company all day long. Dave Chrisman was the first visitor. He had been the rounds and notified his followers and made arrangements which were to be carried out that night. No one stayed very long but one visitor was not any more than gone when another rode up and would sit on his horse out in the road and talk for a time. All carried rifles, which was not unusual those times for there was still considerable game in the country. But the visitors were not the only people who had guns for two rifles stood inside the fence near where the two men flailed and talked to their neighbors while I sat on the fence, listened and watched and reported who was coming. The sober, quiet, determined men knew that trouble was ahead of them and when by themselves talked over their plans for the coming night when the valuable cargo must be delivered to the next station.

You may think it strange but each insisted that he should be in charge of the negroes when they started on the perilous trip and each had a good reason why he should go but John had the best argument. It was his turn and my father, when the time came, started up the prairie just after dark with a wagon load of grain covered with a tarpaulin. Before he had gone a half mile some twenty-five or thirty horsemen rode up, all carrying guns, and rode along for a mile or more and visited, when they dropped back and held a short consultation, and four came back, caught up with him, and rode several miles with him when they turned and rode away. My father went on to Bernadotte to mill and did not know the fate of the darkies until he returned home the next day.

Now John and the colored boys had swung off towards the timber and then went straight east up the prairie until even with the Dickie Craig farm. When they started to the timber they had to cross a new plank fence which had been built just along the south side of the Craig land. Just as John and the negroes got on top of the fence Chrisman and his men, who had been lying in the shadow of the fence, raised up.

John Blazer said to the negroes, "Run boys for the timber." They did as told and all got away but one, whom Chrisman hit over the head with a gun.

Chrisman, accompanied by one or two of the leaders, took the negro to Macomb where he was held in jail until the owner came and claimed his property. But Chrisman, as was often the case, then failed to get his reward, as the owner said he had lost his man's work, and spent so much money trying to get him back that he could not afford to pay anything.

Ten or twelve men, comprising the balance of the party that, together with Chrisman, had captured the negro, came back that night and threw clubs and rocks on our house and shouted and yelled. My mother went to the door which had no lock, and stood with an ax in her hand, ready to protect her home and children.

Threats that my father and uncle would be indicted by the next grand jury, that they had been caught red handed in transporting negroes and would have an opportunity to serve time at Alton, was not a pleasant greeting to their families. This did not go direct to the ears of my father and uncle. Even Dave Chrisman was too gentlemanly to discuss the question with the Blazers or Allison's. Those were trying times but do not conclude this condition existed all over the county. It was much worse in the neighborhoods where there was an underground station. Now, I do not believe any one who was not intimate with conditions, can realize just what it meant to a family to be in such strife and turmoil.

With the emancipation of the slaves by Abraham Lincoln, there was, of course, no further need for the Underground Railway, but many years and a new generation were required to wipe out the old animosities.

## THE BEGINNING OF THE GERMAN IMMIGRATION IN THE MIDDLE WEST.

By JACOB W. MYERS.

In order to have a clearer and better understanding of this subject, I think we should go back somewhat over a part of the colonial history of America. The question of immigration, both past and present, has been and is yet one of vast importance to us as a nation. By way of comparison let us look first at the present day immigration. The class of people with which we have to deal today, is an inferior class from south Europe. They are mostly illiterate people, and as a whole not very desirable, and they aid very little, if any at all, in building up this nation. I am more inclined to think that they are a burden because they settle mostly in the large and already congested cities, and segregate themselves in certain quarters which become nurseries of crime; and their unsanitary habits breed infectious diseases. One of the greatest problems we have today is the policing and sanitation of the large cities, due mostly to the foreign elements in them.

I have tried in a few words to sketch the present day immigration. Now let us look at the early or colonial immigration. It is altogether a different type of people. The early immigrants came from north Europe. They were for the most part a thrifty, energetic people, many of whom perhaps had made failures in the old world, due not to a lack of thrift, but to oppressions of various kinds. They were seeking new homes where they could start anew, could own their homes, and could have wider liberties. They were welcome to these shores, because there was plenty of room, and the few already here were glad to have someone with whom they could league for mutual protection against the common foe, the Indian. It is true, however, that there were a few from south Europe in the early immigration, but they failed to make a success.

We come now to take up one particular branch of that colonial immigration namely, the Germans. The year 1700<sup>1</sup> may be said to be the beginning of foreign immigration. However there were a few scattering immigrants before then. By foreign immigration is meant all those peoples who are not English. The English forefathers were immigrants, but since they were the first settlers we do not speak of them as foreign immigrants. It will be remembered that after the War of the Palatinate Louis XIV ordered the Germans to leave, and thousands of them fled across the channel to England.<sup>2</sup> Queen Anne tried to provide for them and tried to help them. She sent a few to Ireland, about 4000 to New York and a few to North Carolina. Those who landed in New York were treated so illiberally that they removed to Pennsylvania, and settled in or near Germantown. After that most of the Germans who came over for a few years settled in Pennsylvania.

Between 1700 and 1710 there were two devastations of the Rhine Palatinate. William Penn visited that country and flooded it with literature about America, and offered several inducements for the Palatines to immigrate to America and to settle on his plantation. In 1807 then, began properly this exodus of Germans. Besides Penn, other land owners and several ship owners advertised this country in Germany, and thousands of the poorer Germans, whose property had been devastated, were induced to indenture themselves to the settlers and the ship owners. The ship captains auctioned them off to the settlers in payment for transportation. Thus they had a job as soon as they landed. Others were not afraid to come, because they were certain of finding employment. Probably about one-half of the immigrants of the colonial period came over under this system.<sup>3</sup>

It must not be understood that there were no Germans before 1700, because there were a few. In 1683 they settled Germantown near Philadelphia.<sup>4</sup> These Germans established small manufactures where they made on a small scale paper, glass, knit goods, and coarse cloth. They were also good

<sup>1</sup> R. G. Thwaites. *The Colonies*.

<sup>2</sup> John R. Commons. *Races & Immigration in America*, page 30.

<sup>3</sup> John R. Commons. *Races & Immigration in America*, page 30.

<sup>4</sup> R. G. Thwaites, *The Colonies*, page 228.

tanners and cheese makers. They opened up an inland trade which had for its center Baltimore, a town well situated for the industry. From it as a center products could be carried to the outer world or by boats on the rivers to the interior.

These indentured farmers who settled in this region around Philadelphia and Germantown worked out their freedom, and then took up land for themselves, cleared away the timber and began cultivation and improvement of it. Many of them moved to what was then the western borders of Pennsylvania, where because of a peculiar dialect which they evolved they were known as "Pennsylvania Dutch."<sup>5</sup>

The Germans were good pioneers to advance civilization and improve land, but they were hardly the people for a frontier country where it was necessary to fight back the Indians, because they disliked to bear arms. During the early wars they were of little or no fighting service. At the time of the French and Indian War there was a line of German settlements from the Mohawk Valley to Georgia. But just west of these were those settlements of the rugged, liberty-loving Scotch-Irish, who were not afraid to fight, in fact, they really loved to fight, and it was they who were capable of driving back the Indian and who pushed on farther to the west, thus opening up new lands for settlement.

Later on we shall see that it is a different type of Germans who came over. From now on we have the Germans coming at different times, as 1729, 1734.<sup>6</sup> In 1749-54 about two thousand of Germans landed in America. By the time of the Revolution there were about one hundred thousand Germans here. They were settled mostly along the coastal plain and particularly in Pennsylvania. The reason for this is because many were indentured and had to work here, and many disliked to bear arms, hence remained in the settled portions. But later on we find many of these leaving the east for the new west where they could get more and cheaper land. The children of many of these were much unlike their parents, because they had grown up under different conditions. Many of the young Germans served in the Civil War.

We have now seen the German immigration in the colonial time and seen that settlements were made mostly on the

<sup>5</sup> R. G. Thwaites, *The Colonies*, page 222.

<sup>6</sup> J. Windsor, *Narrative & Critical History*, Vol. 5, page 345.

coastal plains, and that later the settlers pushed into the middle west. We are now ready to look at the German immigration which went directly into the middle west. We may name 1833 as the date which marks the beginning of this second exodus.

There are two kinds of people who settled in this western region. The first were those who had been indentured and had worked out their freedom; because the coastal plains were already thickly settled, and land was high there, considering the price of western land, and the Indian was no longer giving much trouble in the west. Many of the Germans who had no land came west, and many who had land in the east sold it to come west to buy more and cheaper land. They settled in Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois. But it is not so much with these that we are concerned as with those who came directly from the Fatherland to the middle west. Yet we cannot deny the fact that those Germans who first settled in the east and then came west produced some effect upon the customs, habits, and politics of the west. Many of the people of southern Indiana were those who came from Pennsylvania by way of flat-boats down the Ohio River. These flat-boats were large enough that the family, wagons, household goods and cattle could be brought on one boat.

Now let us turn to this other class of immigration. It is impossible for us to clearly understand the causes of this migration unless we know something of the temperament and character of the people, and the government under which they lived. We saw that the colonial immigration was induced on religious grounds, because of which Louis XIV ordered the people to leave, and we also saw that they were of the poorer class of people. The nineteenth century immigration was due to economical and political causes. From the Napoleonic Wars till 1848, when a great revolution occurred, the government of Germany was despotic in character, supporting an established church.<sup>7</sup>

During this same time was an extraordinary growth of the German universities, which as a result produced a class of educated liberals. Many of these liberals became political exiles, who came to America for refuge, and they brought

---

<sup>7</sup> John R. Commons, *Races & Immigration in America*, pages 67-8.

with them their liberalism in politics and religion. They with their descendants have formed a sort of intellectual aristocracy in our American cities.

These liberals sprang from the middle classes in Germany. Later when the wars with Austria and France provoked the spirit of militarism, thousands of peasants and others fled from Germany to escape from military service. Many of these were young men who were nearing the age of military service, and when they left for America, Germany was robbed of a young and vigorous blood, which could easily be molded into the American spirit and which could help to build up the institutions of our country. Many of those who fled from the Fatherland to escape from military service were willing, even anxious and glad to join the Union army in the great Civil War to preserve the Union and to establish firmly equality and liberty for all classes. It seems strange, indeed, that they would flee from their native country to escape military service and come to a new country and take an active part in a war. But it is to be explained in this way: in the one they were not fighting for liberty of themselves or their fellowmen, but because of petty jealousies of some foolhardy Prince, which gained for him perhaps a crown, but for them nothing; while in the other case they were fighting for the preservation of that government under which they were to live, that government which had to be united to afford to them and their future generations protection from foreign foes, and to maintain that very liberty which caused them to leave the Fatherland, namely, liberalism in government.

These men were often the first settlers in some of our western counties, and in these cases we can clearly see the effect they later produced upon American politics and institutions. The first settlers of Washington County, Ohio were Germans. They came in the summer of 1833, from the neighborhood of Durkheim on the Rhine Palatinate. Thomas B. Macaulay while standing on the Geisberg eminence of the Black Forest range, overlooking the region called it "the garden of Europe." It was, indeed, a very beautiful place for a home, but a commotion among the peasantry for more liberty induced them to leave. This first uprising was only the symptoms of a greater insurrection which broke forth in

1848. This insurrection of 1848 gave a good cause for Carl Schurz and General Franz Sigel to come to America. I need not mention any distinctions which these men won, but their names are cited merely to show what kind of men some of these were who came in this later period. They were educated liberals and wanted to enjoy liberty.

The revolt which lead to the immigration of 1833 was started by two professors, Wirt and Siebenpfeiffer of Heidelberg, and some of their students. Professor Wirt in a speech in 1832, delivered at Homberg auf der Höhe, denounced the tyranny of the German government.<sup>8</sup> He was imprisoned, and with that the liberals lost all hope of greater freedom in Germany, because they had lost a most valuable leader, and a leader is necessary in nearly all movements in order to accomplish anything. Naturally they turned toward America where the people had already thrown off the yoke of despotic rule and founded a republic based upon the fundamental principles that all men are free and equal and that just governments are founded upon the consent of the governed.

Many of these liberals embarked at once for America, landed at Baltimore and proceeded westward with their families along the great national highway. Settlements were made at various places along this highway, which may be easily located by the names given to towns and townships and even to some counties where they settled. We find that others came by way of water and settled near water, because the rivers were good highways to markets. Wherever they went they left their stamp upon the country.

These immigrants were men of thrift. They immediately cleared the forests away, began cultivation of the soil, which they by their judicious methods of farming, have continued to improve. They were a liberty loving people and have entered American politics, and have always been an aid in the onward march of civilization. They have been successful in all the vocations of life which they have taken up. They formed a substantial part of the entire population in 1833. During that same year not less than two hundred thousand Germans came to America.

---

<sup>8</sup> Bernard Peters, *Ohio Archeological & Historical Society*, vol. 2, page 55.

During the first thirty three years of the nineteenth century about one twentieth of the entire population was foreign. A great part of these were Irish. They were inclined to linger about the cities of the east, but the Germans usually sought the remote west where they could take up land, clear it, cultivate it, improve it, and when the country became more thickly settled, they found themselves a class of well-to-do farmers, forming a great factor in the political and social affairs in the west.

The German carried with him to this interior his same patient and laborious habits which distinguished him in his native country. He is a peaceable, liberty loving citizen, and a judicious husbandman. The communities which he builds up, although strikingly characterized by national peculiarities, they are yet models of productive industry. Generally speaking the Germans gave elements of strength and stability to our population. They were of high character and intelligence. They left the Fatherland because their republican views were contrary to the German rule at that time.<sup>9</sup> They desired to find homes where they could better themselves materially and enjoy liberty. Many were graduates of the universities and gymnasia. They took keen interest in political affairs and many served in the Mexican and Civil wars. All assisted in building up the intellectual, moral and political conditions of the state and counties wherein they settled.

#### BIBLIOGRAPHY.

##### 1. *Primary Sources.*

J. Hall, *Letters from the West*. London 1828.

A. B. Hart, *American History Told by Contemporaries*. 4 Vols. N. Y. 1906.

J. Hall, *Notes on the Western States*. Phila. 1838.

J. Hall, *Legends of the West*. Phila. 1833.

H. A. Ratterman, *Gustav Philip Koerner*, Cin. 1902.  
*Deutsch-Amerikanische Geschichtsblätter*, Chicago, 1903 to date (May 1909) *passim*.

---

<sup>9</sup> *Das Deutsche Element*, page 245-247.

NOTE. This bibliography was prepared in May 1909, at which time this article was written. The author was then a student at the University of Illinois.

Ohio State Archaeological & Historical Society, 14 Vols. Columbus, 1905.

Gustav P. Koerner, *Das Deutsche Element*, Cin. 1880.

North American Review, Vol. 40, 1835. 188 Vols. May 1815 to date (May 1909).

Niles' Register, Vol. 12, 1817. 73 Vols. Feb. 1812 to 1848, Baltimore.

2. *Secondary Sources.*

John R. Commons, *Races & Immigration in America*, N. Y. 1907.

C. C. Burford, *Analysis of Population of Illinois Previous to 1840*. Thesis U. of I. 1904.

J. B. McMaster, *People of the United States*, 6 Vols. N. Y. 1887.

## THE ILLINOIS STATE CAPITOL GROUNDS.

By MRS. JOHN M. PALMER.

Thomas Mather from whose widow, a portion of the present site of the Capitol of the State of Illinois was purchased, was born in Wetauk, Connecticut in the year 1796, and was a direct descendant of the famous Cotton Mather. In 1820 he was sent by the government at Washington to look after its interests in connection with the Santa Fe fur trade where he was accompanied by George C. Sibley who afterwards became famous as an Indian factor at Fort Osage and later was a prominent citizen of St. Charles County, Mo.

At that time, the small French village of Kaskaskia, the first Capital of our state was an attractive place for an enterprising young man, and Mr. Mather became a pioneer of Illinois.

He engaged in the mercantile business there, and in Chester, in connection with Pierre Menard, (whose statue was placed upon the Capitol grounds several years ago) and James Lea Lamb.

In 1825 Mr. Mather married\* Miss Hannah Gibson Lamb the sister of his partner James Lea Lamb, and in 1835 or 1836 removed to Springfield and bought the home of John B. Watson, now the northern portion of the Capitol grounds. Mr. Watson afterwards went to California and returned to fall a victim to cholera, during its prevalence in

---

Note by the Editor. Mrs. Hannah Lamb Palmer the writer of this interesting bit of history is the widow of Gen. John M. Palmer. Her maiden name was Hannah Mather Lamb. She is the niece and namesake of Mrs. Thomas Mather, who after the death of her husband Mr. Thomas Mather March 28, 1853, owned the land upon which the Illinois State Capitol now stands. Mrs. Palmer is the daughter of James Lea Lamb and Susan Cranmer Lamb. She was born in Springfield, July 6, 1838.

As a child and young girl she was an especial favorite of her aunt Mrs. Mather and spent a great deal of time at the Mather home. She is therefore more than anyone now living competent to tell the story of the State House grounds.

\* The Illinois State Historical Library owns a file of the Illinois Intelligencer published in Vandalia. The paper of Dec. 15, 1825 contains the following notice: "Married at Kaskaskia on Sunday evening the 4 inst. by the Rev. Mr. Chase of New Orleans, Thomas Mather, Esq., late Speaker of the House of Representatives to Miss Hannah G. Lamb, both of Kaskaskia."



MRS. JOHN M. PALMER



1852. Mr. Watson and his daughters, Margaret and Ellen C. died of cholera, August 11, 1852.

Soon after coming to Springfield Mr. Mather was made President of the State Bank which was organized at Springfield May 11, 1835. He was a member of the General Assembly in 1820, the second General Assembly of the State, and re-elected in 1822, 1824 and 1828 as a member of the lower house from Randolph County. In 1832 he was elected to the State Senate, also from Randolph County. His nature was generous and kind, was fond of children and although blessed with none of their own, many an orphan niece and nephew found with them, a happy, contented home. His wife, the Aunt for whom I was named belonged to the lovely sect known as Quakers, and by her calm poise of character was indeed a "help-mate." Altho she forfeited her "birth-right" by marriage with one outside, I am sure no regret was ever expressed, save that of having caused grief to others, and she was permitted to retain her membership and there being no "meeting house" nearer than Richmond, Indiana she continued her membership there, and while dressing plainly, as consistent with her views, her raiment was of the finest and most expensive texture.

It was in this lovely house and garden that this aunt gave me a birthday party on my sixth birthday, July 6, 1844, which I well remember although more than three quarters of a century have elapsed since that happy day.

Their home soon became a haven for the gathering of choice spirits. And it was there that Dorothea L. Dix made her home, when she came in 1846-1847 on her mission of mercy to the hither-to neglected Insane of the State of Illinois, and in this home, she conferred with Dr. Julian M. Sturtevant of Jacksonville, and was encouraged by him to bring the subject before the State Legislature, the beneficent results of which who can tell.

The "Underground Railway" was also freely discussed, and for the benefit of those who do not understand, let it be known that for a brief time slavery existed in our fair State of Illinois and even after the "Missouri Compromise" a slave found in a free state, could be returned to his former home.

"The underground railroad" was a secret and safe transfer to Canada, where he or she was safe from further pursuit.

This hill, so called, included another lot south of the Mather property extending from Second to Spring streets with the exception of one corner at the extreme southwest end, and was considered as "haunted" by the spirit of an innocent victim hung through circumstantial evidence, for murder. The man who was supposed to have been murdered appeared in flesh and blood years after and refuted the sad story, and after that occurred boys and girls no longer hastened through the dreaded woods, "before dark" in fear of meeting the restless ghost. Later it was there, that I listened to an impassioned address from Hon. Cassius M. Clay of Kentucky.

The vacant lot was also much used for the holding of religious gatherings, known as Basket Meetings, a species of camp meeting.

In 1864 this lot was sold by Mrs. John Simonds of St. Louis to me for four thousand (\$4,000) dollars, and later it became the property of Hon. James C. Conkling from whom it was bought by the State with the Mather property already mentioned to become the burial place of our martyred President. Excavation for the tomb was already begun on the north side of the Mather property, fronting East, when Mrs. Lincoln interfered for personal reasons, and his cherished body was placed in the vault at Oak Ridge Cemetery, to remain until the present magnificent monument and vault were erected. Later, these grounds were used for out-of-door religious services until the foundation of the present Capitol building was begun, about the year 1867.

COPY OF A PORTION OF THE ACT OF THE LEGIS-  
LATURE, WHICH AUTHORIZED THE ERECTION  
OF THE NEW STATE HOUSE, AND WHICH DE-  
SCRIBES THE LAND UPON WHICH THE  
CAPITOL WAS LATER ERECTED.  
IN FORCE FEB. 25, 1867.

*From Statutes of Illinois, 25th General Assembly, 1867.  
Page 6.*

*AN ACT to provide for the erection of a new state house.*

SECTION 1. *Be it enacted by the People of the State of Illinois, represented in the General Assembly, That the gover-*

nor of the state of Illinois, is hereby authorized and empowered to convey to the county of Sangamon and state of Illinois, and to the City of Springfield, in said county, for the use of the people of said county and city, all that piece and parcel of ground situate, lying and being in the city of Springfield, in said county, known as the public square, containing two acres and a half, be the same more or less, upon which is now located the state house, for the sum of two hundred thousand dollars, and for the further consideration that said grantees shall cause to be conveyed to the state of Illinois, in fee simple, that parcel of ground, lying in the city of Springfield, aforesaid, bounded by Second, Monroe, Spring and Charles streets, containing between eight and nine acres. Said sum of two hundred thousand dollars shall be paid into the treasury of the state of Illinois, in two equal installments, the first of which shall be paid on the first day of April, 1868, and the second on the first day of April, 1869.

SECTION 2. The county of Sangamon and said city of Springfield are hereby authorized to issue such bonds and levy such taxes as may be necessary to raise said sum of two hundred thousand dollars, and for the purchase of said parcel of land; *Provided*, said bonds shall not bear interest exceeding ten per cent. per annum.

SECTION 3. Said sum of two hundred thousand dollars shall be expended towards the erection of a new state house upon said last described parcel of land; and in addition thereto the sum of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars is hereby appropriated, out of any money in the treasury not otherwise appropriated for the same purpose. Said state house shall cost a sum not exceeding three millions of dollars.

## \* A PIONEER WOMAN OF ILLINOIS.

By JULIA ANN BUCK.

On a beautiful fall day, over a hundred years ago, in a small log cabin in Kentucky, a little girl was born, and this girl was destined to become one of the foremost pioneer women of the time.

Nancy Green Stice was born in Bowling Green, Kentucky, September 23, 1807, during Thomas Jefferson's administration. She was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Stice who were married during the stirring times of the formative period of our constitutional government. They were the parents of thirteen children.

Nancy Stice had the good fortune to be born into a family of noted ancestors. They were among the leaders in the fight for freedom of the thirteen colonies.

Her grandfather, Andrew Stice, was a German immigrant who came to North Carolina in an early day before the Revolutionary War. Thirteen children were also given to these grandparents.

Her maternal grandfather Wilson and wife came from Scotland before the Revolutionary war and settled, in what is now Kentucky. He, an earnest patriot, was captain in the Revolutionary war, and in the battle of Bunker Hill, he had the misfortune to be wounded in the right knee which made him a cripple for life.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilson were also the parents of thirteen children. Nancy Stice's parents and both grandparents, by a remarkable coincidence, gave thirteen children to our country's pioneer struggles for national life.

Tragic and stirring events entered into the lives of this pioneer family. Thomas Wilson, the eldest son, was killed by

---

\* This essay received the first or State prize, a gold medal, in the contest in the schools of Illinois from the eighth to the twelfth grades inclusive, on the subject, Pioneer Women of Illinois. The contest was conducted by the Illinois State Historical Society and the Illinois Society Daughters of the American Revolution. The winner of the prize is a sophomore in the high school of Monmouth, Warren County, Ill.



JULIA ANN BUCK.



Indians before the Revolutionary war. A brother, James Wilson, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, was also a noted jurist; he was appointed by President Washington as Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. This distinguished man died in North Carolina in 1798.

Little Nancy spent a very happy, but busy childhood in her southern home. In those days children were taught when very young, the lessons of home and home-making. Among these were weaving, sewing, cooking, and many things about which modern children know nothing. Her parents soon learned that Nancy was the most industrious, as well as gayest of their children.

But the "March of Empire" was in their blood and when Nancy was nine, her parents decided to leave Kentucky and come to Illinois, a then far western wilderness. This seemed an unequal exchange for the happy life of her Kentucky home.

Even as a child, Nancy had high ambitions, for as she was leaving Kentucky, she told her old grandmother that, "she hoped to live as long and useful a life as she". Her grandmother died at the age of 105 and was very proud of the fact that she had walked one and a half miles when she was ninety-six years of age. Even at that age, she wove fine linen handkerchiefs and caps, and was an expert at the spinning wheel.

The trip to Illinois was made on horse-back with all their earthly possessions in a big wagon. They arrived in October, 1816. Illinois was then only a territory and not until two years later was it admitted into the Union. There were no railroads at that time, but soon after they arrived, the first railroad in Illinois was built.

Madison County, in Southern Illinois, was their destination and here Nancy Stice grew to womanhood. Two years after coming from Kentucky, while nearly all of the thirteen children were still young, their father died.

When Nancy was twenty, she married a young farmer, Andrew Terry. They lived a happy life in their log-hut for nine years, and then the young husband died on June 28, 1836, and left his young wife with three children. She soon left Madison County and came to Greenbush, Warren County, where she was destined to spend the remainder of her days.

She lived with her brother-in-law, James Simmons, and the two families numbered sixteen persons. All lived in a log cabin 16x16. Yet they frequently kept strangers over night, sometimes as many as eight or ten at once. Upon such occasions, the table and all loose furniture was moved out of doors, and as they had four large beds in the room and a trundle bed under each, they scattered over the floor and piled up for the night.

They finally built a larger cabin 18x24 and then they were rich indeed! All the surplus money which they had acquired was banked in a sugar trough and stowed away up in the garret.

In 1844, a tall, handsome major fell in love with Nancy and married her. Major John C. Bond, a veteran of the Black Hawk war, was a wealthy farmer and one of the best-known residents in this section of the state. Each had three children and two were born to them. They lived in a log cabin a short distance from Greenbush and years later built a residence, then considered palatial.

The Indians, at this time, frequently camped about Greenbush, often as many as five hundred at one time. These were generally friendly, but great thieves. However, earlier in Madison county, they were a constant menace to the settlers. Once, when most of the men were away, two apparently friendly Indians named "Big Kill Buck" and "Little Kill Buck" came to the settlement, and massacred all of twenty families excepting an old man and a crippled boy. At this time, one woman, carrying a baby, had walked twenty miles to see her father and finding the Indians had just been there, turned and walked back home that night. This made a distance of forty miles in twenty-four hours.

Several of Nancy's relatives were killed by the savages. One uncle's family were all killed but the uncle who happened to be away from home.

Aunt Nancy Bond, as she was called, won the confidence and was loved and honored by everybody; all, when they had troubles, came to Aunt Nancy, and were comforted. If anyone died, Aunt Nancy was called, always; and if the dead person happened to be a mother of young children, it generally fell to her lot to care for them. In this way, at some time in



NANCY G. BOND



her life, she took care of forty children beside her own eight. She cared for, clothed, and fed them, doing the work and clothing them from the raw material. Today, what would we think of cooking, weaving, spinning, carding, sewing, and candle dipping for forty-eight children?

Aunt Nancy was the one to go when anyone was sick or in trouble. One winter night, a man was very badly hurt and Aunt Nancy was asked to come. The night was very bitter and the snow was deep. Her husband objected, but plucky Aunt Nancy insisted and these two, together with a neighbor and wife, set out. They had to wade waist deep in the snow, but finally reached the place and gave aid.

Although Nancy Bond's life was full of hard work, she had a few social times. A time that was looked forward to was the quilting bee. Then, all the families for miles around came to a neighbor's house where they were making quilts, and helped. The women brought much food, and elaborate preparations were made for the big feast after the quilts were made.

After thirty-eight years of married life, Major Bond died on May 20, 1882. Two years later, this pioneer wife and mother had the misfortune to become blind. Although no longer able to go about and do deeds of mercy, she was loved by all and everyone still came to her for advice. She was still so active that one scarcely noticed that she was blind. She spent a great deal of time knitting and nothing delighted her more than to have her old friends call on her, and talk over old times. Whenever visitors, friends or stranger, came to her daughter's home, in which she now lived, if they paid the least attention to her, she would make them a present of a pair of mittens.

When she was well in her nineties, she could easily have been taken for sixty years of age, for her face was remarkably full and round and her voice, unusually strong. She always wore a black and white checked dress with a black silk apron over it, and she did not consider herself dressed unless she had her little black lace cap on. She had a remarkable memory and she could give the dates of the birth, death, and marriage of each of her children, fourteen grandchildren, twenty great-grandchildren, and five great-great-grandchildren.

Nancy Stice Bond was one of the most prominent Daughters of the American Revolution in this part of the state. She was an honorary vice-regent of the Puritan and Cavalier Chapter of Monmouth. During the last few years of her life, it was the custom of the chapter to observe Flag Day at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Cordelia Bond Staat. She always took a great deal of pleasure in these meetings. The annual celebration of her birthday was also the occasion of much interest to her.

Grandmother Bond, as she had become, was the head of five living generations, four of which were charter members of the Puritan and Cavalier Chapter. At that time, it was believed this was without a parallel in the country, as no one under eighteen years of age can join the Daughters of the American Revolution. Beside Mrs. Bond these are: Mrs. Cordelia Bond Staat, Mrs. Edwina Bond Randall and Mrs. Nora K. Rayburn.

She died May 14, 1906, after a long life of honor and usefulness. Only part of her girlish ambition, "to live as long and useful a life as her old grandmother" was realized. She did not attain the hundred year mark, lacking a year, but she certainly realized the ambition "to live a useful life."

She was buried in the Bond cemetery adjoining her farm, where six generations were already buried. The Bond cemetery has a very interesting history. Many years before Nancy Bond's time, a stranger, who was passing the old Bond homestead, was suddenly taken ill and fell in front of the house. Jesse Bond, the occupant of the house, took him in, but he died. Jesse Bond went to a neighbor on whose farm was a grave-yard and asked to bury the man there. But his wife objected, for she said they would be "haunted" with the ghost of the stranger; so Mr. Bond returned home and buried the man on his own land, as he said he had no fear of being haunted. Afterward, he deeded this land for a burial place for his neighbors and his family. This cemetery is now one of the best cared-for private cemeteries in the country.

Nancy Stice Bond came to Illinois when the state was still a territory and she witnessed the growth of Illinois until it now stands as one of the foremost states of the nation. The



HOUSE OF NANCY BOND. WARREN COUNTY.



settlement of Warren County was only a few straggling cabins and she watched it grow to the large population and the thickly settled districts it now contains.

When she was born, Thomas Jefferson was President of the United States. All the vast territory west of the Mississippi, known as the Louisiana Purchase, had recently been obtained and was practically a great wilderness. All that immense region known as the Mexican cession, which includes the states and territories from the northern boundary line of California and Nevada southward to Mexico, was for many years afterwards owned and controlled by foreigners, as was also the Oregon country on the northwest. It seems almost impossible, that during the span of one short life, so many mighty changes could take place.

It is not strange that after such a long, useful and honored life, I should be proud to write this sketch about "A Pioneer Woman of Illinois", my great-grandmother, Nancy Stice Bond. It is, in turn, my ambition to live as "useful a life as she".

The material for this sketch was secured from obituaries and from numerous newspaper clippings. These clippings were the results of interviews with her at various periods of her life.

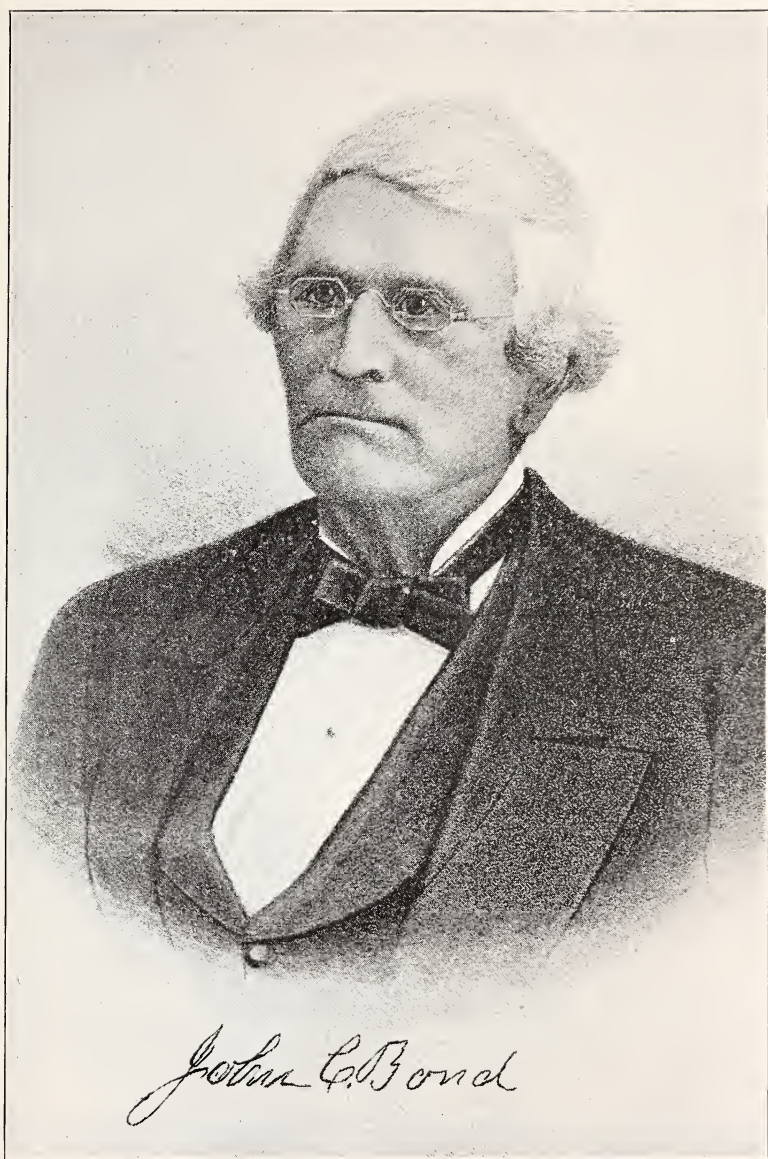
## MAJOR JOHN CRAIN BOND.

By SARAH BOND HANLEY.

One of the earliest pioneers and one who did as much for the upbuilding of Warren County as any other one person, was Major John Crain Bond, who left Alabama on account of his anti-slavery views, coming to Illinois in 1826, and died when I was a young girl. His physical perfection, enhanced by the courtly manner of the old school, the nobility of his character, the command of his intellect and the fact that without any effort of his everyone with whom he came in contact, including the members of his own family, showed him the greatest deference, as though he was set apart from all others, excited my intense admiration and made an impression upon me which can never be effaced.

John Crain Bond was born on Christmas Day, 1799, near Knoxville, Tennessee. His parents were Jesse Walton Bond, a North Carolinian by birth, and Susannah Crain, of Georgia. They were first cousins and were married in Overton County, Tennessee, in 1798, and to them were born seven children besides the subject of this sketch: Benjamin, Joel, Ruby, William, Barnett, Jesse Walton and Nathan. Ruby married Jesse Looney and in 1843 moved to Jefferson County, Oregon, where they reared a large family and were prominent as people of public spirit and intellect, who did much toward the upbuilding of the Oregon Territory, and many of their descendants live there today. It might be of interest to state here that the poet, Joaquin Miller, lived in their family as a youth and that they assisted him in obtaining an education.

The paternal grandparents of John Crain Bond were Jesse Bond of North Carolina, and Mildred Crain of Georgia. About 1800, they removed from Georgia to Tennessee, but while enroute Jesse Bond was killed at Salt Petre Cave (Nick A. Jack) in southeastern Tennessee. They had three children, Jesse Walton, Lucy and Nathan. Lucy married a man named Cargile. Mrs. Bond afterwards married James Brock, and



JOHN C. BOND.



they made their home in Clinton County, Kentucky, where they reared a family.

The maternal grandparents of Major John C. Bond were John Crain, a soldier of the Revolution, and Mildred Walton, a member of the famous Georgia family of that name, of which George Walton, governor, jurist and statesman, a signer of the Declaration of Independence was the most distinguished.

In 1818, John C. Bond married Mary (Polly) Grimsley of Knox County, Tennessee, a daughter of William Grimsley, a Baptist minister, and Anna Strickler, and shortly after moved to Jackson County, Alabama, where his parents also located.

They had three children born there, Susannah, William Grimsley and Jesse Walton. Another daughter, Ruby Loo-ney, was born in Morgan County, Illinois, where he removed in 1826. His wife died here, and in 1828, he married Miss Mary Singleton, by whom he had two children, Evelyn and Fielding. He only lived six years in Morgan County, but while there made the acquaintance of Stephen A. Douglas, and being of the same political faith and kindred tastes a friendship was formed that was strong and enduring. During the winter months he worked in the lead mines at Galena, and in 1829 passed through Warren County on what was known as "the old Galena trail" and camped on the edge of the timber two miles west of what later became his home. As he surveyed the broad open prairie that stretched out for miles before him he was enraptured with the high rolling mound where the old homestead now stands, and remarked to his companions "There is where I will settle".

While in Galena, he did surveying and many of the early lots there were surveyed by him. He was there during the Black Hawk War, serving as a first sergeant in Captain Maugh's Company, and was one of the faithful band in the Block House.

His brother, Barnett Bond, served in the same company. His brothers-in-law, William and Fielding Grimsley, were in the Black Hawk War from Morgan County. His title as Major was received under the old Militia Law of Illinois,

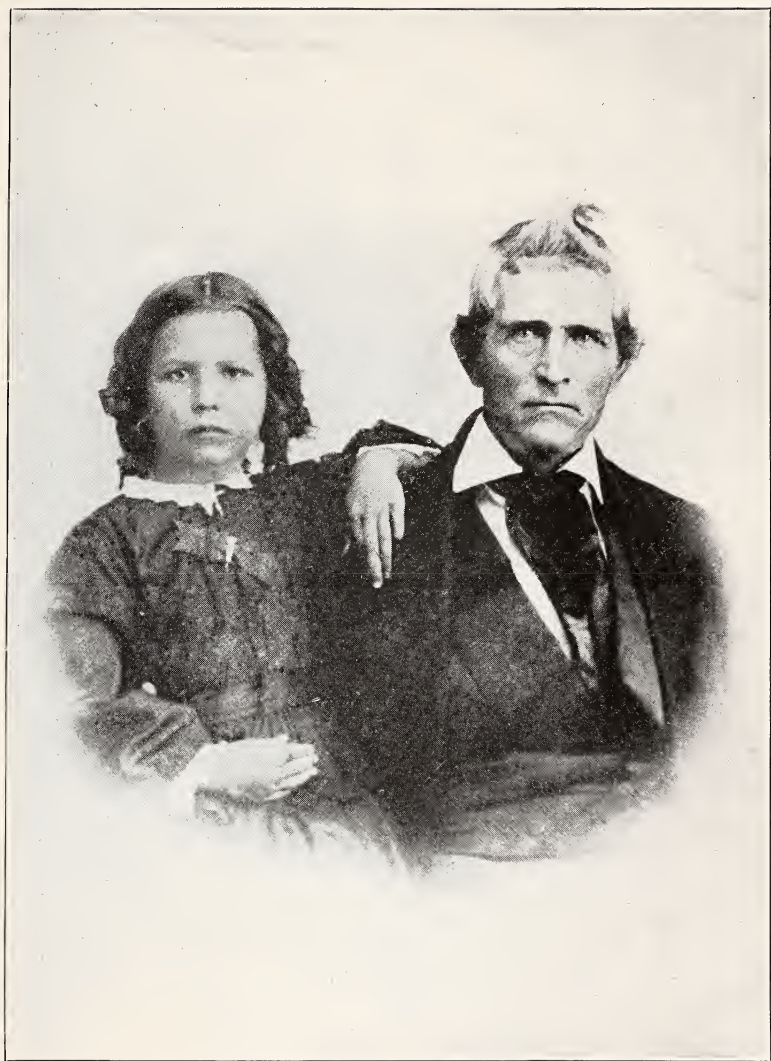
being major of the Regiment of which John Butler was colonel.

In 1832, he settled permanently in Greenbush Township, Warren County, living in a double log cabin with his parents north of his present home. This cabin burned about 1843. In 1856, he built the frame house that is standing today, and which on his death he left to his grandson, John Crain Bond, Jr., who had lived with him since infancy, and who now occupies it. On Christmas day, this grandson and his wife celebrated their golden wedding anniversary in this same house where they were married fifty years before.

In 1842, Major Bond's wife died, and two years later he married Mrs. Nancy Green Terry, daughter of Andrew Stice and Nancy Wilson, and to them were born two children, Cordelia, who married Henry Staat of Warren County, and Canzada, who married Mathew Campbell of Oklahoma, and who is the only child of Major Bond now living.

On March 4, 1830, Major Bond's father, Jesse Walton Bond, with his wife and sons, left Alabama, on a boat for Galena, Illinois. I have in my possession a diary he kept during this journey. He writes: "Saturday, the 20th, we cut loose and went on very well till we met a steam boat, "The Fairy". Not being acquainted we thought it was coming right on us and we put for the willows and hung to them with power till it passed us. It came close by and asked where we were bound. About two o'clock we passed Perryville and saw another steamboat coming, "The Victory", but we were not afraid any more. Sunday morning, the 21st, and about Duck River, we overtook John House and his family in a little boat on his way to the Illinois."

Later on he writes of visiting relatives in these words: "Friday, the 2nd of April. Landed at Smith's Landing (Now Chester, Illinois), and got off the boat three miles above the mouth of Little Mary's River, and about three miles from John Crain's. We stored our plunder in Mr. Smith's warehouse and went to Crain's that evening. Monday, the 5th, we went down to James Crain's and saw a heap of our connections and they are all well. Sunday, the 11th, we went to Joel Crain's and that night came back to Jack's, and Squire Crain and Millie came to see us. Wednesday, the 15th, we



JOHN C. BOND AND DAUGHTER CORDELIA.  
(Taken 1857).



got aboard a steamboat, "The Phoenix" and we sailed for St. Louis, arriving there the next day we went aboard another steamboat, the "Red Rover", whose captain's name was Throckmorton, and lay in her until Sunday, the 18th, when about 9 o'clock we got off very well and landed in Galena, April 25."

The Crains, whom they visited at Smith's Landing were his wife's brothers, and must have been in Illinois at a very early day for Joel and Squire served in the Indian Wars of 1812 and 1814.

Jesse W. Bond shortly after moved to Morgan County. While there he writes in his journal thus briefly of the winter of the deep snow: "December 15, 1830, cold weather began here, and on the 19th began to snow and continued snowing till there fell between 3 and 4 feet, and on top of all that it has begun to snow again today, January 15, 1831." In 1832, he came to Warren County and entered his claim on Section Eighteen, Greenbush Township.

At the first public land sale of the Military Tract at Quincy, Illinois, he and James Tucker, Peter Butler, Daniel R. Perkins, Louis Vertrees and John Riggs, all met there to complete the purchase of their home. Having accomplished this, the future looked bright before them, and though the journey to Warren County was long, and they had only five horses between them, they were not a whit dismayed, but with a neighborly spirit, typical of the pioneer, arranged to "ride and tie", and thus they reached their homes.

Jesse W. Bond died on February 26, 1840, at the age of sixty-five. His wife died January 7, 1859, at the age of eighty-five. They were buried in the Bond Cemetery which was a part of their land.

Major John C. Bond was elected one of the Commissioners of Warren County in 1839. In 1853 he, with Samuel Hallam and Robert Gilmore, were appointed to divide the county into townships in accordance with the vote then taken to adopt township organization. This they did, and the fifteen townships exist today as they divided them. After township organization, he was the first supervisor elected from Greenbush and served for fourteen years. Among those on the board were these pioneers and valuable citizens, E. C. Lewis,

Robert Gilmore, Hiram Norcross, Porter Phelps, and John Riggs. Major John C. Bond was the first Justice of the Peace in the south end of Warren county, being elected in 1835, and married the first couple in Greenbush township, Moses T. Hand and Elizabeth Crawford, on December 23, 1835. The second marriage in the township was that of his daughter, Susannah Bond, to Walter Johnson, which occurred on November 25, 1836. His first court was held in his smokehouse and the occasion being so important, he ordered his sons, William and Jesse, to clean out the smokehouse and set the courtroom in order. While carrying out his instruction, they performed some tricks not proper to docket and were fined for contempt of Court and paid the penalty.

In 1844, he was a candidate for the legislature, and defeated by three votes.

His oldest son, William Grimsley Bond, served with distinction during the Civil War, in August 26, 1862, he became Captain of Company H, 83d Regiment, Illinois Volunteer Infantry. In February, 1863, he was promoted to major of the same regiment and was in full command thereof until he was mustered out of the service at Nashville, Tennessee, June 23, 1865. He was twice wounded at Ft. Donelson. After the war, he returned to Warren County and served one term as Deputy Sheriff and then was elected Sheriff three terms in succession.

Major William G. Bond died in Monmouth in 1892.

The second son of Major John C. Bond was my father, Jesse Walton Bond, who was born in Alabama Sept. 7, 1825. In 1850, he crossed the plains to California in search of gold, driving an ox team. He remained two years, and then returned for his family, consisting of his wife, Sarah Terry Bond, and two little girls, Edwina and Ellen, and again crossed the plains. Edwina married Samuel L. Karns of Greenbush, and after his death married Dr. William Randall, and she died in Monmouth, October 17, 1919. Ellen became the wife of B. F. Reed, and they are now living in Missouri, where they will celebrate their fiftieth wedding anniversary March 13, 1923. In 1854, the wife of Jesse W. Bond died in Sacramento, California, after the birth of a son, John Crain Bond, Jr., and he returned to Illinois by the Isthmus of Panama, with his three little children.

Some months later, leaving his children with their grandparents, he again drove an ox team across the plains to California for the third time, remaining until 1862 when he returned to Warren County.

On October 25, 1863, he married Anna C. Harrah, born in Belmont County, Ohio, February 25, 1835, by whom he had three children, Sarah Helen, Jesse Walton and Anna Josephine (now Mrs. George C. Goodman). He lived in Warren County until his death April 25, 1905, and his wife survived him nine years, dying May 16, 1914, and they both rest in the Bond Cemetery.

On his second trip to California, some extracts from his letter to his sister, Mrs. Susannah Johnson, may be interesting. "Salt Lake, July 14, 1852. Dear Sister: We arrived here today at ten o'clock all well and hearty. My team is in good condition. Better than they were when we were here before. I will begin at the time we left the Missouri River and give you a brief sketch up to the present. We left the Missouri River the 22d of May and were all well excepting Jane Simmons. We got along fine for some time. Jane was on the mend and then the Cholera broke out, Jane was very bad, and grieved and fretted all the time about starting and Dave turned back. I did not blame him any for turning back, but I was never so sorry for a man in my life. I blame Jane more than Dave. Bill Woods would not have gone back with them if he could have helped himself. I don't think Jane would have lived if they had gone on. I fear they never all got back alive. About 2 miles after Dave left us, we came to where John Perkins wife died, and the Cholera became more violent and more of it, but none of us have it, although all the crowd have been sick, excepting Johnson Jones and myself, but are all well now. We passed about one hundred graves from Council Bluffs to Ft. Laramie, and after that scarcely any.

"July 15. It is after night, and I will sit down in my vehicle and finish my letter. Joseph Jared is playing a fiddle, and the rest of the boys are dancing. The oxen I got of Dave Simmons are the best in the team, and take my vehicle akiting, and I would not take a hundred dollars for them. I will give their names so Dave will know, Buck, Brandy and Bright.

We had eight yoke of cattle shod today at sir dollars a yoke and will finish shoeing tomorrow. I bought a fine cow today for \$30.00 and shall buy another tomorrow. Flour is worth \$3.00 per hundred, bacon 20, coffee 30, sugar 33, and other things in proportion. I sold all my flour before I came here for \$10.00 per hundred and bought bacon for 12½."

The third son of Major John C. Bond was Fielding, a young man of the most brilliant promise. He graduated with honors in the first class from Lombard University, Galesburg, Illinois, in 1847. His classmates were Floyd G. Brown, James H. Chapin, Edward D. Lunn, and David Scott Wike. Sometime later he was admitted to the bar and went to LaGrange, Texas, where he entered a law office. When the war broke out, there was great bitterness against all Northerners, and there was a strong probability that he would be forced into the Southern Army. This he was determined should never be, but he could not collect money that was due him and was also closely watched lest he slip away. But there was a teacher there in a private school, Miss Ellen Phelps, a daughter of his father's old friend, Porter Phelps of Illinois. His predicament was explained to her by his law partner with whom she boarded, who told her that he thought it would kill his partner if he was forced into the Southern army. Miss Phelps asked if it would be possible to collect the money due her and when informed that it probably could be done since she was a woman and not under such close surveillance, she asked him to collect her money, and give his partner sufficient means to reach home which was done. Shortly after Mr. Bond disappeared from LaGrange, but it was months before he was able to reach his father's home in Illinois.

In 1861, he was elected the first superintendent of schools in Warren County, but died when only 28 years old before he could assume the duties of the office.

It may be of interest here to give some extracts from a letter he wrote his father from Texas, and also a portion of a letter written by his brother, Jesse Walton Bond, from California to a friend in Illinois, showing how these two sons residing in different sections of our country, both Southern by

ancestry and one by birth, viewed the impending conflict for the preservation of the Union.

“LaGrange, Texas, Dec. 9th, /60.

John C. Bond, Esq.

\* \* \* \* \*

I was not much surprised to hear Illinois went for Lincoln, though I had tried to hope for a long time that it would go for Douglas, but as he got only the vote of one state I do not regret that was a slaveholding state and the home of Jim Green. As for Breckenridge, I am as glad he is beaten as were the Disunionists to whom the news seemed too good to be true when on the 8th of November they heard Lincoln was elected; for they had then gained the Victory dearest their hearts; that is the complete disruption of the Democratic party, which as long as it remained entire must hold the union together. The news of Lincoln's election was received here in the greatest glee, and with shouts of rejoicing. The mass of the people, it is true, worshipped John C. Breckenridge, but the leading politicians here only cared for his defeat and that of every other candidate but Lincoln. Though it is likely many of them in order to enjoy the spoils of office four years longer, would have been willing for even Breckenridge to have been elected and the union to have even lasted four years longer. It is useless for the North to make any concessions to the South for she is not seceding now on principle but because wild, fanatical, disappointed, ambitious and defeated politicians say she must; they want war for the sake of the renown it will bring them as military heroes, for brought up in idleness and dissipation, they have not the energy and ability to carve out their own path to fame as Stephen A. Douglas had. They want dissolution and a Southern Confederacy, because they want office and it's accompanying spoils for then there will be the same number of offices to fill, and of course fewer competitors, and they want a Revolution so their names could go down to posterity as Washington's and Jefferson's and as signers, perhaps, of another Declaration of Independence, and as the authors of another Constitution to be again torn in atoms by their revolutionary descendants. It is a Don Quixotic senseless spirit of chivalry actuates all this. And a spirit that can be traced directly to

their peculiar institution. They love disunion for itself, and they are bound to have it on some pretext or other, and now is the best for them to undertake it for when their supplies are cut off from the northwest they will starve to death. They will have to import their seed corn from Illinois to plant in the spring. They have to get bread and pork, bacon, potatoes, beans, fruit, butter, peas, in fact nearly everything that sustains life from the northwest now, and without these supplies they could not support an army or even their families. The Austin Intelligencer, one of the few fearless union papers in this state, tells them that if they succeed in bringing about a dissolution in three months ten thousand women and children in the state of Texas will be crying for bread, but in the face of all these facts, nearly everyone is in favor of secession at all hazards and in spite of any pledges Lincoln or the North may make. I am one of the few here who can lay claim to the distinguished honor of being called a Tory and a Submissionist. My partner is a hot-headed disunionist. My old friends, Webb and Jarmon, are most intensely for disunion. Mr. Webb had a long private conversation with me the other day in which he tried to induce me to come out for secession, and advised me to come out and take a decided stand for it if I could conscientiously do so. He said it would be of more advantage to me than any other course I could pursue, and even hinted my personal safety might depend upon it, but he did not urge that point for I think he knew it would be of no use. They had a meeting last Saturday at which they adopted strong secession resolutions, which I will send you in the paper of this place. Yesterday they had a meeting at which I understand they passed some more ultra-resolutions. They did not raise a military company yesterday, but made preparations for doing so, appointing Mr. Webb who is a Brigadier-General and two others to raise the number of men requisite to form a company. There are a great many exceedingly valorous men here, but I think if there is a chance for fighting their courage will somewhat ooze out; Falstaff was a very valient man under all circumstances except when it was needed. I think there are some here who are afflicted with the same unfortunate weakness. The reason, no doubt, that they do not enlist is because they

think they are not needed, since they say one southern man can whip twenty-five northern men. Therefore in case of war very few southern men will have to fight. I even learned the other day for the first time that the Illinois volunteers run at the Battle of Buena Vista, and that but for the Mississippi volunteers the day on that account would have been lost. I immediately thought of Colonel Bissell and repented of everything I had ever said against him and lamented bitterly the political meanness the Democratic party of Illinois resorted to to prevent his being elected on account of his not being able to take the dueling oath of office, as a duel for such a cause should never be brought up against a man. I will always honor Colonel Bissell for that very thing. \* \* \*

Fielding Bond."

"Ora Fino, California, June 9, 1861.

\* \* \* I will say something on the Union and politics. In the first place, I will inform you that I am a Union man in every sense of the word. I hold that no state has a right to secede from the Union. I hold that it is the duty of government to hold and retake all forts, arsenals, harbors, mints and all government property and collect its revenue and if she wants to furnish a few of her soldiers with muck-a-muck to keep them from starving, she should and must do it even if Miss Carolina doesn't like it.

Now, sir, this war has been brought about by the disunionists of the North and South, but let me tell you one thing, South Carolina seceded without any cause whatever. She fired the first gun on a government fort. She killed American soldiers. She dragged out six other states with her. Now, sir, must the Government stand still with her head down like a whipped boy and say, "Don't South Carolina, for Heaven's sake, don't!" We don't want to fight. Please let us alone. We will never try to feed any more of our soldiers. We will let them starve. Take our forts, our arsenals, our mints, blockade our harbors, take our property, trail our flag in the dust. Yes, take it all. Do as you please, but don't whip us. Yes, Jefferson Davis, come and take Washington; take the Capitol; take it all. We weaken. We have no power. We can't defend it. Take it all, but take it peaceably if you please."

Now, sir, I have not forgotten the Democratic National Convention yet. I have not forgotten how these Southern fire-eating disunionists broke up the Democratic Convention on purpose to elect Lincoln, so that they would have an excuse to secede from the Union. If the South had stood by the principals that they stood on when they elected old Buck, (James B. Buchanan), and not have tried to rule or ruin, Stephen A. Douglas would have been president this day, and our country would have been in a prosperous condition, but no, Old Buck, Yancy and Company must destroy the only Union party and elect Lincoln and then secede. Now, I hope they will have a merry time of it.

Now, sir, as long as there was a chance for a peaceful settlement of our troubles I was opposed to the exercise of military power, but when the attack was made on Ft. Sumter and the South closed their doors to everything like a peaceful settlement, I could no longer hesitate. Politically I differ with those in power, but nothing will ever induce me to desert my country's flag. \* \* \*

Jesse W. Bond."

Major John C. Bond was a man of splendid physique being six feet and three inches in height and straight as an Indian. His hair was very heavy, and in his later years snow white. In his broadcloth and silk hat and old fashioned stock he was most distinguished in appearance and I have heard many speak of him as being the handsomest man they ever saw. Of a wonderful constitution, he never knew an illness, and when eighty years of age thought nothing of walking six miles to Greenbush for his mail. He died of what we would term today appendicitis being ill only a short time. He was survived by six children, all of whom were present at his funeral, and thirty grandchildren, and thirty-six great grandchildren, and three great, great grandchildren.

When the news of his death reached Monmouth, the Circuit Court adjourned as a mark of respect to his memory, and the local paper spoke of him as follows:

"Maj. John C. Bond died at his old home residence in Greenbush Township, Saturday morning, May 20th, 1882, at 3 o'clock, at the venerable age of 83 years.

"His funeral services were held in the M. E. church in Greenbush Sunday afternoon, and were conducted by Elder Van Meter, an Old School Baptist of McDonough county, and were attended by an immense concourse of old settlers in the south part of the county, who have known this venerable and sterling man so long, so intimately, and so well.

"He was buried in the graveyard laid out by his father many long years ago. \* \* \*

"As a neighbor and friend, he was one of the most genial and companionable men we ever knew, and just as true as the needle to the pole. His integrity was as unbending as the oak, and no man more heartily despised a dishonorable action than he. His heart and purse were ever open to the needy, the unfortunate, and the oppressed, and no one was ever turned hungry from his door. His home and its hospitalities were often shared by the early settlers who sought locations in this county, and they never forgot the genuine friendship they received from John C. Bond, and many are the silent tears that will be shed to his memory by those who bore the trials and vicissitudes of the years long gone by in the settlement of this county.

"Having well and faithfully performed the task set before him, and more than filled out the measure of his four score years, with a firm and abiding faith in the mercies of a true and just God, he peacefully closed his eyes and rests from his long journey of life. Thus has passed away John C. Bond, as good and true a man as ever resided in the county of Warren."

**DEDICATION OF GRANITE AND BRONZE MONUMENT  
TO THE SOLDIER DEAD OF FULTON COUNTY,  
ILL., NOVEMBER 12, 1922.**

Mr. and Mrs. Ulysses Grant Orendorff have presented to the city of Canton and Fulton county a beautiful granite and bronze memorial in honor of the soldiers of that county who lost their lives in the great World War.

The monument was dedicated with impressive ceremonies on November 12, 1922. The memorial has been placed in Jones Park at Canton.

The sculptor is Mr. Pompeo Coppini of Chicago. The bronze figure represents a young man, an American citizen, shielding with his own body his motherland, America, and she is bestowing upon him a wreath of laurel. The young man is not in the uniform of a soldier as that would typify militarism which the donors of the gift especially desire not to do.

On the reverse side of the monument appear the names of one hundred and ten boys of Fulton county who lost their lives in the World War.

The pedestal of New England granite weighs fifteen tons.

This is one of the most beautiful and artistic monuments to its World War heroes erected by any community in the state.

The elements, a darkened sky and gentle rain that fell and continued throughout the afternoon and evening, failed to mar dedication ceremonies that gave Canton the honor of being the permanent resting place of a lasting monument to her soldier dead of the great World War. Promptly at 1:30 on Sunday, November 12, 1922, down the street marched a band of sturdy soldiers and sailors who were to assist in paying tribute to their fallen buddies. In regular formation, the firing squad offered the army salute of honor. Three times the rifles of the men in uniform cracked as but a single shot. High on its mast in Jones park, the nation's emblem



FULTON COUNTY MEMORIAL TO DEAD IN WORLD WAR.



was lowered to half mast and two huge American flags swirled to the background from their mountings and uncovered to the world, a work of art, a work of enduring granite and bronze that will commemorate through the ages, the part Fulton county's manhood and motherhood played in the great late war to maintain America for America and America for the world. And as the brief outdoor ceremony reached its moment of thought and devotion, little Miss Josephine Orendorff, dressed in the robes of a Red Cross nurse, stepped to the foot of the monument and laid there a wreath, a token of love, faith and hope that wars would come no more and that America might go on enduring through the years to come, purer and nobler for the deeds of those who had died for it.

Those who braved the weather for the unveiling of the monument, then went to the Capitol theatre where the formal ceremonies were held. Outstanding in the audience were the tear-stained faces of the Gold Star mothers. A stage upon which was seated in perfect formation the famous Parlin & Orendorff band, headed by Director Moses, city and county officials, Attorney Harvey H. Atherton, who was to make the speech of presentation of the monument on behalf of the donors, Mr. and Mrs. Ulysses Grant Orendorff, Attorney C. Harold Hippler to accept it on behalf of the City of Canton, Eugene Whiting, for the county, Rev. Leonard Hirsch for the Legion, Rev. J. B. Bartle to invoke divine blessing upon the gathering and Master of Ceremonies and chairman of the occasion, Geo. F. Cogshall, greeted the eye. The speaker of the day, State Senator Harold C. Kessinger, was delayed in reaching the city and did not appear until a late hour.

In addition to the principals named who participated in the notable function were 18 High School "Y" Girl Reserve singers and their leader, Mrs. L. B. King.

#### THE PROGRAM.

Briefly dwelling on the purposes of the gathering in fitting tribute, Chairman Cogshall introduced Harvey C. Atherton of Lewistown who in a brief but pointed address, formally presented to the city, county, Legion and state, the monumental shaft that commemorates the county's dead war

heroes. Mr. Atherton's address followed closely upon a rendition of popular numbers by the band, the invocation by Rev. Mr. Bartle and a number by the Girl Reserve singers.

Following Mr. Atherton's address, Mr. Hippler responded with acceptance of the gift of Mr. and Mrs. Orendorff, for the city, Mr. Whiting for the county, Rev. Leonard Hirsch for the Legion. In the interim before the arrival of Senator Kessinger, Lee Anderson of the Legion, accompanied by the band, sang an appropriate song.

The arrival of Mr. Kessinger and his appearance on the platform was a signal for applause that rang heartily throughout the house.

#### THE ADDRESSES.

The addresses made by the various persons taking part in the program, are given as follows, beginning with the presentation speech of Mr. Atherton:

##### ADDRESS OF PRESENTATION BY HARVEY H. ATHERTON.

"The events which occurred four years ago yesterday will, for all time, be remembered thruout the civilized world. Never before did any single event and never again will any single event so directly and deeply effect every man, woman and child, of every land and every clime, as did the signing of the armistice of November 11th, 1918. It marked the end of the most stupendous, the most destructive and the most deadly war of all time. However, it is not because of these things do we commemorate and hold sacred that date, but rather because it marks the triumph of the home, of liberty and justice, of religion and morality, over despotism, servitude, brutality and destruction.

"We, of America, have good cause to celebrate that event, for only by the dauntless courage and unselfish sacrifice of the millions of boys of this great land, in the critical hour, was it made possible.

"But victory had its price. And, while we rejoice over the triumphs, the deeds of valor and the results accomplished, let us not forget those who paid that price, and particularly those who made the supreme sacrifice, and gave their lives—their all. After the crisis is passed and the war is won, how soon we are inclined to forget. We accept the fruits of

victory and go on our way rejoicing, forgetting the obligations we owe. It should not be so.

"Thruout every activity in aid of our cause in the war, Fulton county did her full share and did it nobly. Unstintedly she gave to her country the best of her blood and brain. The flower of her manhood went forth in the cause of righteousness, liberty and justice. In every emergency and in every need, they were found ready. In every test they rang true. They were among the first to give their lives, and many there were from old Fulton who made the supreme sacrifice.

"We do well to pay tribute to their memory. No act, no word of ours, can compensate them for the service they performed and the price they paid. Let us not be unmindful of the debt we owe. The least we can do is to commemorate their deeds and cherish their memory.

"This we have met here today to do. Upon this tablet the names of our gallant sons are forever written. Future generations may here read and know that in the crucial hour of the world's great war, Fulton county met the test and gave her best.

"It is fitting that this memorial has been made possible by one who stood as the leader of all war activities in Fulton county. In every work and every cause he labored earnestly, untiringly and faithfully. Unstintedly he gave of his time, his energy and his wealth. Appreciating the importance of the position he occupied in the community, he met every duty fully and courageously.

"Not content with the part he played in the world's greatest drama, he and his beloved wife, now offer this silent tribute to the memory of our heroic sons.

"On behalf of Mr. and Mrs. Ulysses Grant Orendorff, I present to the city of Canton, to Fulton county and to the American Legion, this memorial in honor of our soldier dead."

C. HAROLD HIPPLER ACCEPTS THE MEMORIAL ON BEHALF OF  
CITY OF CANTON.

"Every individual in this theater, who is proud of America and jealous of her good name, must feel a thrill of generous emotion at the erection of a monument in this city,

to commemorate the exalted dead who have added a new page to the long honor roll of American patriotism and achievement.

“We would be unworthy citizens and our memories would be poor indeed did we not feel profound gratitude toward those who, when country called in her dire need, sprang forward with such gallant eagerness to answer that call. Their blood and toil, their endurance and patriotism have made us, and all who come after us, forever their debtors.

“The voice of gratitude and praise for all the blessings which have been showered upon mankind by their sacrifice, is limited to no language, but is uttered in every tongue. Continents are their monuments, and unnumbered millions, present and to come, who enjoy in their liberties and happiness the fruits of their faith and sacrifice, will reverently guard and preserve the nation for which they laid down their lives.

“This day recalls, too, the energy, courage, faith and patriotism with which the citizens of Canton faced the call to arms. We have ample reason to feel a pardonable pride. Canton is the home of that gallant band of fighters, Company M, whose members blazed a splendid trail of unmatched courage and achievement over-seas. Canton’s record of never failing patriotism and sacrifice during those terrible days of ’17 and ’18, is one to which she will ever turn with a glad heart.

“And it is eminently fitting that one of her most prominent citizens, a descendant of the founder of the great P. & O. factory, which has meant so much to the industrial and civic life of this city, who served and gave so generously during those memorable days, should give us the beautiful tribute, which shall always commemorate those ‘boys’ who gave their last full measure of devotion.

“Upon behalf of the City of Canton, I wish to thank you, Mr. Orendorff, and your good wife, who have made it possible for us to perpetuate the lives and deeds of our heroic dead, and to assure you that we shall ever think kindly of you, as we cherish in our hearts the love and affection which we

bear for those gallant souls, the faith in which they died fulfilled, the cause for which they battled triumphant, the people they loved, in the full enjoyment of the rights for which they suffered and died, whose spirits hover protectingly over us today, like a benediction from the past.”

EUGENE WHITING ACCEPTS THE MEMORIAL ON BEHALF OF  
FULTON COUNTY.

“Yon marble shaft, beautiful in design and workmanship, noble in its conception of those whom it commemorates is after all but cold, insensate marble. Even the men whose names it bears have had pronounced over their dead bodies the last sad words, ‘Earth to Earth; Dust to Dust; Ashes to Ashes.’

“Each of the 110 may have been a hero. Each and all have died that his or their country might live and that you and I continue to enjoy life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

“They gave their all that mankind might be untrammelled in its onward progress. That the heritage, ‘Liberty’, which they had been taught from childhood was priceless, and had been sustained in the past but by the bloodshed of countless thousands, must never die. And on the fields of France, or in the Camps at home, in so far as they could do, they made all this eternal.

“What means it all? The history of mankind has been a story of human warfare. Civilization has indeed trod a bloody pathway. Every nation and people of the past has had its heroes. Aye, marble columns have been reared in countless numbers, but in the end were reared in vain. The plaudits of man is no recompense to the dead when the nation for which he died, has gone. What means vain glory?

“What is the purpose of yon shaft? To publish to the world the glory of man? To chisel on its surface certain names of men, who in unselfish devotion to country and to fellowman, unfalteringly met death. Each mother of the 110 might well have said to the world as said the Mother of the Gracchi when asked by a wealthy friend to see her jewels, leading forth her two sons, said: ‘These are the only jewels I possess.’

“Is this all? Is this for what they died? Has mankind learned nothing? Is he to learn nothing? Must he be forever groping in the dark? Has the acme of human government been reached. Has the human family reached its highest development? Why did the occasion ever arise to erect that shaft?

“They did not die in vain. When yon monument shall have disintegrated into dust, and the names engraved thereon shall have long been forgotten, mankind will pay homage, aye, deep devotion, to those who died that the human family may ultimately see the dawn of a more perfect day.

“On behalf of the County of Fulton, whose humble spokesman I am today, we accept your beautiful memorial. The name of Orendorff is an honorable one in the annals of our country and our county. Meet it is, that in the great World struggle, Ulysses Grant Orendorff was the head and front of all war work in this county. His deeds speak for themselves. Men may perchance decry what those, who perforce remained at home, accomplished. But some day, some recording angel may unroll the scroll, and inscribed thereon will be the names of hundreds of this county, who performed their part with honor to themselves and glory to American manhood and womanhood. To yourself and Mrs. Ulysses Grant Orendorff, I bid you bide the day, a day which shall surely come, when true estimates shall be placed on one and all, and in that day your fellow citizens will proclaim you as you were, the true American citizen. But forsooth, if mankind should deny it, then for that more beautiful, more wonderful time, when you come before the Great Author of All, may you hear those wondrous words, ‘Thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things.’

“I have done. The sands for the 110 have ceased running from the hour glass. Their work is ended. It is for you, their companions in arms, and indeed for us all, to carry forward the work for which they gave their all.

“That civilization shall go forward, that the horizon of mankind may be vastly broadened, that the human family which started on its rugged and bloody pathway centuries in the past, shall come out into the sunlight of the eternal God.

That human liberty shall indeed ultimately enlighten the world. And that your country, my country, our country shall weather all the storms which beset it and be the harbinger of peace, the citadel of human liberty, of human advancement and achievement. That under her banner, the stars and stripes, mankind shall reach the zenith and shall endure until that day when time shall be no more.

REV. LEONARD HIRSCH ACCEPTS THE MEMORIAL ON BEHALF OF  
THE AMERICAN LEGION.

“Mr. Chairman, I am sure it is with great joy that I accept in the name of the members of the American Legion and of the ex-service men of Fulton county this monument which has been given by Mr. Ulysses Grant Orendorff in sacred memories and glorious memories for the buddies of the boys who so gallantly laid down their lives during the great war or as a result of the war. The memorial will help keep afresh the memory of their buddies. I think as time goes on the sad part of the war will be forgotten just the same as the sad part of death of some dear relative as years go by casts away sadness and we think only of the nice things about him, and so this memorial will recall to the minds of the boys, their buddies, their friends who fought with them in the great War in order that right might prevail.

The memorial will also be a reminder to the boys, that while they were willing to make the great sacrifice and shed their blood that they might do their duty toward their country, the boys were willing and ready to lay down their lives to fulfill that duty. You know our blessed Lord said that greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend—that is the test of true manhood, that is the test of a friendship of a pal, of a buddy and our buddies, we call them our buddies, my buddies, your buddies because they went with that idea that if necessary they would willingly lay down their lives for their friends—and so my boys in accepting this Memorial of your dead buddies, will you also look upon it as a reminder that you still have that duty to fulfill; that you were ready and willing to meet the test of friendship. In order that we may not have to give any more of our fine fellows \* \* \*.

If each of you will start out today with the same idea that the boys started out in 1917 that they were willing and ready to lay down their lives for their friends, then peace will come. Let us work for it. And so I accept in the name of the American Legion, of all the ex-service men in Fulton county, this fine Memorial to our dead buddies. To Mr. and Mrs. Orendorff, all I can say is the words of our Lord—'Inasmuch as Ye have done it unto them, Ye have done it unto me.' "

ADDRESS OF HON. HAROLD C. KESSINGER.  
THE MEMORIAL ADDRESS.

"Mr. Chairman, Members of the Legion, Ladies and Gentlemen: I came pretty nearly not getting here. We don't have any bad roads in DuPage county so yesterday was such a nice day I thought I would drive down. I got as far as Peoria. A great many men have been delayed there before but not on account of the roads. At this time I can assure you that we had driven four hours. Right now I wish to say a word about the Bonus bill and one word about the Federal Soldiers' Compensation act.

"You may have noticed and I am proud of the vote that was cast in Illinois on Tuesday of this week. While Illinois was not among the first of the states to take this step of all the states that have voted upon the measure, Illinois gave it the most overwhelming majority of all the States in America.

"You may have noticed that when the Literary Digest took their total, that some of the states in the east voted against the Soldier bonus but that every western state and every middle-western state including Illinois voted for the Soldier bonus and someone said, 'Why is it that the east would be against it and the west would be for it,' and the answer is not difficult. In the east they put money above men and out here in the west they put men above money."

"I notice some of the newspapers of the east have been against the Soldiers' compensation. Some of the biggest newspapers, but that did not bother me much. They often do not reflect the public opinion of the people. I have nothing against our small city papers. I used to run one down in Southern Illinois where we had a great many roads like the roads between Peoria and Canton. My paper was a county

weekly paper. A good many of my neighbors thought it was very weakly. My paper came out every Friday night at five o'clock. The paper came out at five and the trouble started at six. When you run a paper down in a country town every body knows you. When you run a paper down along any main street of America, they know who writes it up and they know where you live. They can find you there, they can look you in the eye, they can do more than look you in the eye—they can shut up that eye. The papers run in the greater cities are different. There is an impersonal journalism indirectly responsible. They can be evasive—what we call “passing the buck”, and I do not believe the front page of our great city papers, when I hear of the lawlessness, when I hear of the crime. \* \* \*. I do not believe that the front page of the great papers of America is a looking glass that reflects life. I believe it is a magnifying glass that enlarges and exaggerates and takes the unusual, the out of the ordinary, the exceptional and the abnormal to make something lurid and yellow and sensational out of it. What do you get every morning for breakfast?

“These were the papers, a great many of them, especially in the East, that were against the Soldiers’ compensation. We are here today, a time of reverence, a time that is solemn, a time when sorrows can be recalled and yet also a time of pride. Yesterday was a great day in America.

“Today is a great day in Canton because you have been the first in the down-state of Illinois to erect a Memorial, a public one, although it is a private gift, a gift given through the American Legion and there is no greater or grander organization that will do more to uphold the ideals of America in patriotism and citizenship, than the American Legion. One great and ever growing, increasing in influence as the years go by.

“And today this gift from a prominent citizen of this Community, known throughout Illinois and America will be dedicated. We are here upon this occasion to accept it and to dedicate it and we are proud.

“We could not meet on a day like this without having crowded into our minds the many memories, some of them sad. There are no doubt in this audience, and a great many

in this community, who in the sacrifice of the conflict lost loved ones that are not here. You remember the trying days of the war in America, and we have heard a great deal about the sacrifice of all, but there wasn't anybody not even the service man himself who sacrificed as much as the mothers of America. A service man's life might be taken, if he died he died one death, but the mother died for him every day and there is just one place in the newspaper that she would look at when it came in the morning, when it came at night. There was only one place when she picked up the paper that she would read, and she was afraid to read that, but she had to do it. And every night she offered a prayer and every morning she arose with hope and fear and she would get that paper and she was afraid to look but she could not look any other place. There might be a boy from a town that was near. She did not know him. She did not know his mother but tears would come into her eyes because that town was near the town from which her boy went.

"And is there anything more appropriate, is there any fight more fitting, is there anything any individual can do greater than to give such a gift. Is there anything that a community can do better than to meet on the Sabbath after Armistice Day to accept it and to dedicate it and to immortalize the names of those men—nothing better.

"We could add to it one thing and that would be a great resolution that in all the years to come, every man, woman, boy and girl, professional man, business man, laboring man and student, will see that this country is kept worthy of the sacrifice that these men made and then to see that no man or his wife or his child or his father or mother, that the relatives of no man who wore the uniform of his country, shall ever suffer in this land or under our flag. That is a great obligation that America owes to these men. There are many economies to be practiced. There are many problems to be solved, there is money to be saved, extravagance wiped out, but there is no economy that shows a less lack of vision and farsightedness than an economy that would make any Republic ungrateful to its defenders, that is a shortsighted and ultimately extravagant economy. That economy we do not need and we do not want in America.

## A TRIBUTE TO MCKINLEY.

"Another thought comes to me today. In January there will be a Sunday, I don't know the custom here, I know that in our church at home when we go on that day to worship as we leave the church we always have a carnation handed to us. We call it Carnation Sunday. It is the birthday of a great man. This man rose up from poverty and obscurity. His life, career and achievements showed the opportunities that symbolize America. He had been re-elected president of the United States, and in the beginning of his second term, he went down to Buffalo, N. Y., to preside at a great exposition where there were on display the products of the fields and factories of America, and in the address he gave he seemed inspired almost by almighty God, as he thanked him for this chosen land and its destined people and for the prosperity and peace of America and at the close of his address he went down to meet and greet the people as they passed by. Cotton planters from the south, cattlemen from the west and great powerful lumberjacks from the north-western states and finally there shuffled up to him a man who seemingly had his right hand bandaged as if it had been injured in some way. And this man put out his left hand and this great president of our republic took the man's left hand in his right, and then from underneath the bandage, with the revolver that was concealed, this man shot down the president of our country and this man would have been torn from limb to limb had not the president, even as he was dying, asked that they spare his life, and the mob obeyed the request of their dying leader as he uttered those words, comparable only to the words of the great Savior, 'Father forgive them for they know not what they do.' And they took the great leader of our country to the bed from which he never arose \* \* \*. His wife fainted when she heard the news of the death of that great president, true Christian and patriot, William McKinley. And I leave it to you, Men and Women who have today gathered here at a time of appreciation for services rendered, gathered here for the dedication of the Memorial that shall perpetuate the names of the men in this community who wore the uniform of our country. I leave it to you, who was the actual murderer and assassin of

William McKinley, the weak-minded man that pulled the trigger of the gun who shot him down or some anarchistic speaker who inflamed his mind with stories of fancied mongs.

"And while we have problems to solve and while murder should be wiped out and conditions that make unrest, these conditions should be treated. Yet we do not want in America any political lunatic and any wild eyed agitator that would raise the black flag of lawlessness or the red flag of anarchy above the Stars and Stripes of our own country. One of the things then today as well as the dedication of a memorial, as well as an appreciation for the past, there can be a high resolution and a strong determination that the people in civil life will co-operate with the men of the American Legion in keeping America a great place of constitutional liberty and representative Government. While not a pessimist myself, some people are and I think the reason is that they judge lives, from the front page of the newspaper. We do not look at life through our own eyes. We look at life through spectacles hung on us by others.

We look at the past through pages of history, and history omits nearly all of the bad and glorifies the good. We look at the front page of the big city papers and that omits all the good and exaggerates the bad. This is why the present seems much worse than the past but it is not worse, it is better.

"The world has been looking through the valley of the shadow but it is the dusk before the dawn of a better day as I read my history. As man struggles and aspires through the years, sometimes in the valley and in darkness and sometimes in bloodshed, yet this path that men walk, not knowing where they go and often not knowing why, winding as it is there is a spiral path and it ever winds a little higher and a little higher to loftier ground, and a better thing.

\* \* \* \* \*

"If you will permit me on this Sabbath afternoon, I will give you an interesting comparison of the lives of Jesus Christ, prophet of Galilee, divine Savior of the world, and Abraham Lincoln the rail splitting Prophet of Illinois, the human savior of this republic. Jesus Christ learned many of

life's problems in his father's carpenter shop. He was a man of sorrow, he was a savior, the divine savior of the world. The great day in his life came on Palm Sunday, when he entered Jerusalem in triumph and five days later on Good Friday was crucified. Abraham Lincoln was a rail splitter instead of a carpenter but he too came from poverty and from obscurity. He too was a man of sorrow, he also was a human savior and I believe his great day also came on Palm Sunday, April 9, 1865 when Lee surrendered at the Appomatox court house and five days later on Good Friday, Lincoln was assassinated. Some call this a coincident. You may call it what you will. Some call it a coincident but others call it God.

"Men and women of Fulton county, citizens of this great republic, I believe that this God of our fathers will guide our destined land and chosen people from out the darkness and misunderstandings and trials and all troubles. I believe that services such as this is, in towns such as this, where public gifts are made, that they will not be forgotten. I believe that such tributes as this indicate that America will not forget and that her sons will not neglect in all the years to come, and strive in every way to make it a better America and to make it worthy of all the sacrifice and heroism, and having that hope that is born anew in times like this, I believe that this great land of ours is destined, in the coming years to make even greater and grander and nobler contributions to the Christian civilization of the world.

REV. J. B. BARTLES, D. D.—INVOCATION.

"O God our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Our shelter from the stormy blast  
And our eternal home."

"To Thee, O God of nations, we come on this thine own day to thank Thee for Thy protecting care in all our nation's history. For thy leadings through dark days and troublous times.

"Thou did'st lead our forefathers through the Revolutionary days and by their sacrifices gave to us a free country. Thou did'st protect us through the days of the Rebellion and

our father's patriotism preserved our nation and gave to us a united people.

"We are met today, O Father, to hallow the memory of our loved ones—our brothers and sons—who laid down their lives upon the altar of patriotism in answer to their country's call, not only for our own land but for our brothers across the sea with that same spirit of devotion which has been manifested through all our history.

"We are grateful for so many of our boys whose lives have been spared and who are with us today but our hearts are sad as we think of the many who paid the last full measure of devotion spilling even their life's blood for others.

"It is in their memory we are met today. We would pray Thee O Father for the friends and loved ones of the fallen heroes—Be thou their comfort and stay. Our hearts again swell with sympathy as their names are brought before us on this special memorial occasion.

"Bless Thou the many who by their true patriotism, their generous gifts and loyal influence made it easier for our boys to go to the front and made it possible for our government to do the great work during the world war.

"Our coming together on this day is under peculiar circumstances made possible through the beneficence of our fellow citizen and his wife who are supplementing the many gifts of the past by the giving of this memorial in affectionate memory of those who going from us gave their lives as a supreme sacrifice and in future years when our children shall say, 'What mean ye by this monument?' the deeds of our boys shall be recounted.

"Bless we pray thee O Father, the donors of this splendid monument and may it turn our thoughts to channels of unselfishness, loyalty and true patriotism. We thank Thee for the many expressions of their good will and help in this community.

"We pray not only for our own community but the nation, yea, all nations of the earth, that a permanent peace may come through the Prince of Peace until war shall be no more and there shall be a glorious brotherhood of man.

"These petitions we ask and the forgiveness of sins in His name. Amen."

The names here printed, are those soldiers of Fulton County, Ill., who made the supreme sacrifice in foreign lands.

One hundred and ten of Fulton county's heroes in the World war laid down their lives for their country and their homes. Enrolled in lasting bronze on the monument dedicated to them in Jones park, their names are to ever stand before the people of the land emblematical of their heroic deeds and valor. The complete list follows, with the address of nearest relatives.

Name.	Nearest Relative.	Address.
Alward, John.....	Ben Alward.....	Lincoln, Ill. (Bro.)
Angel, Lester.....	Mrs. C. E. Williamson....	128 S. 8th Ave., City
Atherton, Ernest.....	Mrs. E. C. Atherton.....	Vermont
Aten, Milo V.....	Mrs. Ellen Aten, Astoria Care	Mrs. Mary Toler
Atwater, Ray Lawrence....	B. E. Atwater.....	Ipava, Ill.
Barker, Howard Luster....	R. J. Barker.....	Easton, Ill.
Bair, Claude.....	Wm. Bair .....	Astoria
Bates, Wm.....	June Deere Bates.....	Canton, Ill.
Batterton, Lewis.....	J. W. Batterton.....	Astoria
Barron, Ralph.....	Mrs. Matilda A. Barron.....	Glasford
Beatty, Amos.....	Mrs. Addie Vaugh .....	Ipava
Bradshaw, Laurance.....	J. W. Bradshaw.....	Cuba, Ill.
Brown, Ralph.....	J. L. Brown.....	Cuba
Brown, Ralph W.....	Wm. Brown .....	Vermont
Brown, Henry H.....	C. T. Brown.....	Vermont
Boyd, Edward.....	Mrs. Jennie Boyd.....	122 E. Ash, City
Barossi, Francisco.....	"Miner" Barrossi.....	Cranville, Ill.
Bishop, Ray.....	L. E. Bishop.....	Lewistown, Gen. Del.
Butler, Jesse.....	Mrs. Lottie Ackerson.....	Lewistown
Burgett, Paul.....	W. C. Burgett.....	502 Fulton St., Lewistown
Bump, Isaac B.....	Mrs. J. B. Bump.....	Canton R. R. No. 6
Burnside, Thomas.....	Wm. Burnside.....	714 S. 3rd Ave., City
Campbell, Edward.....	Eliza Campbell....	Cor. Locust and N. 2nd Ave.
Chatterton, Cornelius E....	W. A. Chatterton.....	Avon, Ill.
Clark, Sheldon A.....	Chas. Clark.....	E. Chestnut St., City
Carruthers, Bruce.....	Sam Carruthers.....	1007 S. 4th Ave., City
Crowther, O. C.....	Mrs. Louella Crowther..	363 Hipple St., Canton
Cyphers, Dwight.....	Chas. Cyphers.....	Fairview, Ill.
Danner, Boyd.....	Mrs. Ed. Spangler.....	Summum
Danner, Winter.....	Chas. Danner.....	Astoria
Dilts, Roy C.....	Mrs. J. Dilts.....	Farmington, Ill.
Ellis, Boyd.....	Mrs. J. Boyd Ellis.....	Canton
Elliott, John.....		
Ferguson, Ralph.....	Wm. Ferguson .....	Farmington
Foresman, Flemming.....		
Fryenhagen, Wm.....		
Gain, James Alva.....	Mr. and Mrs. Will A. Gain.....	Astoria
Gagliardo, Edward J.....	John Gagliardo .....	Farmington, Ill.
Godwin, Russell.....	A. B. Godwin.....	Bryant, Ill.
Gray, Jacob W.....	Mrs. Henry Gray .....	Cuba

Name.	Nearest Relative.	Address.
Girard, Earl.....	Mrs. Nelson Sprague.....	R. R. 6, City
Gustine, C. C.....	H. B. Gustine.....	City
Harris, Wm. H., Jr.....	Mrs. Roy Smith.....	Marietta, Ill.
Harrison, Ray P.....	Jos. R. Harrison.....	Columbia City, Md.
Holmes, Chas.....	Mrs. Martha Holmes.....	Ipava
Hoke, Martin.....	Wm. Hoke.....	Ipava
Howat, Keith.....	Chas. Slocum.....	Canton, Ill.
Heaton, Cleitus.....	Douglas Heaton.....	Vermont, Ill.
Hilltrop, Albert.....	John Hilltrop.....	London Mills, Ill.
Havermale, Roy N.....	Mrs. Havermale.....	W. Maple St., City
Hoopes, Harold C.....	John Hoopes.....	Ipava, Ill.
Hunter, Carl.....	Mrs. Ora Johnson Hunter.....	Table Grove, Ill.
James, Lenton.....	David James.....	City
Johnson, Everett O.....	Mrs. Bert Johnson.....	City
Johnson, Gilbert.....	Joe Johnson.....	Viola, Ill.
Johnson, Roscoe L.....	R. S. Johnson.....	Canton, W. Pine St.
Keltner, James C.....	Miss Margaret Keltner.....	Ottumwa, Ia.
McMahon, Clarence.....	J. W. McMahon.....	Canton
McKinley, Roscoe.....	Mrs. E. L. Ramsay.....	307 S. Ave, City
Main, Albert.....	Mrs. Frank Main.....	Lewistown, R. R.
Mendenhall, Harvey.....		
Moore, Harry R.....	Mrs. Leola B. Moore.....	City
Maxwell, Ernest.....	Earl Maxwell.....	Dumfermline, Ill.
Moore, Chas. T.....	Richard Moore.....	Dumfermline
Moats, Paul.....	Harvey Moats.....	Ellisville, Ill.
Markley, Paul J.....	Frank Markley.....	Lewistown, R. R.
Morgan, Ralph.....	A. D. Morgan.....	Lewistown, R. R.
Nelson, Harry L.....	D. C. Nelson.....	Alhambra, Calif.
Neuaker, William.....		
Nibbelin, Ralph.....	Swan Nibbelin.....	Brereton, Ill.
Oren, S. L.....	Dr. Sam Oren.....	Lewistown, Ill.
Quillen, Maurice P.....	Wm. Quillen.....	Smithfield, R. R.
Parker, Alonzo B.....	A. L. Parker.....	Astoria, R. R. 4
Perkhiser, Lee.....		
Pilcher, Guy.....	W. A. Bobo.....	Cuba, Ill.
Phillips, Halley A.....	Mrs. Mary Phillips.....	Canton, R. R.
Phillips, Harry W.....		
Palmieri, Angelo.....		
Miller, Roy.....	John Miller.....	Fairview, Ill.
Prebianca, Alpino.....	John Prebianca.....	542 S. 6th Ave., City
Randall, Walter.....	Mrs. Thos. Slack.....	Lewistown
Rosequist, Carl O.....		
Rankin, Carol.....	Mrs. M. A. Rankin.....	Vermont
Ralston, Wm.....	Wm. Ralston.....	Vermont
Roth, Teddy.....	Mrs. F. A. Roth.....	Ellisville, Ill.
Stockham, John.....	Geo. Stockham.....	Lewistown
Schafer, Albert.....	Jacob Schafer.....	Ellisville
Shaw, Archie.....	Mrs. L. R. Atwater.....	Ipava, Ill.
Seaton, Raymond E.....	Mrs. Steve Johnson.....	E. Elm St., City
Saunders, O. C.....	Mrs. Mary J. Saunders.....	Canton
Sheets, Carl M.....	D. M. Sheets.....	Lewistown
Slater, Chas.....	Geo. Slater.....	Duncan Mills
Smith, Russell R.....	W. P. Smith.....	Cuba

Name.	Nearest Relative.	Address.
Smith, Wm. Herman.....	Mrs. Rosa Smith.....	Farmington
Scovill, Wm. C.....	LeRoy Scovill .....	Farmington
Saunders, Augustus H.....	A. L. Saunders.....	Canton, Ill.
Smith, Oliver.....	Mrs. Alice Conover.....	Rapatee
Sullivan, Arthur.....	Rev. J. T. Sullivan.....	Lewistown
Taylor, Lee A.....	Mrs. Alice Conover.....	Rapatee, Gen. Del.
Thomas, Frank Dr.....	David Thomas.....	734 1st Ave., City
Thomas, Clarence.....	Mrs. Susan Thomas.....	Lewistown, R. R.
Turl, Geo. F.....	Geo. A. Turl.....	810 E. Elm St., City
Tingley, Wendell L.....	Mrs. Stella Tingley .....	Vermont
Voorhees, Harold B.....	Mrs. Aaron Voorhees.....	Fairview, Ill.
Waughtel, Doyle.....	Martin M. Waughtel.....	Smithfield
Weston, Jesse.....		
Wise, Guy.....	Mrs. Margaret Robinson.....	Ipava
White, Arthur.....	James White .....	Bernadotte
Waltz, Glenn.....	Geo. A. Waltz.....	Canton, R. R.
Walker, Wm.....	J. A. Walker.....	Marietta
Webb, Archie.....	Lucius Webb .....	Canton
Wertman, Paul.....	Mrs. Flossie Wertman .....	Canton
Yingling, Wm.....	Mrs. Florence Yingling....	Westminister, Md.

### REVERENTLY THEY STOOD.

In '17 and '18, they marched gloriously away, to fight a world's battle for right; their roll was complete, not a comrade was missing, as they went on their way; thousands came back, but a hundred and ten were left behind, the toll of the demon War, a sacrifice for their country—the soldiers of Fulton county. In the mists of the day, the elements shrouding the earth, the living stood silent, and watched the unveiling of a monument, that perpetuates the memory of the fallen lads, the buddies of the man of today. None the less great was the part they played, none the less honor their due. And now, carrying on for civilization in peace as in war for the great living numbers of America's best, a few are privileged to do homage to those who are gone, and renew obligations of manhood. Standing, in uniform, garbed with the right of domain, these men, pledged, their ex-service comrades to new fights and the winning of fresh laurels—but in peace, not war: A. B. Gearon, commander of Canton post of the American Legion, L. F. Weller, C. L. Patterson, Carl Parker, George Rentschler, Raymond Young, L. E. Webb, D. Fowler, C. H. Hippler, Guy Williams, Dan Williams, Ed. Robinson, Rollie Lindbloom, Ed. Sexton, Clyde Threw, Vern Suydam, G. E. Grinnell, Ralph Smith, Earl Jones, Frank Flaherty, George Walker, Ruben Bobo and R. K. Moody.

## CIVIL WAR DIARY OF PATRICK H. WHITE.

CONTRIBUTED BY J. E. BOOS.

Mrs. Jessie Palmer Weber.

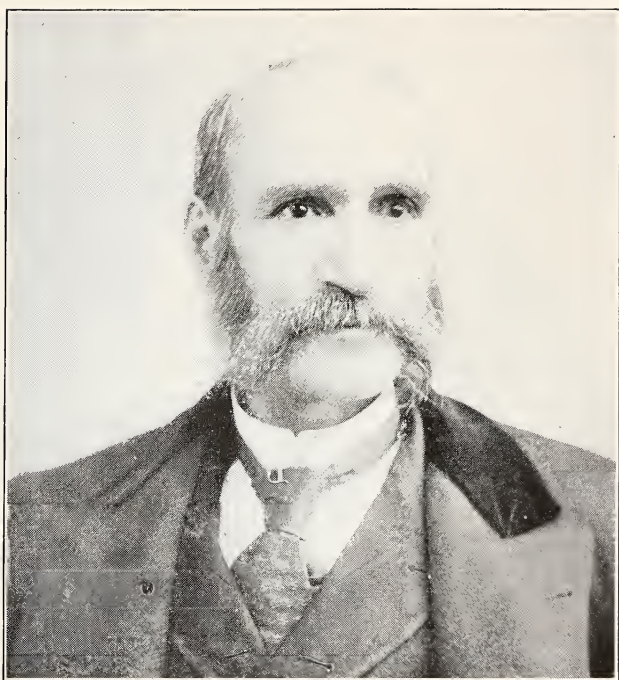
Dear Friend: Cushings Immortal Battery won undying fame when Picketts' Gray line charged to and almost over its guns at Gettysburg and the Chicago Mercantile Battery became no less famous during the siege that compelled the fall of Vicksburg. It was a rich man's Battery with a poor man Captain, but those sons of the merchants of the Windy City took no heed of Pat White's earthly possessions, and he cared little about theirs, but, with his remarkable military ability made it one of the notable organizations of the Civil War.

Patrick H. White was born in Sligo, Ireland, in June, 1833, and when very young was taken to Fredericktown, New Brunswick, where he lived until he became a young man, when he moved to Chicago. He soon joined a military company and in September, 1861, enlisted as a second lieutenant in Taylor's Battery. He later became First Lieutenant in temporary command, and his exceptional record caused General Grant to commission him Captain of the other Chicago Battery, the Mercantile.

With 5 others he was granted the Congressional Medal of Honor, for conspicuous heroism at Vicksburg, May 22, 1863.

He was captured in battle in the spring of 1864, and held a prisoner at Tyler, Texas, for 13 months. He returned to Chicago broken in health but after careful nursing he again became the strong, well formed, six footer of early war days.

He later came to Albany where he raised a family, one of his daughters being the sweetheart of James Whitcomb Riley, Indiana's beloved poet. The last 20 years of his life was spent as an orderly in the State Comptroller's office and he worked to within a short time of his death which occurred November 25, 1915.



CAPTAIN PATRICK WHITE.

*Patrick H. White*



Captain White was a fine looking man, more than six feet tall, erect, quick on his feet, a sharp, penetrating eye, in appearance a soldier, until his 80th year when his shoulders began to stoop, the step to halt and the spirit to weaken.

His old sword, pistol, military coat and hat, and his Medal of Honor are now on exhibition in the rotunda of the New York State Education Building at Albany, the old military relics exhibited in the beautiful home of learning. They were presented by Miss Kate White (now residing at 158 Clinton Ave., Albany, N. Y.) to the State Board of Regents in 1918, the presentation speech being made by a young sailor of the U. S. S. Transport George Washington, George Eckhardt.

I hope this will be enough for your purpose, but if not, I will be glad to help you in any way I can to procure what you desire. Miss White gave me everything of her father's and I tried to place the material where it would be preserved. She still has separate war portraits of the members of her father's battery and if you care to have them I know she will be willing to part with them.

Would I dare to ask for two copies of the Journal, one for myself and one for Miss White? I wrote up a short life of Captain White which I had typewritten and had bound in half leather which I now have in my library.

Yours truly,

J. E. Boos,

10 Lexington Ave., Albany, N. Y.

**\*WAR DIARY OF PATRICK H. WHITE.**

In 1861 I was a member of a Light Battery in Chicago and I had quite a local reputation as "A Number One" on the gun. The battery used to fire salutes on all occasions and no matter where or what I would be doing I had to report and often they would send a carriage for me. When the war broke out this battery volunteered, and most of the members enlisted. My sister said: "you can't go now as our Mother has lately died; and my marriage will leave the younger portion of our family scattered."

I told her I would be ashamed to walk the streets. I finally had to promise her I would not go then. The battery

\* The spelling and punctuation of the Diary have been followed as written in the original diary.

left for Cairo one Sunday about the last of April, 1861. You can imagine how I felt when I did not go to see them off. And when I had to go to the city on business I used to take the back streets, and that was no joke in those days. One day on my way home I stoped into a little notion store kept by a young girl, the talk was of course about the war as that was all the talk then finally she said "there are so many young men that used to belong to militia, who will not go but have hid their uniforms and themselves too." I thought to myself I wished I had not come in here but kept to the back streets. I felt very blue and kept shady for 2 weeks. I could stand it no longer one night I happened to go towards the armory when I saw the place all lit up and about 100 young men drilling on a 6 pounder gun, as I went in some of them knew me. so I drilled this company and it was organized as Battery B 1st Ill. light Art., and I was commissiond as 2d Lieut. And we left for Cairo on the 4 of June, 1861, the same day that Stephen A. Douglas died.

We were at Birds Point all summer drilling and building breastworks. Genl. Grant was in command of the department. I was detached with a section and sent to Paducah under C. F. Smith, that was the first time I felt the importance and the responsibility of my position, nothing happened worth relating except that I was camped near a whisky distillery, which was all nailed up. One day while I was drilling the section I noticed 3 or 4 men were drunk. I knew that there was not enough money all told with us to make one man drunk. I did not say anything to them but I thought I would investigate and find out where they got the liquor. My suspicion was that they broke into the distillery. I examined the building but all seemed secure. One of the men told me that in the middle of the night they got a long rope and tied one end of it around the body of one man and lowered him down the smoke stack, he filed a dymojohn and thats the way the got the liquor.

I wish now to tell a horse story. I wrote to Capt. Taylor to send me a few spare horses in case I should need them. he sent two and one of them was a notorious bucker in fact he was no good he would not work in the traces nor allow any one to ride him, one day on drill on the way home to camp in

pasing a sergeant I crowded him to close so that the wheele of the gun injured his horse and made him lame. I reed an order from Genl Smith to man my guns at 12 o'clock at night to hold the bridge in my front, the Sergeant said to me what will I do for a horse why "take that dam bucker. I have tried him said he and he wont budge, he stands as still as a statue. I munted him and tightened the bridle and secured my feet in the stirups, and made a motion for him to move on. "no" move would he make then I gave him a toctch of the spurs, not a move, then I gave him a hard dig with my heels that was enough, he crooked his spine and through me over his head, and I landed on my feet about 10 feet beyond. I was mad enough to shoot him and to see him look at me with his ears thrown back and mouth open showing his teath, but his sins found him out. after the fall of Donelson, we turned him loose the 11th Ill Inft. found him and were playing circus with him. As fast as any would mount him he would through them off. well he got tyred of that so he changed the programe and tried to crush them by falling on them in doing so he over balanced himself, and got empaled on a sapling that was sent by a common ball.

I was ordered back to Cairo the Capt of the steamboat and I disagreed I thought and I knew he was imposing on my men I could not stand that, it looked at one time that we would come to blows. we thought he was a rebel but later on we were the best of friends and that he was a good union man. At the battle of Belmont when the troops were disembarked off his boat, like John Burns at Gettysburg he took his musket and fought all day.

About the midle of Oct 1861 an order came from Genl Grant to detale one section to report to Col Plumer at Cape Girardeau to make up a force to act in conjunction with another force from Pilot Knob mo. under Col Murphy of the 8th Wis Inft the same Col Murphy whom Genl Grant dismissed later on for his mismanagement at Holly Springs Miss.

The object of this expidition was to fight the notorious Jeff Thomson or to drive him out of south west Mo. I was again detailed for this service. We were to join forces at a little town called Fredericktown situated on part of the Iron

mountain range, we marched for 4 days and the night before we reached the offersaid town I told my men we are to penetrate into the enemies country to get out their fiction primers and air them before their fires; it was well I did so as it poured next day.

I wish to relate here what gave me the most trouble on this march. I never had the same experience afterwards, the road we traveled on was a hard gravelly one, it was nearly all up and down grade my horses were not well shod the action of climbing up and sliding down wore the shoes of the horses and exposed their feet to the hard gravel which made them go lame.

On the morning of Oct 21 we reached the little town and were halted while our commander Col. Plumer went to have a consultation with Col Murphy who had reached the town at 8 o'clock that morning it was 12 noon when we arrived.

While waiting order we learned that Jeff Thomson was here the day before and had left for Greenville, south, when he herd of the forces sent after him. We were told afterward the outcome of the consultation of the two commanders. Col Murphy was inclined to return from where he came to Pilot Knob as the enemy had left. Col Plumer said I will follow Jeff Thomson at least 10 miles, you can do as you please. When the order was given to march the bands playing we noticed as we were passing through the Vilage the smouldering fires left by the enemy the day before we hadent gone but a short way when Capt Stewart of the Cavalry came riding back saying the enemy is in front in ambush. In The advance of our collum the 17th Ill. Inft. com'd by Col Ross my section next followed by the 20th Ill. with Col C. G. Marsh, the 17th filed to the left of the road and I planted my guns one in the middle of the road the other to the left in a wheat field and on the right of the 17th Ill. Inft. the 20th formed on my right, my recolections of the battle field are. "The ground sloped to a ravine and from our position to the bottom was all a wheat field then the ground arose again in a gentle slope clear of timber to the top of the next ridge the edge of the latter coverd with timber, from our position to the apex of the other was about 7 hundred yards.

At the botom of the ravine was posted a Rebel brigade commanded by Col Low, they had laid a trap for us. By chance I saw a cannon on the other hill, so I opened fire on it they did not answer my first shot nor the second from my other gun, then it was that Col Plumer came riding up to me saying in a sharp tone "what are you firing at. At the enemy I said, there are none there said he, with that the rebels returned the fire. One of Col Low's men accidentally discharged his musket which exposed them, then our Infantry opened on them and drove them out of the ravine and they soon retreated up the open field where they were exposed to the fire of our six pounders. This was the time that our guns done good service we used shrapnell with time fuse cut so as to explode short of the object fired at. At every discharge whole swaths would be mowed down, and when the infantry would see the effects of our shots would give us cheer upon cheer. When we were partly engaged Genl Schofield who was then a major of artillery arived whith his battery and took part in the scrimmage he comlymented us and told me who he was—at west Pointe etc.

We captured about 300 prisoners the whole army had a good laugh at the remark or what the prisoner said about the spericle (spherical) case shot they saw we could stand sound shot and canester but when we through roten shot at them that was was to much, they could not stand that. This is an actual fact. Our little Army was so proud of the services my section done this day nothing would do but I must camp with them and they formed a square around us. That same night Col. Plumer sent for me. When a reported, after shaking hands he said: "Lieut I never will again say aught against Volunteers. I saw service in the Mexican War but I must say I never saw guns better handled", and in his report to Genl Grant he did comlyment us highly.

Then he asked me to take charge of two Doctors who came into our lines under a flag of truce to get the body of Col Low. That was the first time I saw the havock of a battle field, nor can I describe it now. We grooped amongst the dead and dying with pine torches. The ages had all ready made sad havock by disembowding the dead. The flicking of our torches—old rotten trees burning—the hogs feasting—it was a grewsome sight.

We returned to Birds Point and on the night of November 6th, our battery, with other troop, embarked on transports to drive the rebels out of Belmont, Mo., as they had formed there oposite Columbus, Ky., the forces there were commanded by Genl Polk. We disembarked on the morning of the 7th at a place called Lucus Bend, as fast as the troops were disembarked they urged to the front and soon we could hear the skirmishers engaged while we were unloading our battery. We were shelled from Columbus. When our troop were well engaged, an order came to Capt. Taylor to send a section to the front, again I was chosen. I must say here, at the battle of Fredericktown I was into action before I had time to think but this time I knew what to expect. I noticed our own dead who had dyed in the full flush of health, had turned black and we had to move them so as not to crush them with our cannon wheels. I will frankly say to you the thoughts that came to my mind then were: this may be my last day and I may see my mother before night. I took my sword and pushed on to the front and took my position to the left of the 31st Ill., commanded by Col. John A. Logan. This right moved farther to the right to cover some point exposed, but left one company to support me. The rebels brought Watsons battery of New Orleans to engage me at point blank range. I told my men to cover themselves the best they could and to fire low and to fire direct at their flash. The rebels shot high and after their discharge my men would shake the limbs and branches off themselves. I kept repeating to fire low and to cover themselves; they said "Lieut. why don't you protect your self?" In the excitement I had not noticed that I was unsupported, as the company left by Logan had gone. I sent word to him and he came back with them himself and exprest himself not in polite language commanding them not to leave me again. To be brief, we made short work of Watsons battery, we blew the heads off some of their drivers and we learned afterwards that the horses of two of their limbs ran away and were lost in the Mississippi river. About this time another section of the battery joined me. Soon the order came to advance with our 4 guns as we had driven the enemy from his entrenched position. I was hard presed to find my way

through the thick timber and fallen trees but I managed to get through finally and opened in their camp streets and followed them to the bank of the river and captured some prisoners but most of them got on their boats and crossed over to Columbus. We threw some shells over into Columbus with our little guns. While doing this I happened to see two steamboats on the Ky. shore loaded with troops about to land at a point below the town. We turned our guns on them and were firing round shot into their hulls but with no effect. I told the gunners to elevate their pieces and use shell. That had the desired effect and they backed down the river again.

I learned afterwards from Col Doerthy (Col. Henry Dougherty) of the 22d Ill., who was taken prisoner at this battle, that our guns made sad havock with the cabins of these two steamers and the tabels set for dinner were disarranged and things smashed generally. The Col. also said that Bishop Polk complayment the battery and wanted to know its name he said, we took all the conceit out of theirs. About 2 P. M. we all felt happy as we had defeated the enemy and drove him from his entrenched position, but it was a short lived pleasure. I heard an officer say to a Col what will we do with the plunder and the tents, "why burn them," he said. While the men were engaged at this work the alarm was given that we were surrounded, which proved to be true. It seemed while we were rejoicing at our victory and plundering, the enemy was sending troops across from Columbus around the bend of the river to cut us off from our boats and in fact had a line of troops in our rear and across the south we came in. In fact we had changed fronts, they had the ground we occupied in the morning.

We were demoralized! Officers would call to their men to fall in but the men would pay no attention. Every man was trying to save himself, some would throw down their arms and part of a regiment would take one rout and the other part start another way. *Some one said to me*, I think it one of the battery," Lieut., I answered, "We'll fight thile there is a shot in the limbers." I saw our only escape was the way we came, so we limber up. Then the big guns from Columbus opend fire on us by throwing Grape shot. I remember hearing the castings which held the shot together pasing over our

drivers. We had not gone but a short way when we saw their line of battle in our front. We unlimbered and opened on them with double shot and shell on top the conster, they could not stand that, so their lines broke; then we limbered up and pushed on and I remember unlimbering again to give them another discharge when a staff officer called to me to hasten and get out.

The Count De Paris gives a vivid description of this part of the action of our battery he said that when I reached the ground we drove them off. I opened on them again. In retreating we captured 2 of their guns. As we reached the place of embarkation our men were busy loading the guns and baggage as I came to the landing I asked for a drink of water as my lips was parched, the plug came out of my canteen, and I was tired and faint. I was nearly the last getting out. I knew the rebels were after us so I placed a gun to protect us while loading. Lieut Barrett came up from the boat and said run this gun aboard, I called out, "don't stir that gun yet." Well, when all was aboard except this gun, the enemy came for us with a yell, so we gave them its contents and then ran it aboard and then used two guns on them from the bow of the boat.

The deck hands cut the hawzer with an axe and we backed out into the river, the engineer lost his head and severed his engine and steamed down stream a short way. The Gunboats Tylor and Sexton steamed up to the bank and opened fire on the rebels. They hid behind a baggage waggon on the bank loaded with hay, the rebels got behind it for protection but the gunboats knocked it to splinters.

We returned to camp at Birds Point. It was quite a sight to see our limber chest riddled with bullet holes.

That night it was reported in Chicago that I was killed at Belmont. This report was started by my colored boy. One of the gunner, named Geo. Q. White, lost his arm and in the excitement he rushed in to sponge his gun he thought when he heard the report of the other gun it was his, so just as he entered his (mss. torn) sprint at the musel no 4 pulled the trigger and he lost his right arm. I remember him holding up the stump saying, "Oh Lieut., I can't help you." I told him to get behind a tree and my intention was to care for him

when I got through. The poor fellow walked back to the landing and after he got well, we went to Washington and told his story to the President and Mr. Lincoln commissioned him A. Q. M. My boy thought that it was me, then he took my spare horse and rode back to Birds Point. For 2 or 3 weeks after this affair when I would here a shot fired I would shiver all over.

In Feb. 1862, Genl Grant's command started on the Fort Henry and Donelson campaign with gunboats under Commodore Foote, so we sailed up the Ohio and into the Tenn river. We landed about 4 miles below Fort Henry and laid there for a day and a night until the rest of the forces joined us from Paducah. The day we started, the gunboats engaged the water batteries of the Fort and we pushed on so as intercept them as they would try to escape to Fort Donelson, but we had not got half way when Genl Grant told us that Foote had captured the place.

The gunboats made sad havock with the enemies works, the shells from the gunboats would enter their casemated fort and explode, it was a terrible sight, the mangled bodies, arms and legs and brains scaterd all around.

On the 11th, orders came for our division, commanded by Genl John A McClernand to start for Fort Donelson on the Cumberland river, we camped that night in the snow, we had no tents nor baggage nor rations except what we could carry in haversacks. I tried to find a dry spot to spread my blanket, but there was no choice but to scrape away the snow with the thoughts this night may be my last.

On the 12 we moved on with orders to halt at a distance of two miles from the Fort. The other divisions got the same orders so as to form a continuous line with the other wing. The distance between the two Forts was but 12 miles. No obsticale was opposed to our march although nothing would have been easier than to prepare obstructions. Donelson was one of the strongest works then established in the entire theatre of war; it was situated on the west bank of the Cumberland River on a peculiar and inaccessible series of hills. Every advantage had been taken of the character of the ground, the timber had been felled far out in advance of the breastwerks, the smaller trees chopped till they stod about

breast high. The streamlets, gullies and ravines added to the strength of the place, and batteries were posted on commanding heights. The Rebels appreciated the importance of this position and strained every nerve to retain it.

About noon of the 12th the reb pickets were driven in and we gradually approached to their works. Genl John A. McClernand had the right of the line of which our battery was part. By the night of the 13th our lines were nearly established and the battery possession was on a bald ridge perfectly exposed on the hights above us. We engaged there with will. They opened on us from their right left and center and keped it up until dark. That night the weather became intensely cold, and the troops who were mostly raw and not yet inured to the hardships of war sufferd in consequence they were obliged to bivouac in line of battle and with arms in their hands for they lay within range of the enemy muskets. Oh such a night our battery boys had and our poor horses no food and we could build no fires as that would draw the rebel fire on us we had no tents and towards morning a driven storm of snow had set in, and incesent fireing was kept up by the rebels pickets all night, the groans of the wounded who lay between the two armies and calling for water and help were heard all night through the storm.

At midnight I noticed some of the men who had blankets lying on the ground completely covered with snow and you would think they were dead if it was not for their breath like little puffs of steam. We had nearly expended all our amunition as we kept up a constant cannonade, there was so many opposed to us that we had to divide ours to answer theirs which raked us in front and (mss. torn) us right and left.

A gunner by the name of Flusky was sighting his gun when a round sheet passed by his head the (mss. torn) of projectile knocked him stiff on the ground his comrads picked him up and carried him to the rear and laid him behind a tree when they returned to their posts they said "Fluskey is dead". "No, I am not", said he, returning back to his place. We were runing short of amunition and a man by the name of John Herrick volunteered to go to Fort Henry at midnight in sleet and snow for a load, he did so and returned back near evening with a suply, and while unloading it for distribution

a nearly spent shell from the enemy batteries struck the ground a short way and bounded into his wagon with its fuse still burning. he picked it up with his hands and threw it down the ravine saying at the same time "we have enough without you".

This day our troops changed their breastworks we had to cease firing so as not to injure our own men. I wish I could give a proper description of it. Our troops changed in line and when within about 200 feet the rebels opened fire and you could see the ranks of our men thinning some of them reached the breastworks but could go no farther on account of the sharp saplines sticking out of their works. Our men retreated after dark and left the wounded on the ground. We could hear their cries all night and to make matters worse some were burned by the burning of the dead leaves and crust.

About noon of the 14 of Feb we moved down the ravine to feed our horses, as we started to return to our old position, Genl McArthur's brigade came down the road we were to pass they were going to the extreme right to cover the ground from the right of our division to the river when the rebels' cannoniers opened a brisk fire. The night of the 14th and the morning the 15 I never will forget. It was 11 O'clock before we got to our old place on the bald ridge one of our Lieuts. was wounded and I had to see to his section. A furious storm of sleet and snow set in. The Captain, Taylor and I crawled into a baggage wagon for protection we could not sleep it was so cold, in a short time we had to get out as there was a false alarm, caused by the icicles forming on the scrub oak trees throwing off by the wind, and the enemy thought we were charging their works so they opened fire all along their lines, in a short time our cloths were frozen on our backs. I remember sitting under a tree the rest of the night chilled to the bone.

At early dawn on the morning of Saturday the 15th the rebels massing heavily on their own left came out of their work and made a fierce assault on the right of our line they drove McArthur's thin line back on ours, McClernand's Div. The men fought stubbornly and maintained the struggle for hours. Late in the afternoon Genl Lewis Wallace came to our support, but we lost the ground we occupied in the morning. you can imagine the condition we were in at the close of the

day fighting all day on emty stomachs not even a cup of coffie. But we made fires and coffie that night. With the determination to fight next day. But in the morning word came that the place would surrender. I will frankly say here that "when the report came I felt very indifferant I was so compleatly used up."

After the fall of Donelson our command marched to Savanna on the Tenn. river 9 miles blow Pittsburg landing, from there we moved to Pitts. landing, and camped in an open field about 6 hundred yards in rear of Shiloh Church. As far as I know our objective point was Corinth Miss. 19 miles away, we did not expect to fight here as we made no preparations of any kind only drilling the raw troops.

I always thought it very straining that our Generals did not throw up a little breastworks in our front, from snake creek on the north and Lick Creek on the south, which ran almost at right angles with the Tennessee, and emty into it about three miles apart. These were the right and left defences of our lines.

On Saturday the 5th I was detailed on a court martial and we had adjourned over until Monday. we were standing in a group when some one made the remark we will have a fight before monday.

Just then I saw Col. Stewart passing, the same man that saved us from an ambush at Fredericktown, Mo. I asked him what he thought of it, he said that he just returned from scouting and had been out side of our lines seven miles to the river and havent seen any signs of an enemy.

But sure enough the circus opened at dawn Sunday morning. As luck would have it our horses were harnest for the sunday morning inspection, when the enemies bullets came whistling through our tents. I jumped from my cot as I was not well I hadent recovered from the effects of Donelson. I roled up my blankets and called for my horse. then it was that Capt Barrett asked me to take the advance. I did so and unlimbered to the right of Shiloh Church and about 150 yards from Owl Creek, from the Church to the creek the ground sloped and partly down this slope I planted the guns. It was well I did so as it proved afterwards.

The Battery was supported by raw troops why the new troops were put in the extreme advance I think was a great mistake, some even came to the field without cartridges, of course their breaking as they did gave the enemy confidence early in the day, which inspired them for after effects. As soon as we unlimbered we loaded with (mss. torn) beyond owl creek to the crest of another ridge there was an open space we saw a line of troops marching with their flank towards us. The men held the lanyards ready to fire but we were not sure whether they were our own or the enemy. Just then Genl Sherman called out dont fire those are our own men, at that moment they wheeled into line when we saw the rebel flag the 11th La. Tigers. Then we gave them the contents of our guns. I called to the men to double shot their pieces. at the second discharge 3 of their field officers horse's came into our line. After our first discharge they gave us a volley which passed over our heads, and our next was more effective as it was at point blank range with the muszles depressed. we killed near 400 of them, as that part of the ground was not fought over afterwards and the bodys was counted by the detail who entered them. Their object was to cross our creek, but I am proud to say they did not do so then. On the crest of the ridge in the Tigers near the Washington Light Artillery was posted and opened on us but they shot high the reason they did so, as our smoke ascended they thought we were nearer to the top, so their shots passed over us.

The 77th Ohio was on my left and rear but as soon as the battle opened they ran like sheep threw away their guns and did not stop until they reached the landing.

In a short time I knew that it was time to retreat as we saw our troop falling bad on the right and left. I was preparing to do so when an order came from Genl Sherman to retire immediately, told the drivers to lie down on their saddles. And it was then I discovered that we got out in time, as our first lines were driven back. Our division formed a new line in an open field. Here we had an Artillery duel with the Washington battery of New Orleans. As the whole of our battery was together I temporarily took a section a little ways to the right just beyond a little grove where there was a large open field the rebels were crossing said field, regiment

after regiment marching in as good order as on dress parade. We opened on them and when they would see the flash they would lay down and would repeat it at every discharge we rejoined the rest of the battery and in a short time after my horse was killed, and strange to say I had 16 or 17 bullets holes in my clothes but not a scratch on my person.

The coolest man I saw that day was Genl Sherman I noticed he was bleeding from a slite wound but giving order to (mss. torn).

I think there must have been a dozen the way the projectiles flew. I decided discrestion was best, so I got behind the biggest tree I could find. About 3 Oclock PM I saw Genl Grant bringing a new regt up from the Landing. I remember the remark he made to them when he placed them in position: "now boys pitch in". It was reported that this was the hour he arrived on the field.

We were driven back to the Landing at the close of the day when a cold rain came on, so you can imagine the hardships.

It was a matter of history that on Tuesday we defeated the rebels, and that night we camped on our old ground. It was a terrible sight to see this battle ground. Some of the wounded rebels crawled into our tents and died there. I saw one of our boys go into his tent and roll a dead man off his blanket and cooly go to sleep by the side of the dead body.

I never saw so many sick men as there were at this battle—in fact everyone wanted to go to the hospital. Capt. Clapp A. Q. M. of the 8th Mo. Inf. did good service that Monday. He was stationed at Crump's landing, six miles below Shiloh. the sick men used to come to Landing to get our boats for the hospital at Savanna. "All right boys, get aboard" he would say and then he would load the steamers to the (mss. torn) with would be sick men; then give the Capt. of the boat the signal when the boat would steam up to Pittsburg Landing where officers would form them into squads and send them to the front. This was kept up the two days.

After this battle I was completely run down from the effects of Donelson. In fact I was sick all through the battle but the excitement kept me up. I too would like to have gone to Crumps Landing.

I applied for a leave of absence for 20 days. When I arrived home my sister said to me "why your coat is full of bullet holes" I took it off and hung it up. "Yes and your pants all rent behind too". I told her after I got a little sleep I would go to my Tailors and order a new suit. In a little while the neighbors came in to see me. My sister of course was showing them my coat. "And here are more bullet holes", turning me over as I laid on the lounge to keep that part covered.

Some of our great Generals have denied that the battle of Shiloh was a surprise. I claim no one no matter how exalted or high his position in life, has the right to deny an actual fact. The idea of men shot in their beds and regiments preparing for dress parade on the eve of this great battle.

I will repeat again, it was gross carelessness. A little earth works thrown up would have given our raw troop more confidence.

From Shiloh we moved on Corinth and as it is well known and here we used spades enough. And I for one was glad when I threw my blankets on the ground for the night to see about twenty feet from me a line of candles stuck in the ground and a detail ready to dig trenches. I slept more secure.

I will pass over the siege of Corinth as one day was like another. After we left Corinth our Division, Genl Sherman's command, took up the line of march toward Memphis on the Mississippi. The first day out from Corinth was a very hot one. A Wisconsin brigade had the advance and attached to it was Captain Silverspares battery. At noon the comand halted for a short rest. Genl Sherman and Staff was in the rear, the delay was so long that he let us push on to the front, he said to his staff, to see what was the matter.

The Genl soon discovered the cause. In a valley completely shaded by trees was a cool stream of water which formed a little lake. He found the battery unhitched in the road and the Capt and his men all in bathing. Genl Sherman was furious and called the Capt. to account. "Well," said the Capt., "the day is so hot and it is so nice and cool here, me and my men thought we would take a bath." "You are

dam selfish, you ought to have sent us word so we could have one also," was the Genl reply.

On the 25th day of December, 1862, we loaded our battery on the Steamer, City of Memphis. On the 26 we were on our way up the Yazoo river, and landed late in the afternoon. After dark we began to unload, and got through at 3 A. M. of the 27th. The reason it took us so long was that our wagons, cassons and gun carriages were most all taken to pieces and put in the hold. We marched on the 27th and could hear heavey artillery firing on our left, but we saw no fighting and took no part in it. After dark we started with a guide; got lost and were fired on by our own men, who took us for rebels. A party was sent out to see what the trouble was, and it was soon fixed up and firing stopped.

Then we advanced over holes, on stumps and against trees. The teams were going between trees and the gun refusing to follow, we hauld the guns around, limbered up and went ahead, only to find ourselves lost again. A scout was sent out and after half an hour we advanced again, and found what was called our brigade, and were put in line of battle, so near the rebels that we could see them quite plainly at their picket fires. We had orders to advance our guns by hand and to make no noise, to the edge of Chickasaw Bayou and to be careful to remove all the brush as the cracking of twigs would alarm the rebels. I think it was the darkist night I ever saw, we got as near the Bayou as we dared, when we loaded with spherical case, and cut the fuse as close as possible, our men were soon ready and the fight began. If ever you saw fire put out, those rebs. did it. In a second not a spark could be seen as all our guns was pointed at the picket fire. I threw myself behind a tree and laughed heartly at the idea of our stealing on them at dead of night. All at once 6 guns opening on them. The firing was kept up some time without answering but after a while there was a flash and then the shot came tearing through the tops of the trees. Every gun was pointed at the flash. We fired a while longer, and as the mist of the morning cleared away, we could see less than a half mile away in front of us a high line of hills, and on these hills was the gun that made the flash. Our 6 pounders could not be affective, so we moved back out of

reach and a siege battery took our place. I remember an incident of our friend John Herrick, the same Herrick that did such good work at Fort Donelson by going to fort Henry for a load of amunition. John was putting a bridle on one of his mules when he put his foot down on John's toes. John snatched a small stick, and let the mule have it between the ears. The mule laid down but soon got up and stood shaking and trembling before him. I was going for John. Just then Lieut Rumsey came along and said, "John, what was the matter with the mule." He said he did not know but he thought he had the blind staggers. The Lieut after expressing much sympathy for the poor mule asked him what was good for them. John said he thought about half a pint of whiskey was as good as anything, so the Lieut took John up to headquarters and got about half a tin cup full of whiskey, he took it and walked over to where the mule was, looked this way and that to see if there was any Lieutenants in sight, then he drank the last drop and wiped off his mouth with his coat sleeve, looked at the mule, and said, "D——n you I have a notion to knock you down again." The mule was soon better and John was no worse.

All day of the 29 we were firing off and on at the reinforcements that were being received by the rebels. The fun was all one way until about four in the afternoon when our old friends opened on us from the hill. The first shot took the top of the tree just over us, the next was lower down, we all found trees in a short time. We fired only a few more shots, hoping they would leave us alone.

This night (29th), I was bound to have a good sleep, and in a dry place I found what suited me about fifty feet in advance of the guns was a log. I saw it would serve as a protection against bullets. I got some hay and made what I called a nice bed. I had Lieut Rumsey for a bedfellow, and about the middle of the night Rumsey snored so loud he awoke me up and the snoring must have awoke the rebs too, for the bullets came whistling over the log. The night was so dark and the rebs about sixty feet from us, as the bullets would pass over the log they would leave a white streak as they passed. The rebels kept this up until after daylight. A cup of coffee was a good thing just then but you would

have to risk your life to get it. The cook brought to us a big pail-full and put it behind the bigist tree he saw. You ought to see us run from one tree to another to reach the coffee.

On the 30th, the 6th Mo. volunteered to cross the bayou, and charge the works, and lost 30 or 40 men in doing it. I have always thought that justice has never been done them, as it was as brave an heroic a charge as was made during the war, so far as I know, and few regiments would have done it and none better than the 6th Missouri.

It rained all the night of the 30th. One of the gun sergeants named Purington thought he would go back to his caisson and have a good nights rest, as he had left his blankets there, and after every thing was quiet started for the caisson only a few rods away. The night was as black as a stack of black cats. He lost his way and after wandering about for a long time found three Irishmen of the 6th Mo. who had a very small smoky fire. They were telling such stories as the sergeant ought not to have heard, but he went into camp with them and sat in the smoke and rain all night, and in the morning found himself within 4 rods of the caisson he was looking for. He looked like a drowned rat, was smoked as brown as a Chinaman, and was as dirty as a blacksmith—so much for not staying up at the front.

About 9 o'clock the night of the 31st, we got orders to move as quietly as possible. We ran the limbers and guns back a long way by hand, and then hitched the horses on and moved to the river and loaded on a boat, then out of the Yazoo and then into the Mississippi, where we joined forces with Gen John A McClernand. Then we moved up the Mississippi to Arkansas Post.

A strong work on the Arkansas river fifty miles from its mouth. The fleet under Porter accompanying.

We disembarked on the 10th and it was my turn as officer of the day. I was busy superintending unloading the baggage etc., when the Captain sent for me to take the advance.

The Captain was a trifle deaf and the swamps of the Yazoo did not do him any good, and he misunderstood an order given him by the Chief of Artillery. It appears the rebels had made a defile so as to shell the union troop as they passed it. The Chief of Artillery told the Capt when he came

to the defie to trot and file to the right, or to take the road at the right and get into the woods for shelter, as he would be in range of the guns from the fort while passing it. The Captain gave me orders the reverse of what he had been told. He said follow the river road until you get into the timber you see on the bank of the river. Without hesitation I gave the necessary orders and with horses well in hand the battery moved off, it was not long before I saw the rebel fort which opend on us with shot and shell. It flashed on my mind that a terrible mistake had been made, for there was none of our own troops in sight, and that the blunder might cost us our lives. I knew if I halted in the open field we would be cut to pieces, and as there was a slough on my right entrance to the woods could not be effected. Off aways on the bank of the river and close to the fort I saw a piece of timber about 100 feet square. I concluded to hasten to it for shelter. I gave the order to increase the gait to a gallop and then into line "right obilique, close intervals" and before the order was wholly executed I halted the battery by motion of my sword, that brought us into an echelon position behind the piece of timber. The enemy thought we had gone into the timber proper as there was some scrub trees which served as a screen between the shelter and main woods, and commenced a steady fire on them. While they were doing that, we reversed the battery and returned back as fast as our horses could carry us and took our proper road and joind our own troops. Genl Sherman complimented us, and said if we had done anything else than we did, we would have been lost. We marched part of this night to get in the rear of the Fort through thick woods and sloughs, and all this time we were sheled from the fort. About midnight after we had pulled our guns out of a pond, we threw ourselves on the ground. We were without any blankets as our baggage was left behind. Our Genl fared no better as he lay behind a tree within 20 feet of us. And all the time the shells would come through the woods like a tornado thick and fast, and low down at that.

At early dawn we moved for the (mss. torn) of the rebels works which we reached about noon. We did not go into action but lay in reserve on the campus partly covered by some log cabins. I stayed behind one of the huts and felt very

blue to see our wounded borne past on stretchers. I think I was the greatest coward in the whole army then, but when the order came to relieve battery "A" 1st Ill Artillery and to take their place, it all passed away. In a short time the place surrendered. Our gunboats had already captured the main Fort.

On the 11th the place surrendered and there was strict orders to keep the men from going inside the works, but it was provoking when the order was countermanded to see the camp followers and bummers coming out loaded with plunder.

\*REPORTER EXTRA, TYLER, TEXAS, MAY 21, 1864.

From the Chicago Times of the 12inst.

On Friday, Lee repulsed the Federal attacks; captured the approaches to Germania Ford, and cut Grant's communication with Washington. The way subsequently reopened via Bell Plain and Fredericksburg. On Saturday the Rebels withdrew towards Spottsylvania, C. H., followed by the Federals. On Saturday, Monday and Tuesday there was severe fighting, various corps participating but apparently no general engagement. The latest official advices are to 5 P. M. of Tuesday, when, according to Secretary Stanton, both armies held their position at Spottsylvania, without material change. Butler has *not* cut the great Southern railroad between Richmond and Petersburg, as reported. The one they did cut is the one leading from Petersburg to Norfolk.

LATEST.—(From the same paper.)—

The greatest battle of the Virginia campaign was fought on Tuesday, in which General Grant is *reported* to have gained considerable ground. It is believed the battle was renewed yesterday. The battlefield was about twenty miles in a southwesterly direction from Fredericksburg. The Sentinel says: "From dispatches received yesterday, it appears that the battle was renewed on Friday morning about daylight, and was still raging furiously at last accounts. The President received a dispatch from Lee yesterday of a most satisfactory character. A dispatch from Major Danley, of the ambulance corps says; "The news is of the most cheering nature." We may get a dispatch before our paper is

---

\* Mr. Boos sent with Captain White's diary. A copy of the above named paper. It is printed here in full.

put to press, containing later intelligence. That everything is progressing favorably on the Rapidan we have not the least doubt."

The Richmond Enquirer of the 7th says: "About 1700 Yankee prisoners arrived at Orange Court House," and claims that the Confederates were successful in the Friday fight, and pushed Grant back to near Chancelorville. The dispatches in the Richmond papers all show that, as late as Friday, General Lee's head-quarters were at Orange C. H.

Col. Hill, of the Pay Department, writes: "We are driving the Yankees at all points this morning. Gen. A. P. Hill and staff are all safe. (Signed) E. B. Hill.

A special dispatch to the Enquirer, dated Orange C. H. May 6th, says: "A severe fight took place last evening at 'Mine Run'. Twelve hundred Yankees were captured and brought to this place.— Gen. Rhodes' and Johnson's divisions were engaged in the battle. The Louisiana brigade suffered severely. Full particulars will be sent to you as soon as they can be obtained." In the several encounters with the Rebels we have lost the present use of 3500 (?) men. In fact, at Fredericksburg, at this writing, there are 12,000 of our wounded.

*Washington, May 11*—To Gen. Dix: "A dispatch from Gen. Sherman, dated Tunnel Hill, 7½ o'clock on the 10th, states that McPherson had not attacked the enemy at Resaca, having found their position strongly fortified, and had taken his position at Snake Creek Gap. Gen. Sherman is in front of Buzzard Roost Gap, awaiting the arrival of a part of his forces. This dispatch came by way of Knoxville, having been delayed over 24 hours in consequence of a heavy storm that broke down all the lines South of Nashville.

#### "SYNOPSIS."

On the 5th inst., there was a naval engagement in Albemarle Sound. The rebel Ram Albemarle with her Satellite, the Cotton Plant and the gun-boat Bombshell, captured by the rebels at Plymouth, contending with seven Federal gunboats. The fight lasted three hours and resulted in the capture of the Bombshell by the Federals, and disabling the Federal gunboat Sassacus. The Ram succeeded in escaping up

the Roanoke river. The rebel Ram in the Neuse river is hard aground and her engine has been taken out by the rebels.

The latest advices from Red River, state that Gen. Smith had expressed a determination to remain and help admiral Porter. Two more steamers it is reported to have been destroyed by the rebels.

European dates are to the 26th ult. The Privateer Alabama was at Table bay on the 10 of March. Two steamers built at Nantes for the rebels, will be allowed by the French Governor to receive their armament.

*Washington, May 11, 12 m.*—Four thousand one hundred and fifty slightly wounded are arriving by boats from Belle Plaine.

#### EDITORIAL.

Considering the enormous extent to which the rebels have been weakened by desertion and the President's amnesty, it is very astonishing that they, just at the present moment have so many men. Last Friday, at Chancellorville, they had the same masses that they formerly had and hurled them as frequently and just as impetuously as they were wont to do before. Mr. Lincoln's admirable scheme of amnesty depleted their ranks. In addition to having enough men to turn both flanks of Meade's army and to hurl back his whole line for two successive days, they have a small force 30,000 men under Beauregard at Petersburg; not a few probably in the Richmond fortifications, and others again guarding his communications and who will swell Lee's ranks as he falls back to Richmond. Then Johnston has a considerable army at Dalton; Kirby Smith had sufficient to utterly rout 35,000 men under Banks, while Price has in Arkansas plenty to make the dignified Steele fall into a brisk trot to escape capture. Then there is a force of 10,000 moving up the Yazoo river country; another respectable force under Forrest and Chalmers engaged in hauling off plunder, which they captured on the very banks of the Ohio river. Besides all these, there is a pretty formidable force demonstrating in front of Newburn; a few under Mosly or somebody else, tearing up the Baltimore and Ohio R. R., and others in Charleston, Florida, Mobile and Atlanta, not including the army of the very reverend Lieut. Gen. Bishop Leonidas Polk. Mr. Lincoln might at once issue

a half dozen more amnesty proclamations. They are admirable in their operations, having rendered remarkable and mighty resistance to the cause of the Confederate States. The rebels are displaying great activity at Charleston. A number of Heavy mortars have been mounted at Fort Sumpter to fire upon the Morris Island batteries. Several iron-clads have been finished, and are now afloat in the harbor, and all indications point the early resumption of offensive operations by the rebels.

*New Orleans Picayune, May 10.*—Reports from Havana announce the arrival there of the Harriet Lane and Isabel loaded with cotton.

Admiral Wilkes was court-martialed and dismissed from the U. S. service, at Washington, May 3rd.

*Cincinnati, May 5th.*—Beauregard is combating Gilmore's and other corps on the Peninsula. Gunboats are ascending the James River, to attack Fort Darling. Seigel is moving down the valley of Western Virginia, and will be met by Longstreet.

*Camden, May 17.*—A great battle is progressing between Sherman and Johnston at Dalton.

Yankee dispatches say that all the waters of North Carolina are at the mercy of the Confederates.

#### STILL LATER.

*Shreveport, May 19.*—Gen. Taylor had a heavy skirmish with the enemy near Mensura, in the Parish of Aveylles, on the 15th and the morning of the 16th inst., damaging him severely. Our loss was small. Enemy retreating in the direction of Simsport, Gen. Taylor in his rear. Nothing from the boats. Reported that we have captured Fort Smith and Vicksburg, and that Gen. Lee, after six days' fighting, had completely overwhelmed Grant, killing, wounding, and taking 50,000, and capturing one hundred guns. M. E.

Shelby captured 2,000 prisoners on their way from Fort Smith to Little Rock.

## GENERAL GRANT'S FIRST DAY'S MARCH.

By NOAH C. BAINUM.

Eight miles west of Springfield, Illinois, on the public highway leading from Springfield to Jacksonville, is Riddle Hill and New Salem M. E. Church, within one hundred yards south of the church a flag flies—it is old glory, the flag of our country and the flag of Israel F. Pearce, a patriarch, and it arouses a love of country to see him and hear him tell the story of the Twenty-first Illinois Infantry, Ulysses S. Grant's own regiment, as it went into camp on the evening of July 3d, 1861, at the close of its first day's march to the great Civil War. It is of this first day's march we are writing, but since the story cannot be told without Israel F. Pearce and a few other persons, we must first say something about Israel. When we first interviewed him, on a beautiful October afternoon in 1922, his flag was flying from a thirty-foot flag pole, in his front yard and we may say this flag goes up at sunrise and down at sunset every day in response to the wishes of this old soldier. At the first interview we asked him if he lived on this spot July 3, 1861. He answered in a bright positive way and said, "No, but my girl did." And then pressing him a little further we ascertained that on this date there lived on this camp ground "his girl", Elizabeth L. Hinton, her sister, Catherine A. Hinton, their brother, Charles G. Hinton, and their grandfather, Caleb Short.

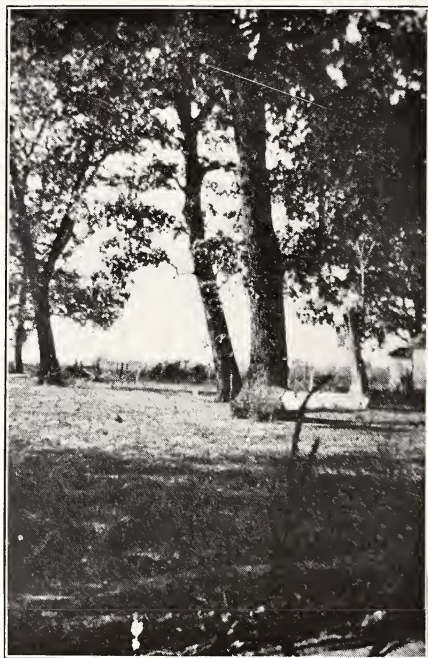
But before proceeding,—a little more about Israel F. Pearce, this story is not complete without him. He was born in Chester county, Pennsylvania, Brandywine township, December 9, 1835, and came to Springfield, Illinois, in 1858, the year of the Lincoln and Douglas debates, and then on eight miles further west in February, 1859. He states that he and John Hinton, a brother of his girl, came over to her home the evening of July 3, 1861, not expecting to see Grant and the 21st Illinois Regiment. Arriving they found the regiment encamped for the night. He walked around through the



ISRAEL F. PEARCE AND SENATOR  
LAWRENCE Y. SHERMAN.







OLD WALNUT TREE.  
(Two prints).

camp. The ground was all native woods then. There was no New Salem M. E. Church, only the fine old woods with the underbrush cut out leaving native walnut, hickory, oak and other trees found in abundance in this country during those days, along natural water courses. The regiment camped along a small running stream, where there was water and drainage, an ideal spot for just such rest as this new regiment was in need of.

Colonel Grant pitched his tent at the top of the sloping ground that gradually inclines east and north into the little stream along which the regiment camped. His tent was within two hundred feet of a small house then occupied by Caleb Short and the Hintons. Grant went to the east door of the house, stood near while members of the family were in the door and conversed with him. The picture here shown is at the south door of the house with Israel F. Pearce standing in the southwest corner and another picture is of Israel F. Pearce, standing near the old Short house.

The outstanding monument of the camp is the black walnut tree shown in the picture. A tree now some three feet in diameter at the base, with the unusual limb, now dead, as will be noted from an inspection of the picture, a limb horizontal with the earth and then at the end perpendicular and parallel with the main tree, a freak in tree life as is noticeable to persons acquainted with tree growth. Grant's tent was pitched a few feet west of the tree and a little to its left. The building shown in the picture is a coal house at the rear of Salem church and the fence is along the Jacksonville highway. All this territory was occupied by the regiment to the right of and east of the tree down to and along the stream. The Caleb Short house where Israel F. Pearce's girl lived is about two hundred feet to the left and west of the walnut tree.

You may ask what is particularly interesting about this tree. The answer is that this peculiar limb of this old black walnut tree was used by Grant as his writing table. The story of the Short family is and it is corroborated by Colonel Joseph W. Vance, then an officer of the regiment, afterwards adjutant general of Illinois, and now living at 1487 W. 45th street, Los Angeles, California, that Colonel Grant sat astride the limb and wrote his orders for the day in the adjutant's

order book. The adjutant then communicated verbally the orders to the regiment, in line, after it was assembled for the second day's march and while on the morning of July 4, 1861, camp was being struck at the time Grant was writing, using this famous tree for his writing table.

One purpose of this article is to bring to the notice of the public this walnut tree and its peculiar limb, used as it was by Colonel Grant, in writing the first orders written by him during the Civil War, after his regiment was in active service. It deserves to be placed in history along with the famous "charter oak" and Appomattox and its famous apple tree. The famous Appomattox apple tree is mentioned in Grant's memoirs but he says nothing of the equally celebrated walnut tree. The tree now stands as a silent sentinel and has so stood for all these years, guarding jealously the echo of the songs and stories told by the men of this historic regiment and its great commander on this night, July 3, 1861, after its first day's march.

And we may say, in passing, that there is a movement now on foot to erect a tablet or monument at or near the tree commemorating Grant's first camp after his regiment was in active duty and we feel sure that this will soon be accomplished.

Why should it not be done? Here is a memorable tree unnoticed save by a few who know the history, but they, like the silent commander, will soon pass on and none will be left to tell the story. This scene is the genesis of the military leader whose first day's march led from here to Shiloh, Vicksburg and Appomattox.

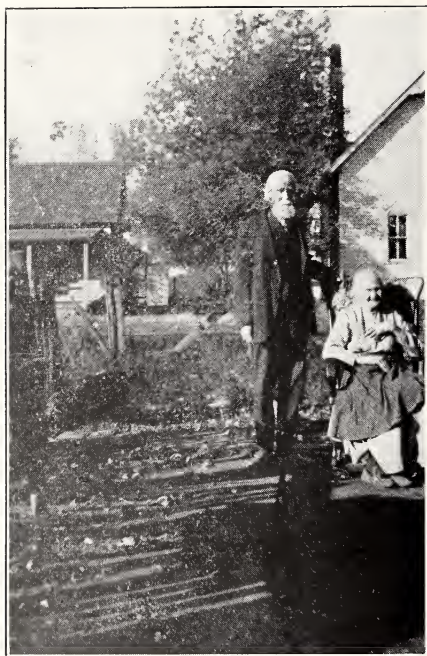
Reverting to Israel F. Pearce: On August 9th, 1861, he followed Colonel Grant by enlisting in company B, 30th Illinois Infantry, Logan's division, mustered in at camp Butler, east of Springfield; went to Cairo, Illinois, joined Grant's army, was at Forts Henry and Donelson and on July 4, 1863, marched into Vicksburg with General Grant and his army just two years after the 21st regiment left its first camp and the famous walnut tree, and then this old patriot marched with Sherman to the sea up through the Carolinas and on to Washington and participated in the grand review up Pennsylvania avenue, and, was mustered out of the service at Louis-



ISRAEL F. PEARCE AND HINTON  
HOME.







CHARLES EWELL AND MOTHER.

ville, Kentucky, July 15, 1865. He talked to Grant frequently during the war and about his first camp. Coming home from the war, Pearce married his girl (Miss Elizabeth L. Hinton) and together they kept watch from their humble home over this camp until June 24, 1886, she passed away and on to the last and eternal camp ground. But Israel F. Pearce clear of mind and body, to fight for his country and its flag, still lives on the old first camp ground in full view of the famous walnut tree. A talk with him is an inspiration and is full of love and admiration for Grant.

We must not forget there is one other living man, not a member of the regiment, besides Israel F. Pearce who was present July 3, 1861. It is Charles Ewell of Curran, Illinois, a small village about two miles south of the walnut tree. He was then a boy of fourteen years, living with his parents, a little southeast of the camp. The mother of Charles Ewell is still living in a house adjoining her son, full of years and good deeds, ninety-seven years old, born near the first camp and was living there July 3, 1861, with her husband and family; one of her pleasant memories is that she baked corn bread for the men of the 21st regiment during the entire night of July 3, 1861, and her son, Charles, as fast as the corn bread was baked, carried it to the camp ground and distributed it to the men of the regiment and in this humble way they did their part in the great struggle for the preservation of the Union and for human liberty. She lives now at the fine old age of ninety-seven, to tell the story, patriotic and full of love for her country and its old flag. She and her son, Charles, are shown in the picture taken October 12, 1922.

General Grant in the following language tells something of his first command: "I was appointed Colonel of the twenty-first Illinois volunteer infantry by Governor Richard Yates, sometime in June, 1861, and assumed command of the regiment on the 16th of that month. The regiment was mustered into the service of the United States in the latter part of the same month. Being ordered to rendezvous the regiment at Quincy, Illinois, I thought for the purpose of discipline and speedy efficiency for the field, it would be well to march the regiment across the country, instead of transporting by rail; accordingly, on the 3rd day of July, 1861, the

march was commenced from Camp Yates, Springfield, Illinois, and continued until about three miles beyond the Illinois river, when dispatches were received changing the destination of the regiment to Ironton, Missouri, and directing me to return to the river and take a steamer which had been sent there for the purpose of transporting the regiment to St. Louis. The steamer failing to reach the point of embarkation, several days were lost. In the meantime a portion of the sixteenth infantry, under Colonel Smith, were reported surrounded by the enemy at a point on the Hannibal and St. Joseph railroad west of Palmyra and the twenty-first was ordered to their relief. Under these circumstances expedition was necessary; accordingly the march was abandoned, and the railroad was called into requisition. Before the twenty-first reached its new destination the sixteenth had extricated itself. The twenty-first was then kept on duty on the line of the Hannibal and St. Joseph railroad for about two weeks without however, meeting an enemy or an incident worth relating. We did make one march, however, during that time, from Salt River, Missouri, to Florida, Missouri, and returned in search of Tom Harris, who was reported in that neighborhood with a handful of rebels. It was impossible, however, to get nearer than a day's march of him. From Salt River the regiment went to Mexico, Missouri, where it remained for two weeks thence to Ironton, Missouri, passing through St. Louis on the 7th of August, when I was assigned to duty as a brigadier general, and turned over the command of the regiment to that gallant and christian officer, Colonel Alexander, who afterwards yielded up his life whilst nobly leading it in the battle of Chickamauga."

Previous to starting on its march the regiment was quartered in Camp Yates, the old State Fair grounds, situated on west Washington street, Springfield, Illinois, at the intersection with Lincoln avenue. The Dubois school now stands on the site of Camp Yates.

A few days before July 3, 1861, the regiment was addressed by Congressman John A. McClernand and John A. Logan, both afterwards Major Generals in the Civil War and both served under Grant. McClernand and Logan spoke eloquently and at length. Logan speaking last introduced

Grant, the new colonel to the regiment. He was called upon for a speech. He walked a few steps forward and at last speaking, not loud, but in a clear and calm voice said, "Men, go to your quarters." The men seemed dazed and astounded but from the manner in which these few words were uttered and the demeanor of Grant, the men awoke to the fact that they had a real commander.

The first day's march was commenced about eleven A. M. and reached the first camp about 5 P. M. The regiment was halted in column of companies in the woods, arms were stacked and when the wagon train came into camp, each company unloaded its wagon, arranged its tents by opening and spreading on the ground, and at one tap of a bass drum the tents were raised, at two taps ropes were stretched and tent pins adjusted, at three taps the stakes were driven and the regiment was under canvas in its first tented field. The instructions for pitching the tents were given by Colonel Grant verbally and as given repeated by each captain to his men. It was "regular army method" the long roll was beaten on the drums, the roll called and absentees noted. The first day's march was attended with hardships, there were stragglers and absentees and the punishment awarded was extra guard duty for both officers and men. The men made their camp fires and cooked their first meal in camp and after supper there were many stories about the first experience of real marching on the first day's march.

At seven o'clock officers' call was sounded and Colonel Grant talked to the men about the absolute necessity of enforcing respect for the inhabitants of the country through which the regiment was marching and for their property, and that he would hold the captains of the companies personally responsible for the acts of their men.

On July 3, 1922, eleven of the survivors of the twenty-first regiment met on the site of old Camp Yates, a part of which is now occupied by Dubois school, as stated in Springfield, and held a reunion and placed a bronze tablet on the school building commemorating the point from which the regiment began its march to the war and a feature of this reunion was a visit to the site of the first night's camp near Riddle Hill where an abundant chicken dinner was served to those in attendance by the ladies of the neighborhood.

## LEWIS BAYLEY, ONE OF LA SALLE COUNTY'S FIRST SETTLERS AND AUGUSTUS BAILEY, LA SALLE COUNTY'S FIRST BORN MALE WHITE CHILD.

By WILLIAM R. SANDHAM, Wyoming, Illinois.

Our historical reading produces good evidence that there is a certain halo about the lives of the first born and the first settler in a state, a county, and even in a township and in a town. Judging from the number of inquiries this halo distinctly appears around the lives of Lewis Bayley who was the first white settler in what is now Vermillion township in LaSalle county, Illinois, and his son, Augustus Bailey, who was the first male white child born in what is now LaSalle county, Illinois.

The first white people who lived in what is now LaSalle county, Illinois, were the French fur traders and adventurers who came to the Illinois country during the time between the years 1680 and 1700, and settled on the Illinois river above and below what is now known as Starved Rock. Soon after the year 1700 those fur traders and adventurers moved to the southern part of the Illinois country and permanently settled near the mouth of the Kaskaskia River. When those French people came they found the country adjoining the Illinois river a wilderness of creeks, swamps, woods and prairies. When they left it was still a wilderness of creeks, swamps, woods and prairies.

It was not until the time between the years 1822 and 1828 that permanent settlers came to occupy and cultivate the fertile soil of what is now LaSalle county, Illinois. Those first comers, among them a Doctor Davidson and Jesse Walker, a missionary, and a few others, built the first houses or cabins just south of the Illinois river and south of the present city of Ottawa. Among those first comers were Lewis Bayley, his wife Betsy (Butler) Bayley and a couple of children. The Bayleys settled, or to use a word more applicable to the time, squatted on a piece of land about ten miles south of the



LEWIS BAILEY.



Illinois river and near what is now the village of Tonica, and by so doing became the first settlers of what is now Vermillion township in LaSalle county, Illinois.

Lewis Bayley, one of the thirteen children of Timothy Bayley, a soldier in the Revolutionary war, and Zeruiah (Blodgett) Bayley, was born in Haverhill, Grafton county, New Hampshire, August 25, 1784. He attended such schools as there were where he lived, when he was not needed as an assistant in his father's blacksmith shop. The day after he was twenty-one years old, to be exact, August 26, 1805, he left his native county, and with a few dollars in his pocket and a change of clothing in a bundle hung on a stick over his shoulder, he walked all the way to Clark county, Ohio. Soon after arriving there he pre-empted a piece of land, built a cabin on it, and walked back to his father's home in New Hampshire, reaching there just as winter set in. During that winter of 1805-1806 he and his father and his brothers made wagons, made and bought other necessary equipment for moving to the distant, and at that time the new state of Ohio. In May, 1806, Timothy Bayley, his wife and all his children except one daughter, loaded their belongings into their newly made wagons, and turned their faces toward the west to make new homes in a pioneering community. Some of the wagons were drawn by oxen, the others by horses. The tires on those wagons were made in sections and riveted on to the felloes. The process of making whole tires and putting them on by heating and shrinking was not known at that time.

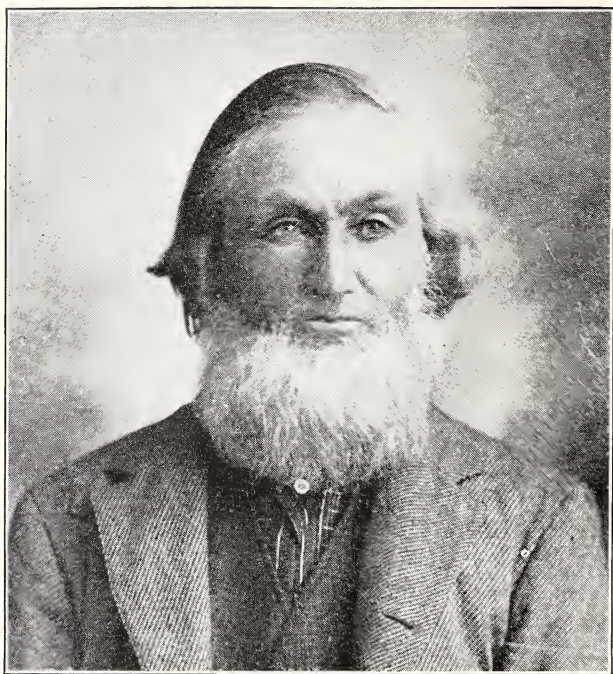
When Lewis Bayley was going to and returning from Ohio in 1805 he stayed over night at a tavern in Pelham, Hillsborough county, New Hampshire. On the return trip it is probable that he stayed there more than one night as he fell ardently in love with the landlord's daughter, Betsy Butler by name. While on their way to Ohio the Bayley family passed through Pelham, and then and there Lewis Bayley and Betsy Butler, aged eighteen, were married, and the bride accompanied her husband to the new home in Ohio. After a long and tiresome journey the Bayley family arrived in Clark county, Ohio, where Lewis Bayley had pre-empted land and built a cabin the year before. They began immediately to establish new homes in what was then a pioneering part

of the state of Ohio. The family tradition is that Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Bayley and children made good as pioneers and permanent residents in Clark county, Ohio. Timothy Bayley was awarded a pension in 1819 when he was seventy years old, as a reward for his services in the Revolutionary War. He died September 19, 1825. His widow, Zeruiah Bayley, was awarded a pension in 1837, when she was eighty-one years old. She died in 1852.

During the War of 1812 Lewis Bayley served, part of the time as a drummer, from February 5, 1813, to August 12, 1813, in Captain Hasbrook's company, first Ohio militia.

In the early part of the year 1825, the desire of being again pioneers became very strong with Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Bayley, and in the spring of that year they and two children, with a well equipped wagon, or prairie schooner, as such a vehicle came to be known later, again turned their faces toward the west. The wagon being drawn by oxen made the journey a long and tedious one. It was a wild and almost unknown country to which they were going. The roads, where were any, were all poorly made, not much like the roads of today and most of the streams were without bridges. The pioneer blood in their bodies kept them both cheerful and happy. Their journey ended in what was then a part of Fayette county, Illinois, which became a part of the county of LaSalle which was created in 1831. Their first stopping place was at the small settlement of white people just south of the Illinois river near what is now the city of Ottawa. In a short time Mr. Bayley began to look for a suitable location to establish a home for himself and family. The settlers of that time in Illinois were many of them called squatters, the name being applied to those settlers who located on the United States government land with the intention of buying it later. After a much needed rest the Bayleys squatted on a part of section 18, township 32 north, range 2 east of the third principal meridian, and by so doing they became the first settlers of what is now Vermillion township, LaSalle county, Illinois. They may also be classed among the first settlers in LaSalle county. The place where the Bayleys squatted is what has been called Baileys Grove and called Baileys Point by the early settlers. As near as can be ascertained their cabin was





AUGUSTUS BAILEY.

built and permanently occupied in the fall of 1825. Occasional trips were made during the winter to the settlement on the Illinois river. Mrs. Bayley did not see a white woman during the spring, summer and fall of 1826, but she was often visited by Indian women. The place selected by the Bayleys for a home was a favorite resort of the Pottawattamie Indians who lived in the vicinity. Those Indians and the Baileys became friends as well neighbors. They trusted each other and lived near each other in peace and harmony. The Pottawattamie chief Shabbona frequently visited the Bayleys in their cabin home. When he stayed all night he slept on the floor wrapped in his blanket. During all his life Lewis Bayley expressed a favorable opinion of the Illinois Indians. He always firmly declared that those Indians were more honest, more friendly, and even more trustworthy, than a great many white people. On December 21, 1833, Lewis Bayley received from the United States a patent for eighty acres of land in what is now Vermillion township, and for eighty acres in what is now Eden township, LaSalle county, Illinois. The two children born in Ohio died before 1828.

On July 17, 1828, a son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Bayley at the small settlement on the Illinois river, south of what is now Ottawa, where Mrs. Bayley was sojourning to be near a doctor. That son of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Bayley, who has the distinction of being the first male white child born in what is now LaSalle county, Illinois, was named Augustus. A son named Orpheus was born in 1834 at Fort Clark, now the city of Peoria. Mrs. Bayley and the son Orpheus both died a few days apart in the year 1840. They were buried on the farm where they died. Some time between the years 1855 and 1860 the bodies were moved to the Tonica cemetery. Mrs. Bayley left two sons, Augustus and Timothy, the latter born in 1837. In March, 1843, Lewis Bayley married Miss Mary Lake of Stark county, Illinois. Besides his work as a farmer, Mr. Bayley operated a saw mill some where on Bailey creek or on the Vermillion river near Bailey falls. The several natural features, such as Bailey creek, Bailey falls, Bailey's point and Bailey's grove, show that the Bayley family was one of considerable importance among the early settlers in LaSalle county.

Some time between the years 1846 and 1848, Lewis Bayley sold his property in LaSalle county, and in 1849, with his wife and two sons, moved to what is now Essex township in Stark county, Illinois. In the course of time Mr. Bayley bought an extensive body of land in Essex township which he and his sons farmed until "age began to tire and doth in sharp pains abound." The Indian chief Shabbona before his death in 1859, visited Mr. Bayley several times at his home in Essex township. When he stayed all night he slept on the floor wrapped in his blanket, the same as he did in LaSalle county, when he was a young and able-bodied Indian. Mrs. Bayley died at the home in Essex township, March 31, 1861, Mr. Bayley had inscribed on her tombstone "A GOOD WIFE AND A KIND STEP-MOTHER."

In the spring of 1875, Lewis Bayley, accompanied by his son Timothy, went to Oregon to visit his brother Daniel who had crossed the plains and mountains and went to that then distant land in the year 1842. When he left Illinois he told his friends and relatives that he was "again going pioneering." He did not pioneer very long this time, as he died at Forest Grove, Washington county, Oregon, September 10, 1876.

The Baldwin History of LaSalle county says that Lewis Bayley "was doubtless somewhat misanthropic." Mr. Bayley's relatives and people who knew him in Stark county firmly assert that he was not misanthropic, but on the contrary he was just the opposite, a strong lover of all human kind. The military record of the Bayley family is somewhat remarkable. Timothy Bayley, father of Lewis Bayley, was a soldier in the Revolutionary War. He was in the battles of Bunker Hill, Bennington and Saratoga. Lewis Bayley was a soldier in the War of 1812, and his son, Timothy Bailey, served for over three years in the Civil war of 1861-1865. A son of Timothy Bailey served as a soldier in France during the great World war.

Lewis Bayley always spelled his surname Bayley. His descendants spell the name Bailey. Lewis Bayley was a descendant of Joseph Bailey who came to Massachusetts from Yorkshire, England, in 1635 or 1638.

The material from which the greater part of this little history was prepared was obtained from a letter to the writer

from Timothy Bailey, son of Lewis Bayley, who lives in Centralia, Lewis county, Washington.

Augustus Bailey, son of Lewis Bayley and Betsy (Butler) Bayley, the first male white child born in what is now LaSalle county, Illinois, was born July 17, 1828, on the south side of the Illinois river and south of what is now the city of Ottawa. At that time there was a small settlement of white people at that point on the river, where Mrs. Bayley was sojourning to be near a doctor. During the Black Hawk war the Pottawattamie chief Shabbona, who was a friend of the white people, by traveling day and night warned the white settlers of the impending danger of a massacre of the settlers by the adherents of the chief Black Hawk. Among the cabin homes visited was that of Lewis Bayley. As a result of that warning Mrs. Bayley and the boy, Augustus, sought shelter and protection in the fort at Ottawa, where they staid until the danger of massacre was over.

From the time the boy Augustus was old enough to work he was his father's assistant in farming. From the time of his mother's death in 1840, until the second marriage of his father in 1843, he was his father's assistant in the work of housekeeping. He was taught to read by his mother, and attended such schools as there were in LaSalle county after 1835. He faithfully read all books and papers that came his way, and as a result he became known from 1860 to the time of his death as a well read and fairly well educated man. He moved to what is now Essex township, Stark county, Illinois, with his father in 1849. There he became a successful and prosperous farmer.

Augustus Bailey was married to Miss Catharine Smith of Jacksonville, Illinois, November 1, 1859. Mrs. Bailey, daughter of Alexander and Isabella Smith, was born in Nairn, Nairnshire, Scotland, May 24, 1829. She came to the United States in 1853. Mrs. Bailey was known in the community in which she lived in Stark county, Illinois, as a very capable helpmate, an excellent mother, a good and sympathetic neighbor, and a cultured lady. Mrs. Bailey died in Essex township, April 26, 1899. Augustus Bailey died in Wyoming, Illinois, August 25, 1905, just one day less than one hundred years from the time his father, Lewis Bayley, started on his

long walk from his native county in New Hampshire, to seek for a new home for himself and his father's family in the then new state of Ohio.

At the time of his death Augustus Bailey and his two sons, Orpheus and Alexander C., were the owners of 750 acres of the fertile land in Stark county, Illinois. The two sons are married and live in Wyoming, Illinois. Like their father and grandfather before them they are both engaged in farming. Alexander C. has eight children and six grandchildren.

The Doctor Davidson mentioned in the foregoing sketch, and in the Baldwin History of LaSalle county, as the first settler of LaSalle county, has also the distinction of being the first settler in Fulton county. It is a tradition in both of these counties that this Doctor Davidson was a man of considerable culture and refinement, whose greatest desire was to live a recluse life far from the habitations of white people. He came to Fulton county some time before the year 1818 and built a cabin on the bank of Spoon river. It is authoritatively stated that he named the stream Spoon river, because of its shape near where he built his cabin. On account of the rapid incoming of white settlers and the increasing closeness of neighbors, he left Fulton county in 1822, and established another hermit home on a bluff on the Illinois river, which is now a part of the city of Ottawa called South Ottawa, where he lived until the time of his death in the year 1826. After his death his effects found in his cabin were sold and Lewis Bayley bought his trunk. That trunk was taken to Stark county, Illinois, in 1849, and it is now in possession of Orpheus Bailey, one of Lewis Bayley's grand sons.

A few years ago Miss Fanny M. Davidson, one of the editors of The Fulton Democrat of Lewistown, Illinois, made some historical research and she found that this Doctor Davidson, hermit and first settler in Fulton and LaSalle counties, whose name was William Thompson Davidson (not Davidson as spelled in the histories of Fulton county) was a soldier, probably a surgeon, in the War of 1812, and came to Illinois about 1818 and built a cabin on Spoon river, in which he lived the life of a recluse until 1822. Dr. Davidson came to Illinois from Bedford County, Pennsylvania.

## **HISTORY OF ST. JOHN BAPTIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, MOUNT CARMEL, WABASH COUNTY, ILLINOIS.**

BY MRS. EFFIE J. KEEN.

The church property was purchased of the trustees of the Presbyterian church by Bishop Seymour in July 1881. At that time the chapel was completed and furnished, the walls of the church proper were partially built and afterward completed and the structure covered.

The first missionary was the Rev. J. S. Lassater, who came in November 1881, and in connection with his duties as missionary, opened a school, with Miss Elizabeth Smith as assistant.

In 1882 the rectory was built. In June 1883 the Rev. J. S. Lassater gave up the work and removed from the diocese. The Rev. Ruall followed with a few months stay and then moved to Mattoon. The third missionary was the Rev. R. B. Hoyt, who came in August 1884 and labored very acceptably for two years, and in 1886 on account of failing health, gave up the work and afterward died at the Bishop's House in Springfield. In July 1886 the Rev. H. C. Dyer came to the mission and labored until December 1887, when he resigned.

The mission now became vacant and remained so until June 1889. Services were conducted by Dr. John McClurkin as lay reader, with monthly visits from the Rev. Dr. Frost, the dean of Carlyle.

In June 1889, the Rev. J. B. Debbage, of Canada, was sent to us as a missionary. His work terminated within a year and he returned to his native land. During his stay Dr. McClurkin was ordained a deacon. In November 1891, Rev. Horace B. Goodyear came to the Mission, and under his influence it prospered.

On St. John Day, 1892 the mission was formally organized, Bishop Seymour nominating the following officers for the remainder of the synodical year:

Warden, Karl Wirth.

Clerk, Joseph C. Hall.

Treasurer, Rev. John C. McClurkin.

At this time the name was changed from St. Paul to St. John Baptist at the request of Bishop Seymour.

On account of failing health, the Rev. H. B. Goodyear gave up the work in June 1895 and returned to New York.

Rev. J. C. Colton came as rector of the mission in December 1895 and remained until March 1900.

Rev. J. C. Colton was succeeded by Rev. D. D. Chapin who remained one year.

Rev. R. A. Russell was rector for one year, coming in 1903.

Rev. T. W. Datson was priest in charge during 1905-6. He was succeeded by Rev. W. B. Thorn, who remained only four months, 1906-7.

Rev. H. H. Mitchell was appointed to the charge, May 28, 1907. He resigned in May, 1908.

In his time the old church ruin was pulled down and the rectory enlarged and remodeled. A tower was built and other improvements were made to the chapel.

On Easter day, 1908, Bishop Osborne formed a church council, as follows:

Wardens, Earl Wirth, J. C. Utter.

Treasurer, H. C. Steinbrucker.

Clerk, John H. Hucheson.

Councillors—Joseph Wirth, Frank Bingham, Richard Haley, Lyell Hill.

The Rev. T. W. C. Cheeseman was in charge from 1908 to 1912, removing to Pekin, Ill.

The Rev. H. G. Trickett succeeded Rev. Cheeseman, remaining about two years.

Since Mr. Trickett's departure there has been no regular priest in charge.

At the present time (1918) the work is being carried on by Rev. Dr. Keuhn, field missionary.

## ASAHEL NORTH—BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH AND DIARY.

Mrs. Jessie Palmer Weber,  
Springfield, Ill.

Madam:

Please find inclosed a copy of the North manuscript. This is the account of the journey of Asahel North of Windsor, Vermont, to the Illinois Territory in the year of 1816. This is the Diary of his journey kept by himself while on the journey which was made by him on horseback. Asahel North entered the ground on which all the business part of this city (White Hall, Ill.) now stands in the year of 1821. I will herewith furnish a brief biographical sketch of Asahel North to accompany the Diary.

Yours truly,

Marcus North.

Asahel North was born in Farmington, Connecticut, September 3, 1782, and died near White Hall, Ill., March 19, 1846.

On August 26, 1819, he married Prudence Swallow, who was born at Windsor, Vermont, September 10, 1799, and who died July 2, 1874.

Within a few days after the marriage, they got into their prairie schooner and rode to Illinois on their wedding tour. They stayed at Woodriver near Edwardsville until the spring of 1821; then they moved to Apple Creek Prairie in Greene County, Illinois. There they bought out a squatter until the land came into the market in 1821.

Mr. North entered something over 800 acres of government land at \$1.25 an acre, which was then the government price for land.

They got in their wagons and rode over the corduroy rough roads of Indiana and Ohio to Woodriver, Illinois, stayed there the winter of 1819 and 20; then finding that they could get through further north into Greene County, Illinois, where they entered land and lived all the balance of their

life at the homestead where their family was all born and raised.

They raised a large family, the descendants of whom are scattered over many states.

He entered the land on which the town of White Hall now stands, in 1821.

#### DIARY OF ASAHEL NORTH.

Minutes of a trip to the West, by Messrs. Joel Lull and Asahel North of Windsor, and Ebenezer Langdon and James Adams of Castleton, Vermont, in the year of 1816.

June 20th. Left Castleton and arrived at Buffalo the 29th.—From thence on the margin of ———— 90 miles to Erie, passed many good farms heavy timber generally; saw a black walnut tree 9 feet in diameter. Erie is a port for shipping, sandy soil,—turnpike road fifteen miles to French Creek. Land from Buffalo to ———— some sandy but generally hard, from French Creek it is navigable for boats to Pittsburg.

July 4th. At ten oclock on the Ohio State line 29 miles N. East of Cleveland, at 2 o'clock in Salem first town in the State, land rather ordinary, Timber, Oak, Chestnut, White-wood and Ashtabula, some good land before crossing the gulf, saw and flour mills. Wrightsburg called a good Township of land. Harpersfield good road and yellow soil. Southeast from Harpersfield lands pretty good, wages from 15 to 20 dollars per month.

July 5th. Madison, residence of Charles Curtis, 12 o'clock at Painsville small village, Mill seat, sandy soil, skin tea \$2.50 Rum \$3.00. Transportation from Albany to Buffalo \$3.00, freight to Painsville 50 cts., Farm 200 acres half cleared at \$30.00 per acre, Axes 4 dollars, Carpenters work \$2.00 per day.

July 6th. Chagrin river, town by the same name, 180 miles from Buffalo. Newburgh upland clay soil, 27 miles from Painsville to Cleveland, 31 miles from Cleveland to Kings Portage, Independence or Tinkers Creek, timber oak, soil clay and wet.

July 7th. Boston, timber oak, soil clay, Northampton oak and clay. From the mouth of Cayahoga river to Kings Portage, by water 50 miles by land 31. 8 miles Portage to

Tuscarora a branch of the Muskingum navigable for boats Spring and Fall.

July 8th. Morning at a Dutch Tavern on the barrens, clay, oak. Hills about fifteen miles. Canton a county town Stark county, four roads at right angles, East road leads to Pittsburg 93 miles, West road to Columbus, shrub oak plains.

July 9th. Philadelphia, morning 25 miles from Canton, 78 miles from Pittsburg county town Tuscarora county, extensive plain, some shrub oak, Bottom lands from 15 to 20 dollars per acre. House lots 60 by 90 feet, from 30 to \$1,000.00. Sixteen years since the first improvement in this country. Frost this morning, crops look well.

July 10th. Morning Coshocton county of Coshocton 37 miles from New Philadelphia, the rivers Tuscarora and Whitewoman unite 18 miles above this, which form the Muskingum. Much good land called Bottoms, and oak land, corn 8 ft. high, 12 miles to Zanesville steep oak hills.

July 11th. Zanesville morning, Mill seat in a state of Nature purchase at \$50. A canal a digging 20 ft. deep, forty or fifty rods, at an expense of \$600 for 22 rods. Oak boards at \$25.00 per thousand. Transportation from Philadelphia \$7.25, boating from Marietta 55 cents, from Zanesville to Pittsburg 100 miles, to Marietta 60.

July 12th. From Zanesville and Putnam a hilly road, and yellow soil, through Sommersett to Lancaster 36 miles. From Lancaster a pretty good share of good land through Tarlton 15 miles. From thence to Chillicothe 18 miles through a most excellent country.

July 16th. From Chillicothe up Paint Creek 18 miles through a fine tract of land to Bainbridge a small settlement, from thence 24 miles to New-Market, and 12 miles to Oak-Creek, and from thence 12 miles to Williamsburgh through the Swamp so called all the way from Bainbridge.

July 18th. To Batavia, 8 miles from thence 12 miles through a fine country to Cincinnati, stayed at Cincinnati the 19th, left there the 20th, crossed the Ohio river and traveled in Kentucky, the ridge road thin settled about 80 miles to Frankfort the seat of government, a handsome and flourishing brick settlement where we arrived the 23rd.

July 23rd. In the morning left there and went two miles to Esqr. Clarkes, and stayed until the 24th in the afternoon. Thence through Shelbyville a flourishing little village, and about thirty brick buildings going up this season, country good to Louisville, 22 miles stayed 5 miles east of Louisville at a tough Irish tavern.

July 26th. Through Louisville, a handsome and flourishing place at the falls of the Ohio river, crossed over to New-Albany on the Indiana side and stopped at Antony Livers poor tavern, traveled on the remaining part of the day and the next over the knobs so called which were very rough, and roads bad, and at evening came to the French Licks about 51 miles from Vincennes, where are Mineral Springs, and beautiful green birds called Parroquets.

July 28th. Traveled the 28th through a hilly country, road bad, crossed a branch of White river 16 miles from the French Licks. Bottom land not wide but good, went on over the hills and had bad road about 20 miles and crossed the other branch of White river the 29th in the afternoon.

July 29th. Handsome bottom-land and overflowed, same day arrived at Vincennes, crossed large barrens the day and the day before we arrived at Vincennes.

July 30th. Stayed at Vincennes the 30th and left there the 31st, and traveled up the Wabash river on the east side through the most beautiful country, the prairies from one to 12 miles long, and nearly as wide.

August 1st. Arrived at Fort Harrison seventy-five miles above Vincennes the first day of August, afternoon, where we found it sickly as well as on the Wabash river generally. Water bad in that part of the country. Vincennes about sixty miles up the Wabash is an old dirty French settlement, from this to St. Louis on the Mississippi is about 150 miles west. From Vincennes to Tipacanoe is about 155 miles north.

August 2nd. Left Fort Harrison for home and on the 3rd day called at Shakertown or Busro, a small settlement about 20 miles above Vincennes, and ate watermelons—. Same day arrived at Vincennes.

August 6th. Stayed at Vincennes until the sixth, when we traveled the other side of the Wabash in the Illinois Territory where we ate peaches and drank whiskey—.

August 7th. Left Vincennes and on our way home, arrived at New Albany the tenth day at evening, 120 miles from Vincennes.

August 11th. Next morning the 11th, crossed the Ohio river and took breakfast at Louisville and came on twelve miles to Middletown and put up at Lawes Tavern.

August 12th. Next morning the 12th, we parted with Esqr., Enos and traveled the Limestone road to Esqr., Clarkes at Frankfort and put up.

August 13th. Next morning the 13th, came through Georgetown, a tolerable good place, to Paris, a smart place of business, put up.

August 14th. Next morning the 14th, through Millsburg, Blue Licks, and Mays Licks.

August 15th. Next morning the 15th, took breakfast at Limestone, now called Maysville, on the Ohio river, a fine country and good road through Kentucky except about 15 miles by the Licks, where the land is rough and roads bad. Maysville is 65 miles from Lexington, 64 from Cincinnati and 65 miles from Chillicothe, and is a fine flourishing place. Crossed the Ohio river at Maysville, over into the state of Ohio, and traveled over poor hills 47 miles to Bainbridge a small flourishing settlement on Paint Creek, from thence 18 miles through a fine country to Chillicothe, where we arrived Saturday the 17th, forenoon.

August 18th. Left Chillicothe the 18th, and came on to New Lancaster in a smart shower, at sun set put up. Next morning came ten miles and while it rained got our horses shod, came on within six miles of Putnam, put up. Next morning came to Putnam, took breakfast at dock. Conan—im, same day crossed the Muskingum over to Zanesville, left there about 11 o'clock and took the Philadelphia road, came on about 30 miles and put up, at Cooks in some frost.

August 21st. Through Fairview to Morristown, put up at the Rising Sun Tavern.

August 22nd. Came 10 miles and took breakfast at St. Clairesville, a decent village, and on 20 miles to Wheeling on the Ohio river, the Virginia side. From Zanesville to Wheeling is 80 miles, and road *very* hilly. Traveled up Wheeling

Creek about 15 miles in the state of Virginia and found the hills high and steep, with bad road.

August 23rd. Came into the state of Pennsylvania, the morning of the 23rd, thence through Washington, a smart, thriving place and put up at Gingerhill, a sort of settlement.

August 24th. Thunder and rain in the morning, got our horses shod before we started, same day came on to Williamsport, a tolerable place on the Monongahela, crossed there and on six miles and crossed Alleghany, a small river, over to Rabstown, came on and put up.

August 25th. Came on to Mount-Pleasant to breakfast, a decent place, from thence three miles to Chestnut-Ridge, and thence six miles to Laurel-Hill, where we stayed on top of it, road very bad, land rough, poor and unsettled, about 90 miles from Wheeling.

August 26th. Rain until one o'clock, then came on 18 miles into the Glades so called, which are about 18 miles across, and tolerable handsome land. Next morning took breakfast on the Alleghany mountain, wind high, same day, came on to Bedford, a pretty smart place, bill high, one dollar each for horse keeping.

August 28th. Left Bedford 28th, and took breakfast at Bloody-Run, a small village, came over the crossings so called, where the bridge hung upon chains, came on within eight miles of Farnetts-burg, a decent place, and took breakfast.

August 29th. The 29th crossed the first of the three Ridges, called the three brothers, before breakfast, the two others by two o'clock afternoon, now at Stransburg, a decent place at the foot of the Alleghany Mountain, season backward and severe frost on the high-land last night. From Stransburg back to Washington, about 150 miles, and Washington 25 from Pittsburg. 29th traveled from Stransburg 17 miles, put up within 10 miles of Carlisle, next morning came on to Carlisle, a fine place, so on to Harrisburg 17 miles on the Susquehannah river, a noble place, came on 25 miles and took breakfast at Lebanon, a good place. Came on to Reading 30 miles, a great place of business, and on out of town one mile and put up.

Sept. 1st. Came on 39 miles to Bethlehem, and on 12 miles further to Easttown, a fine handsome place on the south side of the Delaware, sixty miles from Philadelphia, and ninety from Lancaster, crossed the Delaware river that night to the New Jersey side and put up.

Sept. 2nd. Came 40 miles to ——— Court House, through a tolerable good country, road poor, season backward, farmers well at haying, handsome orchards and well loaded with fruit.

Sept. 3rd. 3rd day from ——— Court House, 46 miles and put up. Next morning the 4th, came 14 miles to Newburgh, crossed the Hudson river in a horse-boat, came on 34 miles and put up.

Sept. 5th. Came on to Connecticut, through Litchfield, Harvintin, and on to Farmington 50 miles.

Sept. 6th. Left there afternoon, came on through Hartford and up Connecticut river about 150 miles to Windsor, State of Vermont, where we arrived safe on the 9th day of September, and found friends all well after a journey of 26 hundred miles.\*

A sketch of Langdons and Adams tour after parting with Lull and North at Zanesville.

July 13th. Granville morning, 20 miles from Zanesville. From Zanesville up Licking river ten miles Oak, Clay and Hills, thence to Granville ten miles good land on streams, with Oak, Hills, good land on main road from 10 to 12 dollars back land from 2 to 3 dollars. Newark east of Granville, a County town is a small village, three streams meet here and form Licking river, best of land on these streams at about \$10.00 per acre now.

July 14th. Sunday morning, in Granville,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles West of Newark, is an Ancient Fortification  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a mile in circumference, in an extensive forest of the greatest variety of timber, rather thin and best of soil, with its walls from 15 to 30 feet from the bottom of the ditch, the greatest growth of timber on its walls is  $2\frac{1}{2}$  feet in diameter. Many other smaller fortifications within one mile. This beautiful tract

\* In 1819 Mr. North again went west. He was accompanied by his bride and they made their permanent home in Illinois. See page 679, this Journal.

of land including many hundred acres, and one or two Mill seats is estimated at about \$10.00 per acre.

July 15th. Morning left Granville in a southwestern direction, ten miles level, Beach and Maple, land estimated from 3 to 5 dollars per acre, thence ten miles low rich land on the head of Raccoon Creek, a branch of Licking, thence ten miles, some hills inclined to clay to Lancaster a county town on ———, 36 miles from Zanesville, and 36 miles from Chillicothe. It is a large flourishing village with good Mill seats etc. Morning, ten miles, oak, hills and clay, ten miles low ground, after passing small village, some prairies and etc.

July 16th. We then came to Chillicothe. From Chillicothe to Cincinnati one hundred miles. From Chillicothe to Marietta one Hundred miles, to Columbus 45 miles, to Portsmouth, mouth of Sciota 45 miles, Wheat 75 cents, Pork 3 dollars, Beef 3 dollars, Cherry boards at \$25.00. Chillicothe contains 350 dwelling houses, and 2200 inhabitants. From Chillicothe through an uneven hilly country to Marietta 100 miles, and thence over the Alleghany Mountains home.

Windsor to Buffalo.....	400
Buffalo to Erie.....	90
Erie to Painsville.....	82
Painsville to Cleveland.....	27
Cleveland to Kings Portage.....	31
Kings Portage to Canton.....	26
Canton to New Philadelphia.....	25
Philadelphia to Coshocton.....	27
Coshocton to Zanesville.....	30
Zanesville to Chillicothe.....	75
Chillicothe to Marietta.....	100
Marietta to Clarksburg.....	75
Clarksburg to Smithfield.....	30
Smithfield to Morgantown.....	10
Morgantown to Connellsville .....	11
Corn., to ft. Chestnut Ridge.....	4
Ft. Ches., Ridge to Summersett.....	29
Summersett to Bedford.....	38

Bedford to Louden.....	40
Louden to Chambersburg.....	14
Chambersburg to Shippingburg.....	11
Shippingburg to Carlisle.....	21
Carlisle to Harrisburg.....	18
Harrisburg to Lebanon.....	25
Lebanon to Reading.....	28
Reading to Coatstown.....	17
Coatstown to Bethlehem.....	23
Bethlehem to Easttown.....	12
Easttown to Sussex C. House.....	40
Sussex C. House to Goshen.....	38
Goshen to Montgomery.....	10
Mont. to Catskill Madison.....	50
Catskill to Albany.....	36
Albany to Castleton.....	76
Castleton to Windsor.....	50
	509
	1107
Miles .....	1616

## TRUE STORY OF THE ALMANAC USED BY ABRAHAM LINCOLN IN THE FAMOUS TRIAL OF DUFF ARMSTRONG.

BY DUNCAN FERGUSON.

I have often wondered on hearing of Lincoln's famous Almanac trial at Beardstown, Illinois, in defense of Duff Armstrong for the murder of Metzker at a camp meeting near Latitude 40° north, Longitude 90° west, August 29, 1857, at about 10:00 P. M., why no one took the trouble to clear Lincoln's name of the false statements made by "the man in the street," such as the following:

"Lincoln went to a drug store on State Street, Beardstown, Illinois, and procured a number of almanacs which he took to his room in the hotel, and with them manufactured an almanac, which showed there was no moon on that night of the murder."

"This doctored almanac was introduced to the court and jury and resulted in the acquittal of the prisoner."

I am pleased to be able to refute all such false statements. Lincoln was able to prove by a true almanac of 1857, that the moon was not on the 90° West Meridian, at 10:00 P. M. the night of the murder. The principal prosecuting witness testified to seeing the fatal blow struck with a sling shot, in the hands of Duff Armstrong by the light of the moon, which, he swore was about where the sun was at noon the day of the murder.

The camp meeting grounds where the murder was committed near Latitude 40° north, and Longitude 90° west.

The moon, I find, was on the 90° West Meridian at 7:44 P. M. on August 29, 1857. August 29, 1857, the moon set at 12:51 P. M., hence, the moon was within 69 minutes of setting. Therefore, it was at a low altitude. At that time the declination of the moon was nearly at its maximum South.

The camp meeting grounds were most probably surrounded with trees shutting off the moon's light at such a low

altitude and south declination. There was a new moon on August 19, 1857, at 10:00 A. M., Longitude  $90^{\circ}$  west. First quarter was August 27, 1857, at 9:00 A. M., Longitude  $90^{\circ}$  west. The moon was two and one-half days past the first quarter: hence, the moon was about ten and one-half days old, or about five days from full moon.

Had the moon been on the Meridian of Longitude  $90^{\circ}$  west at 10:00 P. M. it would have shown fairly bright. Those Historians who said that there was no moon in sight at the time of the murder are all in error. At a public meeting in Beardstown, Illinois, February 1909, the Ladies assigned to Mrs. Dr. Scheer the task of writing up the Armstrong trial, on the occasion of the erecting of a tablet by the Ladies' Club of Beardstown, Illinois, February 12, 1909.

I will now enumerate a few of the wrong statements made, in ignorance of the true position of the moon on the date of the murder by well meaning friends of Lincoln:

Mrs. Dr. Scheer from her paper bearing on the position of the moon that night of the murder: "Taking this almanac, Lincoln showed that on the night sworn to and the hour sworn to, the moon had not risen, proving that the whole of this testimony was a perjury."

In Barrett's "Life of Lincoln" in referring to this trial, the author after describing the testimony of the prosecuting witness as to the position of the moon, says: "At this point, Mr. Lincoln produced an almanac which showed at the time referred to by the witness that there was no moon at all and showed it to the jury."

Herndon, in his "Life of Lincoln," in which he gives an account of the trial, says: "Lincoln floored the principal prosecuting witness, who had testified positively to seeing the fatal blow struck in the moon light, by showing from an almanac that the moon had set."

Mr. Gridley, to whom I am indebted for data, very wisely directed a letter to the Professor of Astronomy of the University of Illinois, inquiring the position of the moon in this Latitude  $40^{\circ}$  north, Longitude  $90^{\circ}$  west, on the night of

August 29, 1857, when the assault was committed. The reply is as follows:

“Urbana, Ill., March 2, 1909.

Mr. J. M. Gridley,  
Virginia, Illinois.

Dear Sir:

Answering yours of February 24, the moon was at first quarter on August 27, 1857, at 9:00 A. M. On the night of August 29, the moon was two days and one-half past first quarter, and crossed the meridian at 7:44 P. M. local time. The time when the moon set was within 15 minutes of midnight, but to give this closer, I would have to know the exact locality for which to compute.

I am,

Very truly yours,

Joel Stebbins,  
Director, Observatory.”

“Urbana, Illinois, March 29, 1922.

Mr. J. M. Gridley,  
Virginia, Illinois,

Dear Sir:

I have been rather busy of late and have neglected answering your last letter. I computed the time of Moonset for Longitude  $90^{\circ}$  west of Greenwich and Latitude  $40^{\circ}$ . On August 29, 1857, I find the moon set at 12:05 P. M., i. e., five minutes after midnight of August 29. You understand this refers to the disappearance of the moon's upper edge below the true horizon. I am sorry that I cannot inform you about the period called the “dark of the moon.” It may have an exact meaning but I can not find the term used in any of the text books, or any Standard work. I am under the impression that the period extends from last quarter until the new moon, but that is only a guess.

On August 19, 1857, there was a new moon at 10:00 A. M. First quarter you have full moon, September 3, at 11:00 P. M. and last quarter on September 10, at 5 P. M.

Hoping this is suitable for your purpose, I am

Very truly yours,

Joel Stebbins,  
Director, Observatory.”

I am pleased to note that my findings agree with Mr. Stebbins, with but one exception—the time when the moon set. Stebbins found that the moon set at 12:05 P. M., on August 29, 1857, while I found that the moon set at 12:51 P. M., on August 29, 1857.

According to Mr. Stebbins' finding, the altitude of the moon at 10:00 P. M. would show it much higher than mine. Mine was at 69 minutes before setting while Mr. Stebbins was 1 hour and 55 minutes before setting.

The old Nautical Almanacs and Astronomical Ephemeris do not have the "tables" that our new Nautical Almanacs have for finding the stations not on the meridian of Greenwich, hence, a difference of 46 minutes in time when moon set. I used the 1857 Almanac in combination with that of 1922. The moon will be about the same position August 31, 1922, at 9:43 P. M. that it was in August 29, 1857 at 10:00 P. M., about the same time from setting, about the same altitude and south declination. On August 31, 1922, the moon will be one day nearer to new moon, hence, a little brighter at 9:43 P. M.

The above shows that there was a moon in sight the night of the murder, but that does not change Lincoln's honestly won victory. As the above clearly shows the moon was not over the meridian at the time of the murder, as sworn to by the prosecuting witness.

For a complete History of this now famous case, I recommend all interested to get a copy of the Journal of the Illinois State Historical Society, Springfield, Illinois, Vol. 3, No. 1, April, 1910. Two of the directors of the Ill. State Historical Society are our townsmen, Hon. Andrew Russel and Hon. Richard Yates.

## ALBERT J. HOPKINS, LAWYER AND STATESMAN.

A MEMORIAL BY JAMES SHAW.

Albert J. Hopkins was born in DeKalb County, Illinois, August 15, 1846. In the summer of 1870 he came to Aurora. He had none of the aids that young men ordinarily have in starting out in life. He did not know a single person in the town, which then had a population of about 11,000. He entered as a student the law office of Charles J. Metzner, one of the city's vigorous and enterprising lawyers. The office of Mr. Metzner was in the second story of the building now occupied by the dry goods store of Charles Boorkman. In due time young Hopkins was admitted to the bar, and on the death of Mr. Metzner, not long afterwards, he succeeded to the business. Thence forward his advance was rapid. He brought to his work the primary elements of success—zeal, energy, great powers of concentration, and tireless industry. These qualities won him high appreciation, and a large volume of business followed.

### STARTS PUBLIC CAREER.

In 1872 he became a candidate for the Republican nomination for state's attorney of Kane county. There was a sharp campaign for the office. Those were the days of the convention system. Under that system the politics of the county had long been ruled and regulated by a small number of able men, at the head of whom was William B. Allen, collector of internal revenue for this district. These men determined who should be the candidates of the party. They were the machine, and a very smooth running and powerful machine it was. And few there were, caring for office, who dared to defy it.

But a vital principle in a democratic government is that every political machine carries within itself the seeds of dissolution, or there are, outside the machine, the elements of revolution. Success makes it arrogant. Opposition is weak-

ened and strengthened. New men come to the front. Fresh issues are presented. Finally the old machine receives a rude shock, and is put out of business. So it was with the old Republican machine in Aurora in the early 70's.

At an early period of his residence in Aurora, young Hopkins had made warm friends and sincere admirers. Some of these, young men like Hopkins himself, had vision enough to see in him a coming man. Among these young men were Isaac Morgan, George Meredith, and C. P. Dutton. Morgan and Meredith conducted a clothing business on River street, and their store was where the forward looking young men of West Aurora foregathered. These young men took up the candidacy of Hopkins in dead earnest. There was a struggle that shook Aurora from center to circumference. But the old ring was no match for the youngsters. Youth would be served. The Aurora delegation was secured, and with that went the nomination of the convention. In November Hopkins was elected by a large majority, and for four years Kane county had a vigorous and successful prosecutor.

During his term as state's attorney, Hopkins never lost sight of his aim to build up a large private practice. The bar of Kane county had then an unusually large proportion of lawyers who might properly be called advocates,—men of force, learned in the law, skilled in the presentation of testimony, experts in dealing with the human element that pervades every conflict between man and man. Some of these men were capable, on occasion, of rising to a high plane of eloquence. They had wit in abundance to pierce shams. They employed satire and humor to ridicule an adversary's position. Every trial before the 12 men in the box was a real contest.

#### IN A BRILLIANT GALAXY.

Among such men were B. F. Parks and Charles Wheaton, of Aurora; A. M. Herrington, of Geneva; Edward Joslyn and A. H. Barry, of Elgin. There were also men of high character and solid learning, like S. W. Brown, of Aurora, and R. N. Botsford, of Elgin. In a bar composed of these men Hopkins soon took high rank. Long before his term as state's attorney expired, he had all the business he could attend to. From 1876 to 1885 he was retained on one side or the other of nearly

every important case that was tried in the courts of record of Kane, Kendall, DeKalb and DuPage counties.

Hopkins defended a number of men charged with crime. But the impression that was at one time quite general, that he was what is called a criminal lawyer, was a mistake. After leaving the state's attorney's office he assisted in the prosecution of criminal cases quite as often as he appeared for the defense. But the great bulk of his practice was at all times in civil actions.

#### FAMOUS AS A JURY LAWYER.

My first opportunity to observe the methods of Mr. Hopkins as an advocate came in 1878. I was employed to report the trial of Russell, administrator, vs. the Chicago & Iowa Railroad company. It was an action brought under the personal injury law. A young brakeman had been killed while in the performance of his duty, and his widow brought suit for the damages sustained in the loss of her support. Mr. Hopkins was the plaintiff's attorney, and he was assisted by Charles Wheaton. The railroad company was represented by B. F. Parks and a Chicago lawyer named Kretzinger.

In this trial Mr. Hopkins exhibited all those qualities that made for his great success as a jury lawyer—unceasing vigilance, lightning quickness in meeting emergencies, complete mastery of facts he proposed to present as testimony, thorough knowledge of the law governing the case, and an orderly and logical method of presenting his testimony. Nothing was left undone that could possibly be done, if it would help win the case. Every element of chance was eliminated where that was humanly possible. And lastly, though essentially a fighter, though naturally combative, he never wrangled with the court. He invariably submitted to an adverse ruling quickly and quietly. His aim, first, last and all the time was to win his client's case. To that end, he bent every effort. In the Russell case the jury returned a verdict in favor of the plaintiff. The judgment of the circuit court was affirmed by the supreme court.

In the years that followed that trial, until the election of Mr. Hopkins to congress, it was my fortune to be present at the trial of every important case in which he was either asso-

ciate or principal counsel. It would be impossible, within the limits of this article, to mention even a few of those cases. And no attempt of that kind will be made.

#### RECALLS ALLEN MURDER CASE.

Just one case may be referred to, and that only to illustrate Mr. Hopkins' skill in the art of cross examination. It was said many years ago by one of the greatest of English advocates: "The issue of a cause rarely depends upon a speech, and is but seldom even affected by it. But there is never a cause contested, the result of which is not mainly dependent upon the skill with which the advocate conducts his cross examination." It is the object of cross examination to elicit the truth from an unwilling or perhaps hostile witness. It is an art that exercises almost every faculty of the human mind—quickness of judgment, unerring memory, wit, imagination, knowledge of human nature. Its methods are as various as human nature itself.

It was in the practice of this art that A. J. Hopkins was a past master. It is a great mistake to suppose that the chief object of a cross examiner is to "break down" a recalcitrant or hostile witness. That may on occasion be the proper play; but only a tyro resorts to that course where it is unnecessary. An instance in the experience of Mr. Hopkins will illustrate this.

In the early 80's what was known as the Allen murder case was placed on trial in the circuit court of Kane county. The case grew out of the murder of a merchant named Allen, living and doing business in Sandwich. He had been awakened in the dead hour of night by the presence of burglars in his home. He got up. A struggle ensued. Allen was mortally wounded by a pistol shot. After a protracted investigation two young men of Sandwich, Will Thomas and one Woodsum, were arrested and indicted. They took a change of venue to Kane county, and the case was tried before Judge Kellum of Geneva. A. J. Hopkins and A. H. Barry were retained to assist in the prosecution. The defense was mainly conducted by one of the Chicago Van Burens, a very able lawyer.

The defense in the case of Thomas was an alibi, a defense with which we have been made familiar in the two trials of Walter Stevens in the last year or two. The difficulty of meeting such a defense, where the alibi is well planned, is recognized by all lawyers. In the case of Will Thomas it was claimed that he was at home and abed when the murder of Allen was committed, and that, therefore, he could have had no part in the crime. He had two witnesses to establish his alibi, his father and his mother.

They told, with great particularity and detail that Will had come home on the night of the murder; that for a time he had sat and talked with them; they told what they had talked about; they noticed the time, because there was a clock in the room; at quite a late hour Will took a lamp, and retired to his room. His mother testified that she had remained up for some time thereafter, engaged in some work. Finally she also went up stairs to retire, and, as she passed her son's room, she pushed the door open; there was Will Thomas, fast asleep. That was just about the time the shot was fired that killed Allen.

The story seemed impregnable. The old father and mother were evidently honest, simple minded people. It fell to Mr. Hopkins to cross examine them. He made not the slightest attempt to "break them down." His eye was on the jurors who were to be the final judges as to whether the father and mother had told the truth. Those 12 men were watching every move that was made; they were listening to every word that was uttered. They would be quick to resent any attempt to browbeat or harry these old people. Even if the witnesses had perjured themselves, they were moved by one of the holiest impulses of human nature, the affection of parent for child.

#### DISPROVED THE ALIBI.

Nothing was farther from the mind of Mr. Hopkins than to make that play. He knew, with unerring intuition, that any attempt to browbeat or intimidate those distressed old people would be fatal to the cause of truth and justice. He approached his difficult task in the most respectful manner. His attitude was one of sympathy for the trouble and distress

in which the parents of Will Thomas were involved. Gradually he drew from them the story of their wayward boy. They told of the late nights he had been in the habit of keeping; that sometimes he was not at home for days at a time; that it was an unusual thing for them to wait up for him. Of course they adhered to the story they had told on direct examination; but it was clear that that story was fabricated to save their boy. In the last analysis, the jury pitied them and sorrowed for them, but they did not believe their alibi. A verdict of guilty was returned. Will Thomas was convicted largely as a result of that cross examination.

#### STARTS CAREER TO CONGRESS.

In 1885 Rueben Ellwood, representative in congress from this district, died. Mr. Hopkins was elected to fill the vacant seat. He took his place in the house at the beginning of the long session of congress in that year. He was re-elected to the house eight successive times. There was, of course, the usual period of probation for him, as for all new members. That period was passed in "learning the ropes." But his wide experience as a lawyer, and his readiness in debate soon gave him a solid footing in the house. Indeed, it might be said that he there continued the practice of the law. For is not the work of legislation essentially the same thing as the law business? In each case there is the conflict of interests, the clash of opinions; the arts of persuasion, compulsion or reason must be employed in both lines of endeavor. A. J. Hopkins was therefore well equipped by mental training and by experience to win an assured place in that tribunal.

The year 1885 was the first year of President Cleveland's first administration. The Democrats were in control of the house. John G. Carlisle of Kentucky was speaker. In that congress were many men of mark. In the Illinois delegation were several who had won high places in public esteem. George E. Adams of Chicago, Robert R. Hitt of Mount Morris, Lewis E. Payson of Pontiac, Joseph G. Cannon of Danville, William R. Morrison of Waterloo, William M. Springer of Springfield and Thomas J. Henderson of Princeton are still remembered as men of unusual ability and sterling character.

By the time Mr. Hopkins had served his short period of probation he had taken rank as one of the leading Republicans in the house. He had made himself familiar with the parliamentary rules and practices of that body. He had learned the sometimes tortuous methods by which a member gets things done, and he exercised that knowledge to the fullest extent. He was a ready debater. He spoke well and convincingly on short notice.

The house remained in the control of the Democratic party until the session that began December 2, 1889. Thomas Brackett Reed was then recalled to the speakership. In this congress the republican majority in the house was only eight, and there were not always enough Republicans present to make a constitutional quorum. The Democrats, therefore, by refusing to vote, or to answer a roll call, undertook to prevent all Republican legislation by breaking a quorum. Thus they assumed to have more power by not voting than they had by voting. But Speaker Reed made a quorum by counting those present who were actually in the house. A fierce struggle ensued, as is usually the case when a body of men are deprived of the power to do things, or are rendered incapable of preventing others from doing things. In this memorable contest Mr. Hopkins rendered constant and effective support to the speaker.

#### RECORD AS A LAW MAKER.

Mr. Hopkins was instrumental in securing legislation in favor of the dairy interests of the country. He took an important part in framing the law for taking over the census of 1900. He was an effective advocate of the law creating the inter-state commerce commission, which has done so much to eliminate the irregularities of the railroad business, and which punishes favoritism and injustice by means of rebates in the transaction of that business. This law was violently opposed by powerful interests, but Mr. Hopkins believed that the legislation was necessary, and that it was justified on the theory that what the law had power to create it was authorized to regulate.

With the election of McKinley as president in 1896 the Republicans came into full possession of the government in

all its branches. Mr. Hopkins was assigned to membership on the committee of ways and means, the most important committee of the house. Here he had an influential part in framing the tariff legislation that was enacted. On the general subject of tariff rates and schedules he became an authority of scarcely less weight than William McKinley or Nelson Dingley, whose names are connected with tariff measures that were widely discussed, bitterly opposed, and enthusiastically favored.

In 1899 Mr. Hopkins came near being chosen speaker of the house. Reed had resigned his membership and retired to private life and the practice of law in New York city. The Illinois delegation was a unit in favor of making him Reed's successor in the chair. There was general recognition of his fitness for the position. Many pledges were made for his election. It finally became known that if the Wisconsin delegation was secured, Mr. Hopkins would have enough votes to make his election sure. The Wisconsin delegation was about evenly divided between Hopkins and Henderson of Iowa. That delegation was to vote as a unit. Two of its members had the deciding votes. These men pledged themselves to vote for Hopkins. But before the Wisconsin members met to decide upon their course, powerful influences were brought to bear over night on these two pivotal men. They cast their votes for Henderson. That decided the course of the Wisconsin delegation. Henderson received its vote. Mr. Hopkins withdrew from the contest and Henderson was nominated and elected.

The service of Mr. Hopkins in the house was characterized during the entire years by hard work and constant devotion to duty. During that service his mind developed, and his power of debate continually improved by the discipline of contact and conflict with the brightest men in that body.

#### ELECTED UNITED STATES SENATOR.

During the year 1902 Mr. Hopkins became a candidate for United States senator to succeed William E. Mason. There was a spirited contest for the position. Senator Mason was a candidate for re-election. Charles G. Dawes, a former comptroller of currency, was also a candidate, with the active

support of Senator Shelby M. Cullom. Mr. Hopkins made a thorough canvass of the state, with the result that the Republican state convention that fall, by a vote of more than two to one, endorsed his candidacy. On the meeting of the general assembly in January he was elected United States senator for the term of six years beginning March 4, 1903.

His service in the Senate was what might have been expected from his service in the house of representatives. He was a hard working, painstaking senator. As for many years he had been a leading member of the house, in the course of time he became a leading and influential member of the senate. His career as a senator cannot be followed minutely in the space allotted to this article. Two instances however, may be cited to indicate his power to change well settled opinions by the presentation of proper reasons for the change. It has rarely fallen to the lot of any United States senator to effect results such as Senator Hopkins effected in two very important matters.

It will be remembered that early in his first administration President Roosevelt vigorously pressed the enactment of measures for the construction of the Panama canal. Finally the stage was reached where it was necessary to determine whether the proposed water way should be a sea level or lock level canal. President Roosevelt appointed a board of engineers to investigate the proposed route, and report as to which type of canal should be constructed. It was a mixed board, composed of nine American engineers, and four engineers appointed by the governments of Great Britain, France, Germany and the Netherlands. The members of the board went to the canal zone, and made a thorough study of the local topography. They held many meetings, and discussed exhaustively the matter given them in charge. They made two reports in regard to the type of canal to be constructed. Eight of the engineers favored a sea level canal. Five engineers, all Americans, recommended the construction of a lock level canal.

The president submitted these reports to congress. In his letter of transmittal he stated that he favored a lock level

canal, but if congress saw fit to authorize a sea level, he would carry out its direction. The Panama canal committee of the senate was composed of 11 members. Of these, six favored a sea level canal; five voted for a lock level canal. Senator Hopkins was a member of this committee, and he was one of the minority that favored a lock level canal. He prepared a bill providing for the construction of a water way of that type.

#### DREW PANAMA CANAL BILL.

He made an intensive study of the whole subject, particularly in relation to the topography of the zone, its liability to torrential rains and tremendous floods, etc. His conclusion from this study was that a lock level canal was the type that should be adopted, on the ground of economy both of construction and operation, its greater freedom from floods, etc. His views on the subject he presented to the senate in an elaborate speech with such force and clarity that the minority report was adopted, and the bill prepared by him was enacted into law. So it was decreed that the canal should be of the lock level type, and that is the kind of canal that was constructed. The result was highly pleasing to President Roosevelt and also to Secretary of War Taft, both of whom favored a lock level canal. They wrote Senator Hopkins cordial letters of appreciation of his speech.

Another remarkable triumph came to Senator Hopkins when the question of seating Reed Smoot as a senator from Utah came up for action. Mr. Smoot was a Mormon, and good people all over the country were horrified at the thought of a Mormon being given a seat in the senate of the United States. Influential religious bodies without number protested against such a possibility. In their eyes polygamy and Mormonism were one and the same thing.

Smoot's credentials were referred to the committee on privileges and elections. It soon appeared that a majority of that committee were opposed to giving Reed Smoot a seat. Tremendous pressure was brought to bear on the committee to produce this result. A great volume of testimony

was taken on the subject. Finally the committee reported to the senate a resolution to the effect that "Reed Smoot is not entitled to a seat in the senate as a senator from Utah." Senator Burrows, of Michigan, made an able speech in support of this resolution.

#### SAVED REED SMOOT A SENATORSHIP.

Senator Hopkins made the same exhaustive study of this matter that he did of the canal question. He became convinced by that study, and by the consideration of all the testimony that had been submitted, that polygamy, or plural marriage, was no longer part of the creed of the Mormon church; that a great majority of the members of that church were living in obedience to the laws of the United States against polygamy; that Reed Smoot was not, and never had been, a polygamist; that to refuse him a seat in the senate merely because he held certain religious views would be a violation of the section of the constitution prohibiting religious tests as a qualification for any office or public trust under the United States.

There was a long debate on the subject. At its conclusion the resolution reported by the committee was defeated by a vote of 42 against to 28 for. And Reed Smoot was given his seat as a senator from the state of Utah. The opposition to Smoot on religious grounds has subsided. It is now seen that the right thing was done. That it was done is largely due to the argument of Senator Hopkins.

Mr. Hopkins retired from the senate in 1909, under circumstances that will not be reviewed here. His retirement brought to a close 24 years of service in congress. It was a service in which he gave to Illinois and to the nation the best that was in him. That service was written large in the laws that congress enacted. The state has been represented in both branches of the national legislature by many able men, and when the future historian shall make up the roll of those to be most honored for distinguished service, high on the roll will appear the name of Albert J. Hopkins.

In 1873 Mr. Hopkins married Miss Emma C. Stolp. Mrs. Hopkins and three sons and one daughter survive the husband and father. Senator Hopkins died in Aurora, August 23, 1922.

The funeral occurred at Aurora, Ill., Saturday, August 26, 1922. A committee of Chicago attorneys attended the funeral of Senator Hopkins at Aurora as representatives of the Chicago Bar Association. They were: Judge Samuel Alschuler, Eugene Clifford, Elwood G. Godman, Jacob Newman, Edwin W. Sims, Emil C. Wetter, Judge James H. Wilkerson, Henry M. Wolf, R. B. Scott, and J. C. James.

## **LIFE AND SERVICES OF WILLIAM H. HOLDEN, 1843-1922.**

By C. G. B. GOODSPEED.

My first recollection of a lawyer is of William H. Holden. My father was then the financial secretary of the Theological Seminary which was one of the two institutions out of which the University of Chicago grew. Mr. Holden was a trustee of the Seminary and its lawyer and incidentally the lawyer of his former pastor, the young financial secretary. I doubt if he ever made a bill to this latter client, but as to that I have no knowledge.

From that far off day till his death, he was always a familiar figure and my life touched his at many points so that it is perhaps not unfitting that I should be asked to speak of him today.

There is no one here and there are few people anywhere who can remember Chicago before Mr. Holden came into it for he was born 80 years ago in a house that stood on the East side of Clark Street near Washington Street. His father, Charles N. Holden, then a young storekeeper of 27 had been born in Fort Covington, New York, and in 1837, at the age of 21 had arrived in Chicago with \$10.00 in his pocket.

After a few months in the country farming he came back and went to work for John H. Kinzie in his lumber office. Before the end of 1838 he opened a grocery and dry goods store in a log house near the Lake Street bridge.

His home was for many years on the South side of Madison Street just West of Dearborn, the West half of the Hartford Building lot, and here his children spent their childhood.

When the boy William was 8 years old his father sold out his store and went into the Insurance business. His advertising card of 1853 read as follows: "C. N. Holden, Insurance Agent, Fire, Marine and Life. Risks taken at fair rates in good offices. Commissioner of Deeds for Massachu-

setts and Wisconsin. Will buy and sell lots, lands, notes, stocks, loans, etc., at reasonable rates.

Office No. 7 over Smiths Bank, 41 Clark St."

This was of course the famous George Smith's bank whose notes were the best in the whole west and which built up a great fortune for its English owner.

In 1857 Mr. Holden organized the Chicago Fireman's Insurance Company, becoming its Secretary. The capitalization was \$200,000.00, only \$10,000 of this was paid in, but under his management the profits, before he withdrew some 5 years later, had been sufficient to make the market value of the \$200,000 of stock almost \$300,000. He was for 20 years treasurer of the Fireman's Benevolent Association and is still well remembered by at least one 90 year old widow of a fireman whose little family got their pension checks from him for years.

He remained Commissioner of Deeds for many years, becoming in his later years connected with a variety of manufacturing and mercantile enterprises, particularly the paint business.

In the 1880's he became Vice President and afterward President of the Home National Bank, a west side institution.

He was always active in politics being at various times in his long career Alderman, City Treasurer, Commissioner of Taxes for 4 years, 1867 to 1871, and President of the Board of Education. He ran for Mayor but was defeated. He was one of the leading members of the Committee that planned and erected the Wigwam where Lincoln was first nominated. He was one of three Trustees that had charge of the building of the Elgin Hospital for the insane. His cousin and contemporary, C. C. P. Holden was also an active politician finding time in the intervals of selling lots and farms for the Illinois Central Railroad and acting as president of various of the little Railroads that preceded our present great systems to be Alderman, Park Commissioner and in 1877 President of the Board of County Commissioners that erected the old court house.

I recall as a boy, seeing C. N. Holden often,—a heavy set, handsome, bearded man, rather an imposing figure and one of whom people stood somewhat in awe.

A biographical sketch of him published before 1870 says "his taciturn and abstract manner sometimes leads to the idea that he is cold, distant, and haughty but nothing is less true, a tender heart beats in his breast." A saying that might equally well have referred to the son whom we all knew.

It should not be supposed that the Holdens were among the social leaders of the Chicago of the 40's. They could not well have been as society was principally composed of Southerners and had strong pro-slavery sympathies, while they were Yankees. When in 1843, the year William Holden was born, the old First Baptist Church, whose fine new building faced the court house where the Chamber of Commerce building now stands, split, the wealthier members remaining in the church, and the anti-slavery men forming the Tabernacle, later the Second Church. The Holdens were among those that went out, C. N. Holden becoming clerk of the new church. They thus formed a connection that continued till Wm. H. Holden's death 79 years later.

The Chicago into which Wm. H. Holden was born was a frontier town of 7500 inhabitants, two-thirds native Americans and all the rest from Great Britain and the Northwest corner of Europe. There were only 65 negroes. There were two Presbyterian and two Baptist churches, and only one Catholic Parish; whose fine new building was just being finished at Wabash and Madison Street. The assessed value of all the real estate in the town was about \$1,450,000. The chief hope of the town was for the completion of the new Illinois & Michigan Canal, now famous as the tadpole ditch, but then the latest thing in improved modern transportation, which, when actually opened 5 years later in 1848, was sufficient to give Chicago such an advantage over all her rivals in the race for the trade of the Mississippi valley that only antiquarians now know that New Buffalo, Michigan and the Green Bay-Wisconsin River route once considered themselves Chicago rivals. Mr. Holden was 9 years old before the first railroads from the east, the Michigan Southern and Michigan Central reached the little city in 1852. It took strong pressure and much assistance on the part of Wm. B. Ogden and other pioneer Chicagoans to induce the latter road to come on to Chicago from its original western terminus, that same New

Buffalo, which 60 years later, had only 500 inhabitants. The court house which Wm. Holden used to pass as a boy on his way to the little \$2,000 building of the Tabernacle Baptist Church on LaSalle Street facing the Courthouse Square, was that little one story and high basement building built in 1835 which is the first of the four court houses shown in Bas Relief on the first floor staircase landing next the entrance to the Cook County Treasurer's office. The Holden boys must have gone to the old District No. 1, or Dearborn School, which the histories of the time say was located on the North Side of Madison Street opposite where the Tribune building now stands.

Incidentally it is hard to understand why the School board should have gone to the North side of that street when they still owned a large part of the section to the South of it. Possibly the former times were not better than these after all.

The boy William, when he had finished with the school on Madison Street attended the Brown school on the West Side, the family having moved, first to DesPlaines and Washington Streets and then to Morgan and Monroe Streets. From the Brown school he went to the new West Division High School from which he graduated in 1861.

His father was a trustee of the old University of Chicago, then located at 34th St. and Cottage Grove Ave. but for some reason he did not go to college but instead became a clerk in the land office of the Illinois Central Railroad, whose vast land grants made that office a very important one, and kept it so for the next 50 years. The fact that his father's cousin C. C. P. Holden was one of the salesmen in that office may have had a part in leading him in that direction. He did not stay long, however, for 1864-5 found him a student under Judge Henry Booth in the old Union College of Law, then the law department of both of the local Universities, and since 1887, when the old University of Chicago discontinued, connected with Northwestern only. His first year he devoted solely to his studies, but being an extremely practical person he felt the need of experience and so became a clerk in the office of Hoyne, Ayer & Horton. This was one of the leading firms of the city. Thomas Hoyne, whose business continues to this day as Hoyne & O'Connor, having been one of the

foremost of early Chicagoans, and both his partners Benjamin F. Ayer and Oliver H. Horton having been men who afterward held high positions in the official, business and religious life of the city.

1866 saw Mr. Holden's graduation and admission to the bar. He at once opened an office of his own at 100 Madison St. within a few hundred feet of his birth place. When he thus hung out his shingle, most of the vast body of legal literature with which he was afterward so intimately concerned had not yet come into existence. The Indiana reports filled only 25 volumes, Iowa only 20. Instead of some 530 volumes of reports of decisions of Illinois Courts there were only the first 39 volumes of the Supreme Court reports. Judge Breese, who in 1831 had edited the first volume of the reports of the Supreme Court, was still sitting as one of its Judges. J. Young Scammon editor of the next 4 volumes, was a leader of the bar and community, and Lincoln's old associates and opponents were still the most active leaders of the bar.

I at once wondered how it happened that with his political connections he seems to have taken no part in politics. There are two possible explanations, first his naturally reticent and reserved character, which would have made the rough and tumble of campaigning distasteful to him, and second, the fact that the members of the Grand Army of the Republic, having just returned from overthrowing the confederacy, were beginning that triumphant march that led them into almost every office in the gift of his party for the next quarter of a century.

It seems reasonable to assume that he turned at once to real estate law, being the son of a commissioner of deeds who was just becoming Commissioner of Taxes.

He continued to practice alone until 1873 when he took in as partner George N. Moore, the firm name being Holden & Moore. At the same time he became for a short time treasurer of the Chicago & Illinois River Railroad of which his cousin C. C. P. Holden was then president. The partnership with Mr. Moore seems to have been dissolved by 1877 at which time we find him practicing alone on LaSalle St. The next year he formed another short lived partnership,

this time under the name of Holden & Knickerbocker, with John J. Knickerbocker, the young brother of the distinguished lawyer of that name who had just become the first judge of the Probate Court.

After a year or two alone, Mr. Holden formed in 1880 his first lasting partnership, this time with Charles T. Farson, afterward well known as a Master in Chancery, the title of the firm being Holden & Farson. Mr. Farson had grown up in Mr. Holden's office having entered it as an office boy. This connection continued for 10 years, until 1890. Profiting by the experience of the partnership Mr. Holden took his next partner, also out of his own office, promoting his clerk Edgar A. Buzzell, who had come into his office directly on his graduation from the old University of Chicago on the recommendation of Justice Brayton who is a pleasant memory to some of us.

I got a hint of the kind of office it was from Mr. Buzzell's reminiscent remark that as he recalled those early years it seems as if he was brought up in the Probate Court. Estates and trusteeships naturally gravitated toward Mr. Holden. He was the ideal trustee and trustees lawyer, able, painstaking, conservative, wise. His acquaintance with old citizens helped the growth of this kind of business. He became one of the best known of title examiners, and did a great deal of work for institutions which invested their funds in local mortgages. The only public office he ever held was that of Examiner of Titles under the first Torrens Title Act, which was held to be unconstitutional.

In his active years he had a large chancery practice. He never did any criminal business and very little common law business.

He was the adviser for many years of the late S. W. Rawson and the Union Trust Company, a connection that continued to his death, and which his son still continues with the bank under Mr. Rawson's son.

The firm of Holden & Buzzell continued for 24 years, till Mr. Holden was 72 years old. During all this period the firm's office was in the Hartford Block. When the firm dissolved in 1915, Mr. Holden moved across Dearborn St. to the offices of his son's firm, Kraus, Alschuler & Holden, which

the son was just leaving to devote his whole time to the work of the Union Trust Company. He maintained this connection for the rest of his life devoting some time to the business of the firm, some to law business of his old clients, but having as his principal occupation, outside of his duties as librarian, the investment of funds for certain persons who had long relied on him for such service.

He continued to go regularly to this office, taking life easier and easier as the time passed, till the week before he died, and I used to meet him on Madison street walking leisurely and soberly over from the Northwestern Station in all weathers just as I still meet Andrew MacLeish, his lifelong friend, older than he was by some years, walking over to his office at Carson, Pirie, Scott & Co.'s retail store.

But the law was only one of many fields in which Mr. Holden touched the city in which he spent his nearly 80 years. He was all his life a deeply religious man. He and the famous evangelist Dwight L. Moody married sisters, out of which connection perhaps grew an interest that caused him late in life to accept the presidency of the Bible Institute Colportage Association connected with the Moody Institute. As a boy he attended the Sunday school of the Second Baptist Church, and when, in the early 60's, the family moved into the fine residence district of the west side on Monroe street near Morgan, the church soon followed. Like his father, he was for many years the foremost member of that great church, at one time the largest of its denomination in the North, the chairman of the trustees and superintendent of its big Sunday school. This last was one of the enthusiasms of his life, and he remained honorary superintendent for many years after he moved his home to Evanston. To one familiar only with the reserved, silent and somewhat austere lawyer, Mr. Holden in the midst of his Sunday school was a revelation. In such a church in a district changing rapidly for the poorer, many appeals for aid came to the pastor and we have the word of Dr. Wm. M. Lawrence, who was his pastor, on the West side for many years that many a person in distress was relieved in the name of church or pastor who did not know that his or her real benefactor was Mr. Holden. A life

of such relationships perhaps explains a saying of his that one man in ten supports the other nine.

He was deeply interested in the education of the clergy of his denomination and early became a trustee of the Baptist Union Theological Seminary with which my father was as I have said, connected. He soon became its counsel and as such its most valued and influential trustee. His father had been a large donor to its funds and he gave liberally to it of his time and money during 30 years.

C. N. Holden was one of the first trustees of the Old University of Chicago. In 1894 William H. Holden was elected a trustee of the present University of Chicago, a position in which his son Charles R. Holden has succeeded him.

The Holdens have for many years been actively interested in the Y. M. C. A. of Chicago, the West side department having been established in the fine old mansion of Mr. Holden's father on West Monroe Street, a building long ago replaced by buildings which now house over 500 men. The title to all the real estate of the Chicago Association is vested in a small board of trustees composed of distinguished citizens such as James B. Forgan, Judge Kohlfaat, and Cyrus H. McCormick. Of this board, Mr. Holden was a member from 1907 until his death.

Next to his church Mr. Holden had one favorite interest for the last half of his long life, The Chicago Law Institute. He became its treasurer in 1875 and continued as such until 1898. From 1900 to 1904 he was elected annually as a member of its board of managers. In 1904 the eminent and learned Julius Rosenthal, the father of James and Lessing Rosenthal, having died, Mr. Holden was chosen as his successor, a position he held until his death 18 years later.

These two men, whose service as librarians, has covered most of the history of the Institute, looked upon the library from very different points of view. Both were prominent highly regarded real estate and chancery lawyers, but Mr. Rosenthal was a legal scholar, with a close touch with European scholars. When President Harper was organizing the faculty of the University of Chicago, it was Mr. Rosenthal who induced him to invite the eminent German historian of our Constitution, Herman Von Holst, then professor of

history in the University of Freiburg, in Baden, to head the department of history. Under such a librarian the collection tended to accumulate works on foreign law, works in other languages than English, and books on the history and philosophy of law. These were books that appealed to the librarian, and they were therefore suggested to the book committee as suitable for purchase.

When I became a member of the Board of Managers and of the Book Committee, having some slight amateur interest in some of these matters, I soon discovered that Mr. Holden had a different theory. He held that no book should be bought or allowed shelf space that could not be shown to be of practical use to a working lawyer. He gladly approved therefore of the plan by which books in foreign languages were deposited in the library of the Northwestern University Law School, subject to a right of use by our members.

Any book that it was seriously contended would be useful to any member in his professional work he willingly approved, however far it might be outside of the range of his own legal interests.

The system by which we have elected our Librarian, Secretary and Treasurer year after year, as long as they could be induced to continue to perform the duties, and have put in a constantly changing group of Managers resulted in an interesting and curious attitude on the part of Mr. Holden. He had been in charge of the affairs of the Institute so long that by the time I became one of the Managers he had come to listen patiently to our queer new ideas and when we were through, explain to us how it had always been done, and ought to be done. The weight of his character and his serious dignity was such, and what he said when he finally got around to talk, was so well considered and usually so wise that we innovators almost always professed ourselves as converted to his view and yielded as gracefully as we could.

When I finished my service as president, Mr. Holden was 73 years old, and I would just as soon have offended or been harsh in opposing my own father as to have done so to Mr. Holden. It was interesting to see the respectful, I had almost said tender, courtesy with which even rather strenuous members of the bar treated his expressed wishes in the meet-

ings of the board. I have reason to believe that this attitude became even more marked as the end of his life approached.

Mr. Holden's librarianship was no empty title. He was always librarian. Mr. Fellows (the Assistant Librarian) was accustomed to go to his office daily to go over the mail, discuss questions that had arisen, and to get books that had been delivered there for the library.

The day before he died, Mr. Holden missed his visit and called for him. As it could do no harm, he was sent for. When he came in the evening Mr. Holden was rational and gave him some message. Then as Mr. Fellows was leaving, his mind began to wander and calling him back he directed him to get and take with him some books which he imagined had come for the library and which he said were on the table.

Thus, a few hours before his death, his mind was still busy with our affairs, the last, outside his own household, that occupied his attention.

The Institute and the bar of this city have lost, not only an honored member, but also a most faithful and devoted helper.

The institutions of education and religion have lost a lifelong supporter who not only gave of his money, but of his thought, counsel and service, and some of us here have lost a friend to whom we have looked up with respect and confidence from childhood.



# EDITORIAL



JOURNAL OF  
THE ILLINOIS STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY.  
Double Number.

Published Quarterly by the Society at Springfield, Illinois.

JESSIE PALMER WEBER, EDITOR.

Associate Editors:

George W. Smith    Andrew Russel    H. W. Clendenin  
Edward C. Page

Applications for membership in the Society may be sent to the Secretary of the Society, Mrs. Jessie Palmer Weber, Springfield, Illinois.

Membership Fee, One Dollar—Paid Annually.      Life Membership, \$25.00

---

---

VOL. XV.	OCTOBER, 1922-JANUARY, 1923.	Nos. 3-4.
----------	------------------------------	-----------

---

---

ILLINOIS DAY CELEBRATION BY THE ILLINOIS  
STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

As the third of December the one hundred and fourth anniversary of the Admission of the State of Illinois into the Federal Union this year fell on Sunday the State Historical Society held its annual observance of the day on Saturday evening, December second, in the Senate Chamber in the Capitol building at 8:15 o'clock. During the past year the Historical Society and the Illinois Daughters of the American Revolution have conducted a prize essay contest among the school children of Illinois of the eighth to twelfth grades, inclusive. The subject of the essay this year was "Pioneer Women of Illinois", and through this contest much original material has been discovered in the way of old letters, diaries, family histories and family traditions and much has been learned by interviews with old settlers.

A lecture recital by Mr. Henry Purmort Eames ably delivered and highly interesting on "The Music of the Ameri-

can Indian—Its Primitive and Art-Music Forms” was a specially interesting feature of the celebration. Dr. Eames illustrated his lecture on the piano with examples of the primitive music of the Red Man, and then gave a brilliant recital of piano solos, the theme or inspiration for the selections, which were of his own composition, being derived wholly or in part from the music of the Indians. Dr. Eames said in his address: The Indian rythm is the most inspirational of all. The Indian Scale is a five note scale. They play it downward. They sing it downward and make the climax downward, not upward. Good music comes from the soul, whether it be the composition of a Beethoven or a Mendelssohn, or not. The Indian scale is the same scale as that which the Zulus use. We are not any more advanced in rythm than the Indians, though we are along other lines in music. The Indian is a greater musician than the white man in that he thinks little of words, but in the song itself he throws his whole soul. He seldom uses more than two words in his song.”

An audience of three hundred and fifty persons was present at the celebration. Over the desk of the president of the senate were two large silk flags—one of the United States and the other the flag of Illinois, the white flag with an eagle with outspread wings in the center. Beautiful bouquets of chrystanthemums were in vases topping the lamp pedestals on either side of the desk of the secretary of the senate.

Dr. Otto L. Schmidt, of Chicago, president of the Illinois State Historical Society, presided, and introduced the Rev. William F. Rothenburger, pastor of the First Christian Church, who offered the invocation.

Mrs. Gary Westenberger of this city then sang a group of Illinois songs, consisting of “Illinois”, “Hymn to Illinois” and “Hail, Illinois”.

The gold medal, the state prize given by the Illinois State Historical Society and the Illinois Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution for the best essay on “Pioneer Women of Illinois” competed for by pupils of the public schools of the state from the eighth to the twelfth grades, was then presented to the winner, Miss Julia Ann Buck,

daughter of State Senator Clarence F. Buck of Monmouth, by Hon. Francis G. Blair, State Superintendent of Public Instruction, in a brief but eloquent address. At the close of the meeting President Schmidt of the State Historical Society told of the campaign to be made by the society and the Illinois Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution to preserve the great Indian mound at Cahokia, Madison county, known as the Monks Mound.

After the meeting the society adjourned, to the State Historical rooms and refreshments were served by Mrs. I. G. Miller, Mrs. F. R. Jamison and Mrs. John H. Piper.

---

#### PROF. EVARTS BOUTEL GREEN RESIGNS CHAIR OF HISTORY AT THE UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS.

The resignation of Prof. Evarts B. Greene, Professor of History at the University of Illinois since 1894, was announced on January 1, by the Board of Trustees of the University, meeting at the Blackstone Hotel, Chicago. Professor Greene goes to Columbia University, New York City.

Professor Greene is President of the Board of Trustees of the Illinois State Historical Library and is one of the founders of the Illinois State Historical Society.

---

#### MRS. LOTTIE HOLMAN O'NEILL OF DU PAGE COUNTY, FIRST WOMAN MEMBER OF THE ILLINOIS GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

The Fifty-third General Assembly of Illinois, which convened January 3, 1923, will be notable in the history of the state because it counted a woman among its members, the first of her sex to hold this office. The name of Illinois' first woman legislator is Lottie Holman O'Neill and she represents the 41st senatorial district and her home is at Downers Grove, DuPage county. She is a Republican. She is married, her husband being William J. O'Neill of Downers Grove.

After the election when it was found that Mrs. O'Neill's candidacy had been successful the people of Downers Grove held a great celebration of the event on November 18, 1922.

The celebration included a torchlight procession and speeches by Mrs. O'Neill and others. In her address Mrs. O'Neill said:

"I would rather it had been some other woman, and so would my husband. I didn't file my candidacy until two hours before closing time, hoping some other woman would run. But I and several staunch supporters were determined that a woman must fill the place. A woman should be in Springfield to work for things that affect the home."

The lady from DuPage took her seat in the 53d General Assembly, January 3d, 1923. As Illinois' first woman representative, escorted by more than a thousand women from all parts of the state, and cheered by the entire legislative body, she walked down a flag draped pathway to a seat on the aisle in the fifth row on the right hand side of the room. The quietly efficient woman in plain dark blue suit and blue silk hat represented a two-fold milestone, a triumphal conclusion for the pioneer suffragists who lined the galleries, and a significant beginning for the new woman politicians who nodded down at her behind her mass of flowers.

Mrs. O'Neill who is neither offensively feminine nor disturbingly masculine removed her hat, smoothed her hair and, inconspicuously, but in the limelight, sat back, a spectator at her own induction. The reception which the women, under the direction of the Illinois League of Women Voters have been planning for weeks, broke forth. A high soprano scream from a woman who is an expert on the eight hour day legislation, three yells and a giggle from a dignified Chicago Club woman, who nearly wobbled off the chair on which she was standing; seven simultaneous songs from nine different groups; yells, individual and collective, the blowing of horns and the enthusiastic but noncommittal hand clapping of the men of the assembly. But through the noise and the excitement, Mrs. O'Neill, sensibly pleased, heard again and again a deep baritone voice leading the refrain, "District 41, District 41, woman's work has just begun." It was the voice of William J. O'Neill, not the "lady from DuPage's" husband, but a modern man, married to a modern woman, whose efficiency and sincerity have won for her a seat in the State legislature.

At 10 minutes to one, Chief Justice Floyd Thompson administered the oath of office to the group and Mrs. O'Neill settled back in her seat ready for work. When the women had ceased their welcoming songs and cheers, the executive body paid its homage to its first woman member. Norman G. Flagg, temporary speaker, extended a "special welcome from every man in this house to the typical example of beloved American womanhood, a typical wife and mother" and urged the women in the audience "years hence when perhaps lady members occupy 152 seats in the house and one man is present, may you grant that man the same gracious consideration."

Speaking for the Democratic side of the house, Michael L. Igoe welcomed the Republican lady, reminding her that suffrage was granted women in Illinois in 1913, during the administration of a Democratic governor, Edward F. Dunne. It was 1:30 and Mr. Flagg ordered that no demonstration delay the proceedings as Mrs. O'Neill rose to make her first speech, a brief, concise paragraph seconding the nomination of David E. Shanahan, as Speaker of the house.

In the evening a banquet was held by the Illinois League of Women Voters, Miss Julia Lathrop president of the League, presiding. Senators and Representatives of the General Assembly were present.

Of her platform Mrs. O'Neill said these women have already told you what I stand for—legislation for humanity, and I earnestly request you men to work with me for these people in this legislation—the care of mothers and babies, better teachers and schools, aid for delinquent girls, and improved industrial conditions for women.

---

## ROCK ISLAND RAILROAD CELEBRATES SEVENTY YEARS OF RAILROAD LIFE.

Seventy years of railroad life were celebrated Tuesday, October 10th, 1922, when a special train of the Rock Island system piloted by Charles Hayden, chairman of the board of directors, ran over the forty miles of track between Chicago and Joliet—originally laid Oct. 10, 1852. Pretty girls in dresses of mid-nineteenth century design waved good-by

from the observation car, as the gala train left the La Salle street station. Mrs. W. W. Stevens of Hubbard Woods, sole survivor of the passengers of the first Chicago-Joliet run, was among those who waved back.

Passengers aboard the train included Charles H. Markham of the Illinois Central, S. M. Felton of the Chicago Great Western, and H. E. Byram of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, all heads of their respective roads.

At Joliet the entire city awaited the decorated "birthday train at the station. Mayor A. C. Jeffery, R. O. T. C. bands and the local Association of Commerce headed a procession that marched to the court house lawn. There a monument to Samuel Benedict Reed, civil engineer who surveyed the forty miles seventy years ago, was unveiled by Miss Anna Reed Bates, his great-granddaughter. At Rock Island officials of the United States government placed a bronze tablet on a pier of the first railroad bridge built across the Mississippi river.

"The railroads and the public must always realize the mutuality of their interests," declared President James E. Gorman in a speech pointing out the dangers of our "super-regulation of railroads." "We need each other's help and friendly consideration. Super-regulation stifles initiative and hampers prompt adjustments necessary to business emergencies."

A total of ninety-eight trees in memory of deceased employees were planted along stretches of the road by different officials.

"Rock Island Repays All." The War Finance corporation has received from the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific railway company \$2,930,000 which completes repayment of wartime loans aggregating \$10,430,000 made by the government to the Rock Island Company.

Under its war powers, the United States War corporation advanced to steam railroads either direct or through the director general of railroads the sum of \$204,794,520. The repayments to date total \$194,794,520 and represent 95 per cent of the amount originally advanced.

Five of the oldest employees in the passenger service of the Rock Island Railroad were selected as the crew for the

special train that was run from Chicago to Joliet in celebration of the seventieth anniversary of the first passenger train on the road, Oct. 10, 1852.

John Arzner, conductor of the special, has been with the Rock Island since 1883 and has been a passenger conductor since 1885. He has been a railroad man since 1878, having worked for the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern, Illinois Central, Wabash and Northern Pacific before joining the Rock Island.

Fred L. Brewer, engineer, has pulled some of the Rock Island's fastest trains during his forty-seven years of service. In 1887 he pulled a special train from Ottawa to Chicago, eighty-four miles, in two hours, bringing the Appellate Court's decision in the Haymarket anarchists' cases to Chicago newspapers before the telegraph operators could send the lengthy decision over the wires. In 1899 he broke all records between Chicago and Rock Island and helped his railroad win the government mail contract between Chicago and Omaha in competition with other western roads.

Edward J. Westhmiller, fireman, has worked for the Rock Island since 1882. Frank E. Faust and John J. Conlin, brakeman, have been with the railroad for forty and thirty-four years respectively.

Mrs. W. W. Stevens of Hubbard Woods, who, as a girl, in Joliet, was a passenger on the Rock Island's first passenger train on October 10, 1852, accepted the invitation of the railroad to ride on the special train which made the same run as the original on the road's seventieth anniversary. Mrs. Stevens furnished from memory much of the material in the history which the road is issuing in connection with the celebration of the event. Mrs. Stevens greatly enjoyed the trip which was taken on her eighty-third birthday. Mrs. Stevens passed away January 29, 1923.

Rock Island railway officials and many pioneers attended the funeral Jan. 31, 1923 in Chicago. Mrs. Stevens was the last survivor of the railroad's initial trip between Chicago and Joliet. She was 83 years old and on Oct. 10, 1922, when the Rock Island celebrated the seventieth anniversary of the first run and sent a jubilee train over the original stretch of

track, Mrs. Stevens was an honored passenger. Two sons and three daughters survive Mrs. Stevens.

---

## CHICAGO PUBLIC LIBRARY OBSERVES FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY.

Chicago on January first, 1923, and all week paid tribute to the achievement of men who established its public library fifty years ago. It was "anniversary week." Among those who participated in the elaborate programs of the celebration were sons and grandsons of members of the first library board.

Half a century ago a little group of civic leaders placed 12,000 books in a water tank in the old city hall. This was Chicago's first library. The present library is a \$1,700,000 structure on one of the world's most famous boulevards. Joseph Medill, founder of the Tribune, was Mayor of Chicago fifty years ago. Among descendants of the founders who took part in the celebration were Maclay Hoyne, grandson of Thomas Hoyne, chairman of the first library board; James Rosenthal, son of Julius Rosenthal a member of the original board, and Prof. Paul Shorey, son of Daniel Shorey, another of the pioneer trustees.

All the romance, the historic struggles of the civic institution once cradled in a water tank, was reviewed in songs, addresses and poems. Carl Sandburg wrote a poem especially in commemoration of this event. Particular tribute was paid to Thomas Hughes, author of "Tom Brown's School Days" whose munificence made the "tank library" possible.

More than a thousand book lovers—old men, who remembered best sellers before the Chicago fire, little boys who knew their way about the children's reading room, librarians from all parts of the city, professional people, society matrons and the city's floaters who touch the old country through the soiled, thumbled newspapers on the racks, met on January first in G. A. R. Memorial Hall of the Chicago Public Library to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of that institution.

Carl B. Roden, librarian, traced the history of the 17,355 books which grew into more than a million, and the growth

from a water tank on the roof of the old City Hall to the present \$1,750,000 building. "The real founder of the library," said Mr. Roden, "was Thomas Hughes, author of 'Tom Brown's School Days,' who immediately after the Chicago fire sent a literary tribute of 7,000 volumes, thinking to replace the library which he presumed had been destroyed."

"Having books but no right to establish a library, Mayor Joseph Medill called a conference of prominent men who, May 18, 1872, secured the passing of an ordinance which established Chicago's first public library, and on April 8, the Mayor appointed the first board of directors, including Thomas Hoyne, Julius Rosenthal and Daniel L. Shorey."

Mr. Roden called the attention of the audience to the descendants of these founders seated in the front row: the Hon. Maclay Hoyne, James Rosenthal and Prof. Paul Shorey. Senator Medill McCormick and Joseph Medill Patterson, grandsons of Joseph Medill, were unable to be present, but sent greetings. Frank Beaubien, descendant of the first white child born in Chicago, also was present.

"The committee put the books" in the water tank library, the one fireproof place in town, and opened the reading room to the public on New Year's Day, 1873, with Dr. William Frederick Poole, author of Poole's index as the first librarian. "The following May circulation of books for home use was started and the first year 88,632 books were loaned out, and the exact number of volumes on the shelves was 17,355."

When Mr. Roden told of the opening twenty-five years ago, of the new library building at Randolph and Michigan, part of old Dearborn Park, a little lady in a plum colored gown and bonnet and long mosquetaire gloves, smiled and nodded. She was Miss Mary Adams, 3613 Lake Park Avenue, and it was she who took the first book out of the new library twenty-five years ago. Paying tribute to Doctor Poole, F. H. Hild and Henry Legler, his three predecessors, Mr. Roden declared that despite the expansion which now gives thirty-six branch libraries to the institution, the library "dare not advertise", so great is the demand for books." An adequate branch library costing \$100,000, in each of the fifty wards of the city is the dream of the present library board, Mr. Roden stated. "And this would be possible if

civic minded citizens would remember the library as a beneficiary."

George B. Utley, librarian of the Newberry library, warned against too much optimism by stating that during the last year there was but one book per capita loaned by libraries in this country. For the Chicago Public Library and Chicago's population the figures are higher, three books per person. He recommended financial assistance which will enable librarians not only to lead a reader to a book, but to carry a book to a reader.

---

#### SIXTY-FOURTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE LINCOLN-DOUGLAS DEBATE, AT FREEPORT, ILLINOIS, CELEBRATED AUGUST 26, 1922.

Freeport, Illinois, turned back a sixty-four year page in its history August 26, to celebrate with pageants, parades, oratory and fireworks, the anniversary of the second debate of the great series which occurred in Freeport, between Abraham Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas, in 1858.

It was a day of contrasts calculated to impress upon the mind of both hearer and spectator, as nothing else could do, the great changes in customs, costumes, politics and thought that bridge the gap between anti-slavery days and those that follow prohibition. Fully 25,000 persons came to Freeport from Carroll, Winnebago and other nearby counties to hear orators of the two great political parties as they did in the days of Lincoln and Douglas, but their mode of travel was different.

In its account of that famous debate, an account published on the Monday following the Friday upon which the addresses were delivered, the Chicago Tribune considered it of enough importance to stress in italics the fact that a train of "sixteen cars" had brought "over 1,000 persons" here from Marengo, Rockford and Belvidere. While in Freeport August 26, 1922, the well known flivver and the interurban outdid the trains.

Then there were the costumes—wrinkled old women, who had heard the famous debate, mincing their way down the streets in the broad hoop skirts, gay bonnets and dainty black

slippers of ante-bellum ballroom days beside the athletic stride of the modern girl in Knickers. There was the old gentleman in the stove pipe hat, high collar, and thick black scarf and the Civil War veteran with his dusty uniform and medals, the doughboy and the "gob" with overseas stripes.

And then there was the white-haired old negro woman who rode in the parade and never once smiled in acknowledgment of the applause that greeted the sign she carried: "Lincoln freed me." More jovial seemed the old blind horse which rode on a truck drawn by a tractor and hung his head over a placard reading "Henry Ford freed me."

Then there was the difference in political thought as exemplified by Karl C. Schuyler, Republican orator of Denver, Colorado, and United States Senator Byron Patton ("Pat") Harrison of Mississippi. Mr. Schuyler eulogized Lincoln and applied the principles he enunciated to present day politics. Senator Harrison was presented with the more difficult task of analyzing the principles of the "Little Giant" and making his creed fit the needs of today. He also spoke of some things the Harding administration has failed to do to the satisfaction of the Democratic party including tardiness in using the "big stick" in the railroad strike.

Mr. Schuyler declared that although the nation is not threatened with disintegration through sectionalism as in the days of Lincoln, it faces just as serious a problem through spiritual disunion as expressed in the strike habit. He flayed that brand of "political cowardice that quails before the ballot of organized labor", and declared what is most needed today is just what Lincoln asked for in his day, a 100 per cent American electorate. This, he said, can be brought about only by greater restriction being placed on the immigration of illiterates, and the education of those already here.

Senator Harrison deplored the usurpation of state police powers by the federal government, declared the states need to elect more fearless executives and announced he would never vote for any measure looking towards the punishment by the federal government of the authorities of Williamson County. This, he said, is a matter for the voters of the state itself, to handle.

On a stage erected as closely as possible to the site from which the two great orators conducted their debate, a pageant was given in the original costumes of 1858, ending with the unshackling of a former negro slave by President Lincoln, as portrayed by the Rev. John R. Pickells, Rector of the Grace Episcopal church. The part of Douglas was played by Stephen A. Douglas, a local real estate man who claims kinship to the former Senator.

---

FIRE WIPES OUT THE ONLY BUSINESS HOUSE IN  
THE VILLAGE OF HUGO, DOUGLAS COUNTY,  
WHICH DATES BACK 92 YEARS—WAS IN-  
DIAN TRADING POST WHEN HARRISON  
GILL CAME THERE IN 1830.

The entire business section of Hugo was wiped out by fire late in November, 1922. This was the single store of the town, run by Guy Smith, where the people of that vicinity did the most of their trading, as he carried about everything in a country store.

The business house, which was a frame building about 20x40 feet, stood close to the home of Glen Gobert, the teacher of the schools. It was only separated from the store by a space of perhaps 20 feet, and the flames spread to it.

Mr. and Mrs. Gobert and child had a narrow escape from burning to death, as the fire was well under way when discovered, and the child was almost strangled by the smoke and fumes. They escaped all right but they had little time to spare.

The wiping out of the store leaves Hugo without a trading place any longer, as the owners of the building may not rebuild. It is said the building belonged to Jimmy Morris or a relative and it had only changed hands a short time before. There was only a small insurance on the building and stock.

In this connection it may be stated that this is the first time that Hugo has been without a store for 92 years. It is stated that Harrison Gill, of Kentucky, when a young man, visited Hugo in February, 1830, or just 92 years ago. At that time it was a French and Indian trading post, there being plenty of Indians there on his arrival. He came there with

his uncle, Thomas Gill, of Cumberland county, traveling on horseback.

At that time Harrison Gill was a young man and his uncle mischievously told the Indian women that the young Kentuckian was there to select a wife. A number of the dusky damsels at once besieged him and wanted him for a husband. The only way he got out of it was by telling them that he was "only a sorry hunter" and would make a very poor husband.

He came on up to the vicinity of Camargo, where he entered the first land in Douglas county. He had a deed for this land, signed by the President, Andrew Jackson, dated March 18, 1830. This land was just east of Camargo, where George C. Gill lived for many years.

In the early days Hugo was known as Bridgeport, but there being another town in the state by that name it was changed to Hugo. It was the first trading post in the county and early settlers state that the Indians brought their furs and pelts to that place to trade with the Frenchmen, who were known as the first white men in this part of the territory. A few years ago a small cannon or howitzer was unearthed near Hugo, supposed to have been used by white troops passing through there back in 1811, a short time before the battle of Tippecanoe, when Gen. Harrison defeated Tecumseh and his brother, the Prophet, near LaFayette, Ind.

When it comes to history Hugo dates back farther than Camargo, Bourbon or old Filmore. When Daniel Reed was a boy he says a saw mill stood at the bend in the river close by known as "Horseshoe Bend", one of the noted spots of the pioneer days.

---

### ILLINOIS FORESTRY ASSOCIATION PLANS A STATE FORESTRY PROGRAM.

An extensive program for the protection and development of forests in Illinois under state direction and assistance has been made public by the Illinois Forestry Association after months of research. The practical importance of interest in such a program may be understood when it is known that the freight bill on lumber into the Chicago market alone

is now \$25,000,000 a year more than it would be if we could get all our timber from adjoining states.

Some of this bill is paid by consumers outside Chicago, but within this market area, but the additional freight bill to points in central and southern Illinois must raise the expense to several millions above the figure quoted. Considerably more than \$25,000,000 in freight alone, therefore, would be saved to Illinois consumers if this state could grow its own timber. In addition, we would have the value of the timber crop itself and the indirect value of soil protection, climate, stabilization, and equalization of the flow of streams. There can be no doubt that scientific forestry would pay Illinois huge dividends. It is the purpose of the association's report under the direction of Dr. Henry C. Cowles, its president, to point the way to such development. The report explains that there are 4,000,000 to 5,000,000 acres of land in this state which are better adapted to the growth of trees than to any other purpose. Much of this land is now barren and unproductive. Some of it is already forested, but not scientifically or economically treated. With proper care every one of these acres could be made to produce a profitable crop of trees.

Various steps to that end are suggested. The natural history survey division's investigation, now in progress, should be extended to include all barren lands suitable for timber production. Experiments in tree planting and care should be conducted. Courses in farm forestry should be instituted in colleges of Agriculture. State forest nurseries should be established. State forests and wooded parks should be acquired whenever practicable, and forest preserves extended. Protection from forest fires should be improved. Cooperation with fish and game interests should be arranged. Taxation should be so arranged as not to penalize any one who plants barren lands to trees until the timber crops begin to make returns. Reasonable appropriations should be made by the legislature to finance the work. That all appears to be reasonable and practical. This state has been one of the most backward in dealing with the question of forestry. It is time we were waking up to our needs and our opportunities.

### WILD FLOWER, BIRD AND FISH EXHIBIT.

An exhibit of wild flowers, bird and fish life opened at the Art Institute on December 28th, under auspices of the Wild Flower Preservation Society of America, Chicago Chapter, of which Mrs. Charles L. Hutchinson is president. The exhibit lasted two weeks.

Its object is to familiarize the public with the wild flowers of America, particularly those of Illinois, and to encourage their preservation; also to provide information about plant and animal life by means of lectures and motion pictures. Cooperating with the Wild Flower Society will be the Aquarium Society and the Society for Visual Education. Lectures will be given by Dr. Samuel C. Schmucker, head of the department of biological sciences of the West Chester, (Pa.) Normal School; Guy Guernsey of the Chicago Aquarium Society; Jesse Lowe Smith, Superintendent of Highland Park Schools; Dr. Henry C. Cowles of the University of Chicago, and Dr. V. A. Latham of the Illinois Microscopical Society.

---

### FORMER ILLINOISAN WINS EDISON SCIENCE MEDAL.

Dr. Robert A. Millikan of Pasadena, Cal., has been awarded the 1922 Edison Medal for "meritorious experimental achievement in electrical science" by the American Institute of Architects. Dr. Millikan is known for his so-called "oil drop" experiments, undertaken for the purpose of making precise measurements, the fundamental electrical quantity. He is a native of Morrison, Illinois.

---

### LORADO TAFT'S FOUNTAIN OF TIME PRESENTED TO THE CITY OF CHICAGO.

Ceremonies formally marking the presentation of Lorado Taft's massive group of statuary "The Fountain of Time" to the South Park Board took place on Wednesday afternoon, November 15, 1922, at the Sculpture Midway Plaisance and Cottage Grove Avenue. Frank G. Logan, a trustee of the B. F. Ferguson fund, which gives the group to

the city, in the absence of Charles L. Hutchinson, presided, and made the presentation speech. Response was made by John Barton Payne, president of the board. The sculptor and Dr. Harry Pratt Judson, president of the University of Chicago also spoke.

The statuary, commemorating 100 years of peace between the United States and Great Britain, is 120 feet long, 20 feet high and 25 feet wide, said to be the largest of its kind in the world. It was made in a process invented by John D. Early of Washington, D. C., and is said to be as imperishable as bronze or marble, although 25 per cent less expensive. Two hundred and fifty tons of a composition resembling concrete, made in part from pebbles from the Potomac river, and pinkish in color was used in molding the fountain.

---

#### STATUE OF LINCOLN CALLED THE "SEATED LINCOLN" BY AUGUSTUS ST. GAUDENS.

The Woman's City Club of Chicago announced its efforts to reclaim St. Gauden's "sitting Lincoln" which has been in the South Park Store House since its completion fifteen years ago.

This statue, a companion piece to "Lincoln" at the entrance to Lincoln Park, has never been given to the public because of a controversy over the site. The club now plans to effect an agreement as to this, clean the dust from the sculpture and put it where it will benefit the city.

---

#### EVANSTON WOMAN CHOSEN WORLD HEAD OF WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION.

Miss Anna A. Gordon of Evanston, Illinois, vice president of the World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union, was elected Nov. 14 at Philadelphia, Pa., president of the organization. Miss Gordon succeeds Rosalind, Countess of Carlisle, England.

### DESCENDANT OF JOLIET ENTERS ROSARY COLLEGE, RIVER FOREST, ILLINOIS.

Miss Madeleine Grambois, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henri Grambois of St. Casimir, Canada, and a direct lineal descendant of Joliet, companion of Marquette, famous explorers of the Mississippi, has enrolled in Rosary College, River Forest, Illinois.

Miss Grambois has been graduated from Ursuline College, Quebec, completed a course in French in a Parisian school, and traveled over the United States and Europe. She is taking a special course in English at the River Forest school. Her home is now with her cousin, Mrs. R. H. Thomas, 426 Forest Avenue, Oak Park, Illinois.

---

### DR. H. G. GALE, NEW DEAN OF UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO SCIENCE SCHOOL.

Dr. Henry Gordon Gale, an alumnus of the University of Chicago in the class of 1896, was made dean of the Ogden Graduate School of Science at the University, Oct. 10, 1922, to succeed the late Rollin A. Salisbury who, previous to his death, Aug. 15, 1922, had held that position for twenty years. Mr. Gale, one of the most noted of Chicago's Alumni, has held positions as dean in the colleges at the University, his most recent chair being that of dean of the science department and professor of physics. He is chevalier in the French Legion of Honor and was cited for distinguished service as a lieutenant colonel in the signal corps in France.

---

### INDIAN COMMISSIONER—MRS. FLORA W. SEYMOUR APPOINTED BY PRESIDENT HARDING.

Mrs. Flora Warren Seymour, 4917 Blackstone Avenue, Chicago, has been appointed by President Harding on the recommendation of Senator Medill McCormick, to serve as a member of the board of Indian Commissioners. Mrs. Seymour succeeds the late Dr. Merrill E. Gates, who died last August. Mrs. Seymour will be the first woman member of the board in the fifty-five years of its existence.

No salary attaches to the office, the ten members of the board serving without pay, the only expense to the government being their transportation and \$4 a day while in the field inspecting Indian reservations or attending the conferences of the board each year. Mrs. Seymour is an attorney and has experience in Indian affairs. She is vice-president of the Woman's Law Club of Chicago, and one of the Woman's Chamber of Commerce.

---

### ILLINOIS AND THE NEAR EAST RELIEF.

"We will have more success in obtaining money this year than we have ever had before" said Frank O. Lowden, former Governor of Illinois, at a luncheon of the Illinois Committee for the Near East Relief at the Morrison Hotel in Chicago, November third. "The organization is splendid and much good will come of the work."

John W. Mace, national field director, stressed the fact that the Near East relief work carried on in America is more important than the foreign service. "If the Illinois committee stopped work, the relief would end a few days later," said Mr. Mace. "The state of Illinois is responsible for the greatest orphanage in the world. It is at Alexandropl and in it 20,000 children are supported by money from this state."

---

### DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION, PARIS, ILLINOIS, DEDICATE MONUMENT TO WAR HEROES.

Impressive ceremonies, Nov. 1st, 1922, marked the dedication of the monument erected in Paris, Illinois, by the Madam Rachel Edgar Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, to commemorate the soldiers of the war for independence buried in Edgar county. The address was delivered by Col. Oscar Carlstrom, past commander Spanish-American war veterans. He was escorted to the platform by comrades of Fitzhugh Lee Camp and Driskell post, G. A. R.

Mrs. H. Eugene Chubbuck, State Regent of the Daughters of the American Revolution was present with several members of the State Board of Directors of the D. A. R.

## ARMISTICE DAY—A PROCLAMATION BY GOVERNOR SMALL.

An Armistice Day proclamation was issued by Governor Small at Springfield, Illinois, November first, wherein the people of Illinois were asked to observe November 11th "in commemoration of the victories of our soldiers and sailors and in loving remembrance of the honored dead of the World War." Ratification of the Illinois soldiers' bonus act on Nov. 7, the proclamation said, would give "an additional incentive to celebration." "Our magnificent armies," the proclamation continues, "have returned to the pursuits of peace, business, and industry, and have slowly but surely readjusted themselves to at least an approximation of pre-war conditions. It must be remembered however, that we cannot go back; we must go ever forward. And in going forward, in the ever changing vista opening out before us, the past recedes and grows dim, the anxieties and griefs attendant upon war pass away, and there is left only here and there a poignant memory, a wrecked life, a mutilated body to remind us of the dangers through which we have passed.

---

## RESTORATION OF THE FINE ARTS BUILDING IN JACKSON PARK, CHICAGO.

Work on the restoration of the old Fine Arts building in Jackson Park, Chicago, was assured Nov. 10, 1922, when a committee of the Illinois Federation of Women's clubs met with members of the Chicago chapter of the American Institute of Architects, and formally turned over to them \$7,000 in Liberty bonds with which to start the work of saving the old structure and restoring it to its World's Fair period splendor.

The women, Mrs. Albion L. Headburg, Mrs. W. W. Seymour, Mrs. James W. Sleight, and Mrs. J. S. Maurer, indorsed the bonds, donated by various Women's clubs, over to George Meyer and John E. Younberg of the architects.

"It is a great thing to save this structure for Chicago," Mrs. Headburg said. "It was designed by the famous St. Gaudens and was reputed to be second in beauty only to the Parthenon."

## TABLET UNVEILED AT SPEEDWAY, CHICAGO, TO HONOR THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Theodore Roosevelt post of the American Legion, on January 20, 1923, unveiled a post memorial tablet to the former president at the Speedway hospital, with ceremonies featured by speeches from Maj. Gen. George Bell, Jr., and former Federal Judge Kenesaw M. Landis. "If Roosevelt were alive today and were president of this country" the General stated, "America would not be in its present state of unpreparedness. A lunatic smoking in a powder magazine is a feeble comparison to the condition of turmoil in which the world finds itself." "Our helplessness is a direct result of the indifference of the American people. They can not blame Congress."

The tablet was accepted by Maj. W. C. Francis, commanding the hospital, and placed on the granite stone marking a memorial tree planted by the Post in Colonel Roosevelt's memory in 1921. Uniformed members of the Post performed their flag ceremony under Post Commander A. T. Loescher, and the Chicago Association of Commerce Glee Club sang.

---

## EUGENE FIELD—MEMORIAL TO CHILDREN'S POET UNVEILED IN LINCOLN PARK, CHICAGO.

The memorial statue to Eugene Field, "children's poet", for which his friends have waited during the twenty-seven years since the bard's death, was unveiled in Lincoln Park, Monday, October 9, 1922. The memorial stands at the end of a path between the lion house and the new aquarium.

Jean Field Foster, 6, and Robert Eugene Field, 2 years old, grandchildren of the poet, pulled the cord revealing the figure of an angel dropping flowers of poetry over two sleeping children. Verses of "Wynken, Blynken, and Nod" and "The Sugar Plum Tree" are carved in the granite.

Melville E. Stone, former head of the Associated Press, and the Rev. William E. Barton of the First Congregational church, Oak Park, paid tribute to the character of the laureate of childhood. Slason Thompson, a newspaper contemporary of Field, was in charge of the program. "He was a many-

sided character", declared Mr. Stone. "He had a profoundly religious, even spiritual, nature. The Puritan strain of his ancestry frequently cropped out in his daily life. "Yet over all there spread the warm, mellow rays of a human sympathy that prompted his verse. He sounded all depths of tender emotion and voiced the agonized cry of bereaved motherhood, sisterhood, childhood, with the tone and tempo of a master". As for the poet's penchant for practical jokes, Mr. Stone declared that no victim took serious offense, or was ever hurt by them.

"The twenty-seven year delay in erecting the memorial thought inexcusable by some of his friends", said Doctor Barton, "has served the purpose of testing the permanence of his fame." The statue is the work of Edward McCartan.

---

#### CATHOLIC CHURCH AT IRISH GROVE, ILLINOIS, CELEBRATES ITS 80TH ANNIVERSARY.

The Catholic Church at Irish Grove, Illinois, celebrated its eightieth anniversary on August 20, 1922. A dinner was served on the lawn adjoining the church. The St. Philip Neri Choir of Chicago, formerly Father Finn's famous Paulist choristers, under the direction of George Horace Anderson, accompanied the Mass.

---

#### MR. AND MRS HIGINBOTHAM GIVE LAND FOR PARK TO JOLIET, ILLINOIS.

A strip of land comprising fourteen acres, part of the old Higinbotham estate, and located on Gougar's road, was given to the city of Joliet on Tuesday, Aug. 22, 1922, by Mr. and Mrs. Harlow D. Higinbotham. The gift was announced at a meeting of the Rotary Club held at the Higinbotham home, Hill Crest place.

After the gift had been announced, Commissioner Frank Frederic, of the Park Board, and City Forester MacLean of Joliet, stated that the way is now open to the forming of a system of parks connecting Joliet with Cook County's park system. "The ground is suited to anything horticulturally," Mr. MacLean said. "It is located in the Hickory Creek Valley, which is the most fertile strip of land in the country."

### MISS CLEMENTINE PARANTEAU, CHICAGO TEACHER FOR FORTY YEARS, RETIRES WITH NOTABLE RECORD.

After teaching in the Chicago Public Schools for more than forty years, Miss Clementine Paranteau has retired at the age of 72. She has gone to live in a home she has maintained in Simi, Cal. Miss Paranteau has always been an active member of the Chicago Teachers' Federation, and has made an enviable record in teaching. During all the years she taught, she was absent from her class room only three days, and those on account of illness. For the last thirty-eight years she taught in the Anderson School.

---

### FIFTY YEARS OF SERVICE WITH THE ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD.

Entering the employ of the Illinois Central Railroad at the age of 16 as a messenger boy, a year after the Chicago fire, Bissel J. Humphrey, an employee in the office of the Auditor of freight overcharge claims, celebrated the anniversary of a half century of continuous service, September the 25th, 1922. During the fifty years Mr. Humphrey lost less than a month's time on account of sickness, and not a day's pay for any cause. He remembers when "the general offices of the road had less than a dozen employees instead of their present 3,500. Officials and fellow employees honored Mr. Humphrey with a substantial gift and with flowers.

---

### UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS HAS OVER 200 FOREIGNERS.

According to statistics compiled by the assistant dean of men, 205 foreign men registered at the University of Illinois this fall. This number represents approximately  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent of the total enrollment. China, as usual, heads the list with 53, Russia second, with 35, India third, with 21, and the Philippines following with 16.

## 40,000 LITHUANIANS HOLD CELEBRATION IN McKINLEY PARK, CHICAGO—PAGEANT TELLS STORY OF FIGHT FOR FREEDOM.

Gratitude of the Lithuanian people at the recognition by the United States of Lithuania as an independent nation, was expressed at a mass meeting in McKinley Park, Chicago, on August 20th, 1922. Forty thousand were in attendance.

Preceding the formal celebration, the Lithuanians staged a parade featured by gaily decorated floats. Hundreds of youths, clad in native costumes, marched in the parade and sang the songs of their home and adopted lands. The whole celebration was a pageant depicting the history of the new republic's 500 year struggle for recognition as an independent nation.

After a program by a score of bands, the crowd assembled about the McKinley monument and listened to speeches, the principal ones of which were by Valdemar Czarneckis, Washington representative of the republic; P. J. Carr, county treasurer; Judge Frank Righeimer, and Congressman Albert J. Sabath. John I. Bagdziumas served as Chairman of the celebration.

"Lithuanians are profoundly grateful to the United States for the recognition of Lithuania", he said. "We are met today to reaffirm our allegiance to the United States, and to recall with pride the victorious struggle for freedom waged by our native land. After 500 years of bitter struggle against oppression, Lithuania has at last become free."

Mr. Carr won applause when he congratulated Lithuania upon its victory and expressed the hope that the United States would not rest with merely recognizing the new republic, but would grant its representative the rank of ambassador.

"The Lithuanian nation suffered a long time", said Mr. Czarneckis, "but now she is free and happy. Today we place a wreath at the monument of McKinley, believing that, even as we do, the spirit of the martyr president silently joins us in this triumph of liberty and justice.

Others who spoke at the celebration were the Rev. M. L. Kruszas, the Rev. H. J. Viacunas, Joseph Mickaliunas, John Brenza, the Rev. T. Cesaitis and the Rev. Alex. P. Baltnis

## UNIVERSALISTS CELEBRATE EIGHTIETH ANNIVERSARY IN CHICAGO.

The eightieth anniversary of the founding of the Universalist church in Chicago was celebrated on Friday evening, December 8, Sunday morning, December 10th, and Monday evening, December 11th, 1922, at the St. Paul's or the Midway church, Dorchester Avenue and 60th street.

Charles L. Hutchinson is said to be the longest in service of any of the members of the church. He attended the Sunday School as a child, was for twenty-five years Superintendent of the Sunday School, and is now Superintendent emeritus, having been succeeded in the active superintendency by Charles A. Stevens and more recently by Elmer T. Stevens. The pastor is the Rev. L. Ward Brigham, D. D.

The present building is the fifth one occupied. The first Universalist sermon was preached in Chicago in 1836. The church was organized in the Garrett Auction rooms on Dearborn and South Water streets in 1842.

---

## LOGS OF OLD FORT DEARBORN USED TO FORM ARCHWAY OF THE NEW ENTRANCE TO THE CHICAGO HISTORICAL SOCIETY'S BUILDING.

Logs taken from Old Fort Dearborn form the archway of the new entrance to the building of the Chicago Historical Society at Dearborn and Ontario streets. A picture was taken recently showing Ragnvald Olsen, direct descendant of the builder of the fort, holding one of the logs and standing before the picture, "Christmas Cheer for the Fort" by Paul Strayer.

---

## MRS. JARTJA SMITH, ONE HUNDRED YEARS OLD.

In a little village in Holland, she was born, one hundred years ago, August 25, 1822. And all the neighbor women—as is their custom the world over—came and told the good mother how she should care for the baby so that it might live long and happily. But when she grew older, the baby, since become Mrs. Jartja Smith, violated many of those old-time precepts. For instance, she drinks four to five cups of

coffee a day, and points with a smile to the schedule of years she's lived. But she eats no meat or candy. She observed her birthday at her home 4865 Ogden Avenue, Chicago, by giving a party to a few relatives including five sons and daughters, twenty-one grandchildren and twenty-three great-grandchildren. Her health is good.

---

#### MRS. FRANCIS KILBOURNE CELEBRATES HER 96TH BIRTHDAY.

Mrs. Francis Kilbourne, 6656 Wentworth Avenue, Chicago, celebrated her ninety-sixth birthday on Thursday, Sept. 14, 1922. In a photograph of her on this occasion she is shown telling her great-granddaughter, Vivian Kilbourne, how she once made potato pancakes for the Indians.

---

#### MISS NANCY WOOD, OAK PARK'S OLDEST WOMAN, CELEBRATES HER NINETY-THIRD BIRTHDAY.

"Just take an interest in everything human and adhere to moderation in all things." That is the precept laid down for those who would live to ripe old age and still keep young by Miss Nancy Wood, Oak Park's oldest woman, who celebrated her ninety-third birthday November 20, 1922.

Miss Wood was born in Chautauqua, N. Y., a section the chief population of which consisted at that time of Indians as yet untamed, about whom she relates many thrilling stories, back in 1829. She is the granddaughter of the late Sir James Wood, of London, England. Despite the fact that she is nearing the century mark, Miss Wood is active both in mind and body, taking daily walks and devoting much time to her books and fancy work for she is an expert needlewoman. She makes her home with her sister, Mrs. Thomas L. West, 138 South Kenilworth Avenue, Oak Park.

---

#### MRS. MARY VERMETT OF WOODSTOCK, ILLINOIS, CELEBRATED HER 111TH BIRTHDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1922.

Mrs. Mary Vermett who lives on a farm near Woodstock, Illinois, celebrated her 111th birthday, Dec. 25, 1922. It is

believed she has lived through more Christmas celebrations than any other person in Illinois.

Mrs. Vermett was born on Christmas day in 1811 in Cork, Ireland, and came across the Atlantic in a sailing vessel in 1840. Soon thereafter she came to Illinois in an ox-cart. She remembers "way back when" Daniel O'Connell organized the Catholic association for the freedom of Ireland.

She was only a girl when the Catholic Emancipation Act was passed. Illinois had been a state only twenty-two years when she took up her residence near Oswego. She enjoyed the celebration on December 25th, for she moved around the house with freedom. Her son, Richard, 76 years old helped her with the Christmas festivities. There is another son who is still three years older.

When questioned recently about the difference between the girls of today and those of her girlhood she replied with decision: "The girls in my day were just as pretty as the girls are now, but they didn't need to paint their faces or roll their stockings to make themselves attractive to young men."

Mrs. Vermett's greatest enthusiasm is the freedom of Ireland. "Many times I have prayed" she said, "that I might live long enough to see peace come to Cork and to all the blessed land of green. I think this is one reason why God has spared me so long. I want real independence over there, but I want it without bloodshed. My wait of over 100 years for Ireland's freedom has taught me patience. I believe that this is the great need of Erin today—patience until her plans work out for her complete freedom."

---

#### MRS. ROSALA SIMON CELEBRATES HER 97TH BIRTHDAY.

Mrs. Rosala Simon, 6108 Eberhart Avenue, Chicago, celebrated her ninety-seventh birthday on December 27th. A photograph shows her cutting her birthday cake. Her sister, Mrs. Julia Kahn, 83 years old, assisted her in serving the party at the festivities.

**MR. AND MRS. A. T. HEMINGWAY CELEBRATE  
THEIR FIFTY-FIFTH WEDDING ANNIVERSARY.**

Mr. and Mrs. Anson T. Hemingway, Oak Park pioneers, celebrated their fifty-fifth wedding anniversary at their home, 400 North Oak Park Avenue, Oak Park, Illinois, on Sunday, August 27, 1922, surrounded by their children and grandchildren. The month of August has proven a lucky one in the lives of the couple, both being born during August, their birthdays falling on Aug. 26, a day preceding the date of their marriage, and it was in August of 1862 that Mr. Hemingway marched away to battle in the Civil War, and in August when President Lincoln appointed him a first lieutenant when he was 20 years old.

Mr and Mrs. Hemingway are both 78 years old. They have lived in Oak Park on the same site at 400 North Oak Park Avenue for fifty-three years and have watched the village grow from a hamlet. The couple have six children. Mrs. Frank Hines of Carbondale, Ill., Dr. C. E. Hemingway of Oak Park, Dr. W. A. Hemingway of Taiku, China, George R. Hemingway of Oak Park, Alfred T. Hemingway (deceased) and Grace Hemingway of Oak Park. They have twenty grandchildren. Mr. and Mrs. Hemingway are prominent in civic, social and church circles in Oak Park.

---

**MR. AND MRS SETH WESCOTT CELEBRATE THEIR  
FIFTIETH WEDDING ANNIVERSARY.**

Mr. and Mrs. Seth Wescott, both members of families well known during the early days of Illinois, celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary at their home in Naperville, Sunday, September 17, 1922. Mr. Wescott is the only son of Seth Wescott, mentioned in the early history of DuPage county as the man who gave the alarm to Captain Boardman at the time of the Fort Dearborn massacre. Mrs. Wescott is a granddaughter of Captain Boardman. Mr. Wescott is 79, his wife 72, and they have three living children, five grandchildren, and five great-grandchildren.

MR. AND MRS. ASCHER BROWN FERRY QUIETLY  
CELEBRATE THEIR FIFTY-FIFTH WEDDING  
ANNIVERSARY.

Mr. and Mrs. Ascher Brown Ferry, 419 North Harvey Avenue, Oak Park, were married fifty-five years ago, December 22, 1922. The anniversary was quietly celebrated at home, owing to the recent serious illness of Mrs. Ferry. Friends called informally and the family dinner was given at 6 o'clock.

Mr. Ferry is a Civil War veteran and a past commander of Phil Sheridan Post, G. A. R. Mr. Ferry is 75 years old and Mrs. Ferry 72.

---

MR. AND MRS. CHARLES STREIBER CELEBRATE  
THEIR SIXTIETH WEDDING ANNIVERSARY.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Streiber were married in Chicago sixty years ago September 9th. Assisted by three children, six grandchildren, one great-grandchild and members of Germania lodge, I. O. O. F., the event was celebrated with a reception at the home of their daughter, Mrs. William Kuhn, 1025 North Central Park Avenue, Chicago, on Sept. 9th, 1922.

Mr. Streiber who is 90 years old and his wife, who is 80, were born in Germany and came to Chicago in pioneer days.

---

MR. AND MRS. A. J. NORTHRUP CELEBRATE THEIR  
SIXTIETH WEDDING ANNIVERSARY.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Northrup, 2906 Wilcox street, celebrated their sixtieth wedding anniversary, January 20, 1923. Friends called informally in the afternoon and evening. Mr. and Mrs. Northrup were married at Union, Illinois, and resided there until six years ago when they came to Chicago. There are five children, twenty-two grandchildren, and thirteen great-grandchildren. Mr. Northrup is 84 years old and his wife 76.

### MR. AND MRS. CHARLES E. WASHBURN CELEBRATE THEIR SIXTIETH WEDDING ANNIVERSARY.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Washburn, married sixty years January 11, 1923, celebrated their anniversary informally at their home in Gray's Lake. Five sons, two daughters and nine grandchildren attended the anniversary party.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Washburn were born in New York, but came to Illinois in early childhood. They have lived in Gray's Lake and vicinity for more than sixty years. Mr. Washburn is 83 years old and Mrs. Washburn 77.

---

### MR. AND MRS. ISAAC RUSSELL CELEBRATE THEIR SIXTIETH WEDDING ANNIVERSARY.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Russell, 2837 Walnut Street, Chicago, said to be among the oldest living married couples in Cook County and twice awarded medals by the Old Settlers' Association of Chicago, on Jan. 15, 1923, have been married sixty years. They were at home to their friends informally afternoon and evening. For sixty years Mrs. Russell has baked an anniversary cake, and despite her 81 years made the cake for this anniversary from a recipe she has used since her wedding day. She is the daughter of the late John A. Oliver who came to Illinois in 1839, and she saw the first railroad train come into Chicago, the first surface car trip and the first elevated.

---

### MR. AND MRS. W. H. KERKHOFF CELEBRATED THEIR SIXTY-FIRST WEDDING ANNIVERSARY.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Kerkhoff, Chicago residents for fifty years, celebrated their sixty-first wedding anniversary at their home in Oak Park, October 27th. Mr. and Mrs. Kerkhoff are well known in Oak Park they are associated with pioneer industries and affairs. Many relatives and friends from Chicago attended the anniversary reception.

MR. AND MRS. GEORGE A. AYER CELEBRATE THEIR  
SIXTY-THIRD WEDDING ANNIVERSARY.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Ayer, 4206 South Michigan Avenue, celebrated the sixty-third anniversary of their marriage on New Year's Day. Mr. Ayer, who is 84 years old, and Mrs. Ayer who is 80, were married in Muscatine, Iowa, in 1860, and have lived in Chicago for the last thirty-five years. They have four living children: Mrs. P. H. Karl with whom they live; Mrs. George Anna Jewett, and Edward H. Ayer all of Chicago, and Mrs. J. G. Stebbins, of St. Paul. There are three grandchildren—E. Lee Karl, Mrs. Edward W. Trimmerman, and Mrs. Harold Dick—and four great-grandchildren.

---

MR. AND MRS. THOMAS MARSHALL OF SYCAMORE,  
ILLINOIS, CELEBRATE THEIR SIXTY-FIFTH  
WEDDING ANNIVERSARY.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Marshall of Sycamore, the oldest married couple in DeKalb county, celebrated their sixty-fifth wedding anniversary Sunday, August 6th. Children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren and friends gathered at their home on Somonauk Street in Sycamore in honor of the occasion. Mr. Marshall came to America from England in a sailing ship. Mrs. Marshall is 88 years old, and Mr. Marshall 89 years old.

---

MR. AND MRS. JOHN FULLER CELEBRATE THEIR  
SIXTY-FIFTH WEDDING ANNIVERSARY.

Mr. and Mrs. John Rogers Fuller celebrated their sixty-fifth wedding anniversary on Jan. 20, 1923, on Ogden Avenue, Chicago, near the county line road. Mr. Fuller, who is 87 years old is a direct descendant of Samuel Fuller, one of the passengers on the Mayflower. Mrs. Fuller, who was born in England and came to America seventy-one years ago, is also 87. Four children, two sons and two daughters, were present at the anniversary celebration.

### MR. AND MRS. J. S. ZENTMYER CELEBRATE THEIR SIXTY-FIFTH WEDDING ANNIVERSARY.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Zentmyer of Naperville, Illinois, celebrated their sixty-fifth wedding anniversary at their home January 26, 1923.

They are said to be the oldest married couple in DuPage county. Mr. Zentmyer is 86. His wife 84.

---

### MR. AND MRS. GEORGE W. HOTCHKISS WEDDED SIXTY-SIX YEARS.

George W. Hotchkiss, 91 years old and his wife, two years his junior, celebrated their sixty-sixth wedding anniversary at their home, 1015 Elmwood Avenue, Evanston, Illinois, Monday, August 14, 1922.

Mr. Hotchkiss is among the last of the forty-niners who went to California in search of gold; he is one of the oldest living lumbermen; he published the world's first lumber journal. For many years Mr. Hotchkiss has been secretary emeritus of the Illinois Lumber and Material Dealers' Association. As advice to young brides and grooms, Mr. and Mrs. Hotchkiss suggested this:

She said, "Exercise fifteen minutes every morning immediately upon awakening and then take a bath."

He said, "Never quarrel. Beware of a nagging wife. Be sure you love the girl and then there will be no mistake."

Both Mr. and Mrs. Hotchkiss came from old Connecticut families with histories dating back before the American Revolution.

---

### MR. AND MRS. F. GREY CELEBRATE THEIR SIXTY-SEVENTH WEDDING ANNIVERSARY.

Residents of Evanston, Illinois, since 1866, Mr. and Mrs. F. Grey celebrated their sixty-seventh wedding anniversary Wednesday, Oct. 11, 1922. Mr. Grey came to Chicago from Buffalo, N. Y., in 1849, and Mrs. Grey four years later. In 1870 they built their house at Forest Avenue and Lake Street, where they have since resided. They have always been connected with the First Baptist church. Mrs. Grey is a charter

member of the Woman's Club and a director of the Visiting Nurses' Association. Their children are Howard G. Grey of Evanston and Mrs. Robert L. Scott, wife of Robert L. Scott of Carson, Pirie, Scott & Co.

---

GIFTS OF BOOKS, PICTURES, LETTERS AND MANUSCRIPTS TO THE ILLINOIS STATE HISTORICAL LIBRARY AND SOCIETY.

*Bible.*

The Old Testament, translated out of the original Hebrew and with the former translations diligently compared and revised. Together with the Apocrypha done by the special command of his Majesty, King James I., of England. Pub. Philadelphia, November 7th, 1803. Printed for Mathew Carey, No. 122 Market Street.

Gift of Mrs. Julia W. White, 5866 Bartimer Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

---

*Butler, Frederick, A. M.*

Elements of Geography and History combined, in a catechetical form for the use of families and schools. Accompanied with an atlas. 407 p., 12°, N. Y., 1827, pub. by Rossiter Robbins.

Gift of Mr. Harry Morgan, 7th and Washington Sts., Springfield, Ill.

---

*Chicago, Burlington and Quincy R. R.*

*Northern Pacific R. R.*

*Great Northern R. R.*

The Land of opportunity now. The Great Pacific Northwest. 39 p., 8° Chicago, 1923.

Gift of the Railroads.

*Currency.*

Confederate note for One Hundred Dollars (\$100.00).

Gift of Mrs. Eugenia M. Bacon, Decatur, Illinois.

---

*Hawaii Territory.*

Report of The Historical Commission of the Territory of Hawaii for the period ending Dec. 31st, 1922. Publication of the Historical Commission of the Territory of Hawaii,

Vol. I, No. 1, 1922. Printed by the Honolulu Star Bulletin, Ltd., 1923.

---

*Holland. "Modern Holland".*

Gift of Nijh & Van Ditmar's Publishing Co., Ltd., Rotterdam, Holland.

---

*Illinois State, Crawford Co., Ill.*

Historical data of the Courts, Court Houses and Jails of Crawford Co., Illinois. Compiled by Judge Duane Gaines, 1923, Robinson, Ill.

Gift of Judge Duane Gaines.

---

*Illinois State. Marion, Illinois Methodist Church.*

A Brief History of the First Methodist Episcopal Church, Marion, Illinois, 1844-1911. Compiled by A. C. Hentz. Stafford Printing Co., Marion, Illinois, 1911.

Gift of A. C. Hentz, Springfield, Ill.

---

*Illinois State. Piatt Co., Illinois.*

First Three Hundred marriage licenses issued in Piatt Co., 1841-1855. Illinois. Copied by Mrs. Flo Jamison Miller.

Gift of Mrs. Flo Jamison Miller, Monticello, Ill.

---

*Illinois State. Pike Co., Illinois.*

With the Colors. An Honor roll, containing a pictorial record of the gallant and courageous men from Pike County, Illinois, U. S. A., who served in the Great War, 1917-1918-1919. W. M. Hailey, Ed. Pub. by the Barry Record.

Gift of J. A. Farrand, Griggsville, Ill.

---

*Lincoln, Abraham.*

Speech at Cooper Institute, New York City, Feb. 27, 1860.

Gift of H. E. Kimmel, DuQuoin, Illinois.

---

*Lincoln, Abraham.*

Lincoln and Slavery. By Albert E. Pillsbury. Pub. by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Cambridge, Mass.

Gift of the Author.

*Maertz, Louise.*

Manuscript copy of the History of Architecture, by the late Louise Maertz of Quincy, Illinois.

Gift of Mrs. E. A. Cyrus, 327 Elm St., Quincy, Illinois.

---

*Missouri State.*

State Centennial souvenir number and program, 1821-1921. Vol. I., No. 1, 1921. Published under auspices of Missouri Valley Historical Society, Kansas City, Mo.

Gift of the Society.

---

*Nebraska State.*

Lincoln, Nebraska. Souvenir Book of Lincoln, Nebraska's Capital City, 1867-1923.

Gift of Lincoln Chamber of Commerce, Lincoln, Nebraska, 1923.

---

*Newspapers.*

Chicago Tribune. World's Fair Tribune Issue, April 30th, 1893-Nov., 1893. 6 Vols.

Gift of Mrs. Alfred Kohn, Chicago, Ill.

---

*Ulster County Gazette.*

January 4, 1800, No. 88.

Gift of Miss Maude Lemen, Pinckneyville, Ill.

---

*New York State Library.*

The William Johnson Papers, 3 Vols., 1921. Pub. by the University of New York.

Gift of the Library.

---

*Poe, Elisabeth Ellicott.*

Half-Forgotten Romances of American History. 59 p. 8°, privately printed, Washington, D. C., 1922.

Gift of Elisabeth Ellicott Poe, Washington, D. C.

---

*Presbytery Reporter.*

February, 1865, and March, 1871.

Gift of W. T. Norton, Alton, Illinois.

*Townley, Wayne C., A. B., LL. B.*

Commercial Law for High Schools, Business Colleges and Business Men. By Wayne C. Townley, A. B., LL. B., Henry Holt & Co., 1922, New York. 265 p., 12°.

Gift of Wayne C. Townley, A. B., LL. B., Bloomington, Illinois.

---

*Woman's Relief Corps.*

Journal of the Fortieth National Convention, Woman's Relief Corps. Pub. Washington, D. C., 1922. National Tribune Co., pubs.

Gift of the National President, Agnes H. Parker.



## NECROLOGY



## MRS. CHARLES RIDGELY, 1836-1922.

Mrs. Ridgely was in her eighty-sixth year, and would have observed her eighty-sixth birthday had she lived until May 31. She had been spending the winter in the south, according to her usual custom, going to Florida sometime in December, and stopping at the hotel in Eustis conducted by Lewis N. Wiggins of Springfield where many Springfield people are staying. She died at Eustis March 15, 1922.

Mrs. Jane Maria Ridgely, wife of the late Charles Ridgely, formerly vice president of the Ridgely National bank and president of the Springfield Iron Works, was the daughter of James Barret of Island Grove, Sangamon County. She had lived in Springfield practically all of her life. She was born May 31, 1836. Her husband preceded her in death in 1909.

Mrs. Ridgely was the mother of four children, two of whom are living, Franklin Ridgely of Sand Springs, near Sapulpa, Okla., and Mrs. William A. Vincent of Chicago. Two sons, Edward Ridgely and William Barret Ridgely, are deceased. William Barret Ridgely was at one time comptroller of currency at Washington and both he and his brother Edward Ridgely, served as cashier of the Ridgely National bank. Franklin Ridgely was connected with the bank in official capacity until two years ago, when he removed to Oklahoma where he is now living on a ranch. Mrs. William A. Vincent was in Florida with her mother at the time of Mrs. Ridgely's death.

During the World War Mrs. Ridgely was very proud of the fact that her family was represented in service by eight grandsons, Lieut. Temple Ridgely and Sergt. Nicholas Ridgely, sons of Franklin Ridgely, Lieut. Col. Charles R. Vincent and Ensign John Vincent, sons of Mrs. William A. Vincent, Ensign Harry Clark Ridgely, Lieut. Charles Ridgely II, and Edward Ridgely, Jr., sons of Edward Ridgely, and

Joseph R. Barker, grandson-in-law, who married Miss Jane Vincent, daughter of Mrs. William A. Vincent.

Nicholas and Temple Ridgely are now living in Evanston. The only member of the Mrs. Ridgely's immediate family now living in Springfield is Ensign John A. Vincent, president of the Vincent Chemical Company, who lives at 1118 $\frac{1}{2}$  South Grand avenue, west. Mr. Vincent came to Springfield to reside about a year and a half ago.

Mrs. Ridgely was an active member of St. Paul's Episcopal church of this city, a member of the Daughters of the American Revolution and of the Monticello Alumnae association, in all of which organizations she took a very prominent part, as she did in many civic affairs.

She was a woman of culture and charm, and possessed of a very sweet disposition. Her home at 631 South Fourth street was a pleasant place, usually filled with flowers, where she delighted to receive her friends. Her passing will be deeply felt by many Springfield people.

Mrs. Ridgely was an honorary life member of the Illinois State Historical Society.

---

#### CALEB BARRETT LANING, 1839-1922.

Caleb Barrett Laning was born July 25, 1839, in Petersburg, Illinois, then a small settlement of fourteen families. He was the fourth child of Jacob and Hannah Silvers Laning, who settled in Petersburg shortly before his birth. The oldest child of this family, Sarah, became the wife of Rev. William F. Short, who for many years was a prominent Methodist clergyman in Central Illinois. The oldest son, Edward, was a prominent lawyer and business man in Petersburg through his long and eventful life. The only survivor of the family of Jacob and Hannah Laning is Mr. T. P. Laning of Jacksonville, Illinois.

Caleb Barrett Laning spent his boyhood and youth in Petersburg except for one year at Illinois College and one year at McKendree College. As he approached manhood his health became very delicate and as his older brother, John, had just died of tuberculosis he joined a party of emigrants in 1861 and made the overland journey to California

in quest of health. He remained in California four years. During this time he engaged in business and taught school at various times. He also read for the bar in Sacramento, California. Although he never practiced law, his solid legal studies at this time in no small way prepared him for his later success as a business man and banker.

Mr. Laning returned to Illinois via Panama in 1865, fully endowed with that health and vigor which sustained him through so many years of active and useful life. Friends of Mr. Laning will all recall his graphic reminiscences of the overland journey and his frontier life in California. It is a wonderful university of life and experience to broaden the vision and character of a young American, at a time when our national life in many ways was narrow and provincial.

After his return to Petersburg, Mr. Laning taught school for a time and then took up a business career. Sometime during the late 60's as a junior member of the firm of Brahm & Laning, he entered upon his mercantile career. This firm later became Brahm, Laning and Wright, upon the merger of the establishment of A. D. Wright and Company. After the retirement of Mr. Brahm the business took the name of Laning & Wright and continued as such until 1885, when Mr. Laning became president of the First National Bank of Petersburg. As director and president, Mr. Laning was identified with this institution from 1884 until 1918 and was its moving spirit during the period of its growth from small beginnings to a substantial position in the financial life of central Illinois.

Mr. Laning as a successful banker, had a prominent place in the business life of Menard county. But his influence went far beyond the bounds of commercial activity and many men and women of his own and younger generations were bound to him by close bonds of affection and gratitude. In a genuine sense he was the friend of the widow and the fatherless, always ready to aid them with active personal effort as well as with wise and disinterested advice. No burden of business care could dull the impulses of his warm and sympathetic heart. This gave to his strong sense of honor a gentle and characteristic touch that was peculiar to him alone.

In politics Mr. Laning was a lifelong democrat. He was an active worker in the interest of his party and for many years was chairman of the Democratic Congressional committee of his district. His strong and vigorous intellect was keenly interested in public affairs and his outlook was never narrowed by absorption in business and local politics. He was also an active member of the Masonic craft. He was long a member of Clinton Lodge Number 19 of Petersburg. He was a Past Master of this lodge and a Knight Templar.

Mr. Laning was a communicant of the Protestant Episcopal church and for many years was Senior Warden of Trinity church in Petersburg, Illinois. He was a devoted churchman, but his religious sympathies were broad and truly catholic and with great simplicity and unostentatiously he carried his christianity with him beyond the walls of his church and into all of the activities of his life. To his neighbors and associates his integrity and purity of life were taken as a matter of course. But he was a man among men and was quite free from any cant or intolerance that narrowed his genuine sympathy for men and women just as he found them and lived with them.

Few men more perfectly than Mr. Laning found their highest joy and usefulness in the home and the family. He was married in 1869 to Mary Esther Harris, eldest daughter of the Honorable Thomas Langren Harris and Mary Dirickson Harris. Their three children survive him, Maude Laning Palmer, wife of Colonel John McA. Palmer, U. S. A.; Captain Harris Laning, United States Navy; and Levin D. Laning, late Captain U. S. Army, a business man of Kansas City, Missouri. In his wife, his children and his grandchildren, he found his greatest joy and they alone can know the most beautiful and intimate aspects of his character.

Caleb Barret Laning was a great man; not through the accident of high place or position; not through the achievement of selfish personal ambition; not through the cultivation of a few of his great gifts at the expense of a harmonious character and rounded manhood, but by the rarest of all titles to human greatness. For more than four score years he wove the fabric of a noble and beautiful life,

using all of the materials that came to his hands and in the land which the Lord his God had given him.

Mr. Laning died at Kansas City, August 17, 1922. Funeral services were held at Trinity Episcopal church, Petersburg, Ill., Monday morning at 10:30 o'clock. The business houses were closed from 10:30 a. m. till noon, as a mark of respect.

The remains, accompanied by the bereaved wife and children, arrived Sunday morning over the Alton railroad and were taken to the Petersburg home of the deceased at 308 West Jackson street. Monday morning, prior to the funeral hour, many friends called at the residence, where the body lay in state, the casket banked with a wealth of floral tributes.

At the church the Protestant Episcopal ritual was observed in the services which were conducted by Reverend John C. White of Springfield, formerly in charge of the church here. He paid a beautiful tribute to the life and character of the deceased. The commitment was made at Oakland cemetery. The pallbearers were: Elias Watkins, F. E. Blane, Lester B. Ott, D. L. Bennett, E. C. Messett, E. E. Brass, Julius Katzenstein, John Bonties.

---

#### LEVY MAYER, 1858-1922.

Levy Mayer, noted Chicago lawyer and member of the Constitutional Convention, State of Illinois, 1922, was found dead in his suite at the Blackstone Hotel, Chicago, Monday, August 14th, 1922. Mr. Mayer was born in Richmond, Va., in 1858. He came to Chicago as a young man. Although he had one year at Yale, most of his study of the law was carried on while he was assistant librarian at the Chicago Law Institute from 1876 to 1881. During this period he also revised two law books, which have taken an important place in the legal world. They are known as Mayer's edition of Roer on Private International Law, and Mayer's edition of Roer on Judicial sales.

He was married to Miss Rachel Meyer in 1884, and is survived by his widow and two daughters, Mrs. Hirsch and Mrs. Clarence Law, also of New York; three brothers, Isaac

H. Mayer, Benjamin Mayer and Jacob Mayer and three sisters, Mrs. Leo L. Schlesinger, Mrs. Bertha Lepman and Miss Fanny Mayer.

On account of the absence of Mrs. Mayer in Europe, funeral services were delayed until her return. The services were held at Sinai Temple at 46th street and Grand Boulevard on August 29, 1922. The interior of the Temple was banked with flowers and filled with persons, notable and humble, who came to pay tribute to Levy Mayer, lawyer and publicist.

Although Mr. Mayer was a rich man, a millionaire many times, he had aided the humble as well as the wealthy. Thus thousands in Chicago and elsewhere who could not attend the funeral mourned his death. Services were conducted by the Rev. R. A. White, pastor of the People's Liberal Church. Judge Samuel Alschuler, long associated with Mr. Mayer in friendship and profession, spoke briefly. A quartette, singing the twenty-third psalm, opened the services and Mrs. Ethel Benedict, a member of the quartette, sang "Why Art Cast Down."

Interment followed in Rosehill Cemetery, pall-bearers being members of Mr. Mayer's firm of Mayer, Meyer, Austrian and Platt, and several of his business associates.

---

#### MRS. FRANK HATCH JONES (NELLIE GRANT).

Mrs. Frank Hatch Jones, only daughter of Gen. Ulysses S. Grant, died in her Chicago Home 1130 Lake Shore drive, on Wednesday, Aug. 30, 1922. Born at the home of her grandfather, Col. Jesse R. Dent, at Wishtonwish, Missouri, sixty-eight years ago, Nellie Grant passed her early life in the exciting period of those years before and after the Civil War. One of her earliest and most prized mementoes was the receipt of a letter from her father when he commanded the Union forces besieging Richmond.

Later she was married in the White House to Algernon Sartoris, an English army officer. Two of three children of this marriage, Algernon and Vivian, still survive. She returned to this country in 1894, following the death of her husband, was made a citizen of this country again by special Act of Congress, and lived in Washington until 1912, when

she was married to Frank H. Jones, a Chicago banker, who had been Assistant Postmaster General under Grover Cleveland.

Ten years ago Mrs. Jones suffered a partial stroke of paralysis which has confined her indoors the greater part of the time. It was to her—as “Nellie Grant” that Eugene Field wrote one of his best known poems. Besides her husband, and children, there survive two brothers, Ulysses S. Grant of San Diego, Cal., and Jesse R. Grant of New York City.

Funeral services were conducted on Thursday afternoon by Dr. James G. K. McClure at the family home. Interment was made in Oak Ridge Cemetery, Springfield, Illinois, the family home of Mr. Jones.

---

#### BISHOP SAMUEL FALLOWS—1835-1922.

Samuel Fallows, bishop and head of the Reformed Episcopal church, died at his home, 1618 West Adams Street, Chicago, Tuesday, Sept. 5, 1922, after a lingering illness.

Death at 87 years closed a life linked with nearly every major movement of the west's progress from the breaking of the prairie sod, through the Civil War, on to a realization of the possibilities of the newer civilization.

Bishop Fallows became seriously ill early in the summer. He had grieved deeply over the death of his wife in 1916. Then he went to California in a hope that the change of climate would help. A few weeks ago he insisted on returning to his home. For a time he was better and on Monday his son, Edward W. Fallows, started home for New York. Miss Alice K. Fallows, a daughter, was the only member of the family at her father's bedside when he died. Another son, Major Charles S. Fallows, was in Saratoga, Cal., and the second daughter, Mrs. William Mayer, was in San Francisco.

Civil War comrades of the military bishop guarded the body while it lay in state from 9 o'clock Friday morning, Sept. 6, 1922, till 2 o'clock, the hour of the funeral in St. Paul's church. Soldiers of three wars, together with representatives of every branch of civic life, gathered at the church to pay their last tribute to the preacher-soldier.

Funeral services were conducted by Bishop Robert Livingston Rudolph of Philadelphia, Bishop Willard Brewing of Toronto, and President E. A. Birge of Wisconsin University. Later services were held by the Grand Army of the Republic at Graceland Chapel. Pallbearers were E. G. Allen, Evans Rees, George H. Murphy, John R. Kehm, Harry G. Mason, W. J. Morgan, C. A. Searle and Arthur H. Robinson. Honorary pallbearers, a long list, were distinguished citizens of Chicago.

Gen. Charles G. Dawes headed the American Legion representatives. After the service the body was taken to Hadley, Mass., for burial beside that of Mrs. Fallows.

Samuel Fallows was 13 years old when his family moved from England to Wisconsin. This country was then a frontier and he worked ten hours a day during the summer, and in the cold Wisconsin winters walked ten miles a day to go to a prairie school. Through the elementary schools, he got a job as a farm hand at \$4 a week in order to pay his way through the University of Wisconsin, of which he was the oldest living graduate. He studied for the ministry and got his degree in 1859. Later he married Lucy Bethia Huntington of Marshall, Wis., herself of churchly stock, the sister of a New York bishop.

Just as the family began to grow the Civil War began. Promptly young Fallows marked his duty—he organized the 32d Wisconsin regiment of college and faculty men, and was elected Lieutenant Colonel. In the field he conducted himself gallantly, but a year broke his health and he was invalided home. Immediately he joined another regiment, the 40th Wisconsin. Gallantry in the field quickly won him a Colonelcy and before the end of the war he was brevetted Brigadier-General.

Back home again, he was made Superintendent of Public Instruction for Wisconsin, and re-elected twice more. Then he went to Illinois Wesleyan at Bloomington as President, where he founded the first University law school in Illinois. Here, too, he originated the “extension” service system of education, basis for all others and from which the present system has been evolved.

St. Paul's Reformed Episcopal Church called him to Chicago in 1875 to act as rector. And that position he held until his death, although he was made a bishop shortly, and later was made head of the Church in America.

That men wanted the social life of a saloon more than the liquor they drank was a theory of Bishop Fallows, and with his customary enthusiasm he established in the middle '90's a "home saloon," on Washington street east of Wells; to attempt to prove that soft drinks could be sold to the very men who patronized real liquor places. In the "Bishop's saloon" as it came to be known, white-aproned bartenders sold "Bishop beer". The place was famous around the world. He vindicated his theory to a great extent, but finally sold out the "home saloon".

For twenty-one years Bishop Fallows was president of the board of managers of the Illinois State Reformatory at Pontiac; in 1908 he was chaplain of the Grand Army of the Republic, and in 1913 he was elected state commander of the Grand Army of the Republic.

He was trustee of the United Societies of Christian Endeavor, Editor-in-chief of the Human Interest Library, chairman of the Grant Memorial committee, president of the Chicago School for Home Nursing, and president of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee.

---

## E. SOUTHWORTH—1826-1923.

By CHARLES BLISS.

Hon. Elizur Southworth, for many years a prominent citizen of Montgomery County, Ill., died at his home in Litchfield Tuesday night, January 9th, aged 96 years, 3 months and 17 days.

The deceased was probably next to the oldest man in the county, the oldest being George Bartlett, of Fillmore, who is 98 years of age.

Mr. Southworth was born near Bradford, Orange county, Vermont, Sept. 22, 1826, and was a son of Joseph and Susan (Jenkins) Southworth. He had the advantage of good schools in his youth, as Vermont was one of the pioneer states to adopt a good system of free schools, and after going

through the grade and high schools at Bradford, he attended an academy at that place and at Thedford Hill, Vermont.

In 1846, 77 years ago, Mr. Southworth, then only 20 years of age, came to Montgomery county and secured a private school at Fillmore, which he taught one winter. He came West at the solicitation of Rev. Alfred Bliss, the father of the writer of this sketch, who secured the school for him. He afterward taught school in Bond county, and in the winter of 1849-50 he taught the school at Vandalia.

At that time wonderful stories of the gold discoveries in California were being told, and Mr. Southworth, with seven other adventurers, crossed the plains in a wagon drawn by an ox team, going to Sacramento, California. It took them 111 days to make the trip, Mr. Southworth walking and driving the oxen most of the way. He engaged in placer mining there for fifteen months, and accumulated what seemed to him to be a small fortune. Deciding to return home, he sailed for Nicaragua, and crossed the isthmus, where he took a boat for New York. He made a visit to his old Vermont home, where he was married November 1, 1852, to Miss Laura N. Crandall. In the spring of 1854 he returned to this county, bringing with him his wife. He bought a farm of 160 acres a mile northeast of Fillmore, and he and Mrs. Southworth lived on it until 1860.

Mrs. Southworth died January 11, 1892, and on February 3, 1893, Mr. Southworth married Mrs. Mary A. Topping Milnor, widow of George Milnor of Alton, Ill.

He had bought the farm mostly on credit, and he was not long in discovering that he was not cut out for a farmer, so he let it go back to the man he bought it of and moved to Vandalia. While teaching school, he had studied law, and he opened a law office in Vandalia. He afterwards moved back to this county and settled in Litchfield, where he continued to practice law. One son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Southworth, but he died in infancy, and in 1892 Mrs. Southworth died.

When the Civil War broke out Mr. Southworth answered the first call of President Lincoln and on April 25, 1861, he enlisted in Co. D, 7th Illinois Volunteer Infantry. His company went to Alton and later to Cairo.

He served as mayor of Litchfield in 1881. He was elected to the Illinois State Senate in 1876 on the Democratic ticket. In 1884 he was re-elected to the state senate by the flattering majority of 3,000.

"When he first came to Illinois, Mr. Southworth taught school in Montgomery, Bond and Fayette counties, his last school being held in the old state house at Vandalia. He came to Litchfield from Fillmore in 1859. In 1860 he was admitted to the bar at the same time as Jesse J. Phillips of Hillsboro, who, in his time, was a noted jurist nationally known and another outstanding figure of Montgomery county and this section of the state.

"Judge Phillips and Mr. Southworth were examined by a committee of which Judge Joseph Gillespie, a noted character in Illinois history, was a member. Following their examination, the new entrants to the bar were introduced to Abraham Lincoln.

"Something over a year following his admission to the bar, the clash came between the North and the South and Mr. Southworth answered the call of Abraham Lincoln for volunteers for 90 days service. A company was organized in Litchfield of which D. M. Munn was captain, Mr. Southworth first lieutenant, and Mark P. Miller, second lieutenant. At the end of his enlistment, Mr. Southworth returned to Litchfield and again took up the practice of law. He was for many years identified with some of the leading law firms of the county. He knew and was well acquainted with the great men of Illinois of the Civil War period, viz: Lincoln, Grant, Logan, Yates, Oglesby, Palmer, Gillespie, Lyman Trumbull and many others.

"In March, 1887, Mr. Southworth was returning to Litchfield from Springfield via the Chicago and Alton railroad to Virden and thence to Litchfield by what was then known as the Jacksonville and Southeastern (now a part of the C. B. & Q.). He had made the change of cars when the train upon which he was a passenger, was struck by another train. Mr. Southworth was seriously injured and was under the constant care of physicians for a period of three years. On account of this shock to his nervous system he was advised by his physicians to give up his law practice, which he did."

Mr. Southworth was a great reader and student. He had a splendid memory which never failed him up to the last. He was a thorough gentleman, and a good citizen one of that type that can never be replaced.

Mr. Southworth is survived by his widow and several grand nieces and nephews. Brook Upham a grand nephew is the Naval attache of the American Legation at Paris and John Upham, a grand nephew is a Colonel in the United States army.

The funeral services were conducted at the Presbyterian church, Rev. Walter V. McAdoo officiating. Burial was in Elmwood cemetery.

---

#### MARTIN EMERICH, FORMER CONGRESSMAN, DIES IN NEW YORK.

Funeral services for Martin Emerich, former Congressman from the first Congressional district of Illinois and a well known politician and Chicago business man, who died in New York, Monday, Sept. 25, 1922, were held at the Chapel, 934 East 47th St., Sunday, Oct. 1st. Death was due to a stroke of apoplexy.

Mr. Emerich was 76 years old. He served the First district in Congress for one term, being elected in 1902, defeating Martin B. Madden. He had been for years active in Democratic politics, and in 1892 was a member of the County board. He was a Chicagoan for thirty-five years. Mr. Emerich is survived by four children, Frank, a lawyer and publicist, and Melvin L., a member of the banking firm of Ames, Emerich & Co., of Chicago; Leonard, of Elgin, and Mrs. A. J. Marcuse of New York.

---

#### JAMES R. MANN, IN UNITED STATES CONGRESS FOR QUARTER OF A CENTURY, DIES IN WASHINGTON, D. C.

Representative James R. Mann of Chicago died in his apartment "The Highlands" at Washington, D. C., on Thursday, Nov. 30, 1922, after an illness of less than a week.

James Robert Mann was born on a farm near Bloomington, Illinois, Oct. 20, 1856, son of William Henry and Eliza-

beth Dabney (Abraham) Mann. Moved to Iroquois County in 1867. Graduate of University of Illinois, 1876; LL. B., Union College of Law, Chicago, 1881; (LL. D., U. of Ill., 1903); admitted to the bar 1881, and since in practice in Chicago. Married on May 30, 1882, to Miss Emma Columbia of Champaign, Illinois. Mr. Mann served as a member of the United States House of Representatives in the 55th Congress to the date of his death, thirteen consecutive times or twenty-six years. He was re-elected in November of 1922, and the people of his district were determined to keep him in the house as long as he lived. Other members of the sixty-seventh Congress that had served longer than Mann, were Joseph G. Cannon and Henry Allen Cooper of Missouri, (though Cooper's fourteen terms were not continuous) and Mann came before the Spanish-American War, and stayed.

The outstanding features of his long career in the House of Representatives were absolute courage and independence, and knowledge of legislation pending and past. There was nothing too little to escape his eye; there was no man or measure he feared to attack. While a power in legislation, the only law, probably, which will bear his name on to posterity is the Mann Act passed in 1910.

All official Washington attended the funeral services of Congressman Mann. It was held in the House of Representatives Sunday, Dec. 3, 1922, attended by President Harding, both Houses of Congress, the Supreme Court, the Cabinet and the diplomatic corps.

Services were conducted by the Rev. James E. Freeman, Rector of Epiphany Episcopal church which Mr. Mann attended, Rev. J. Montgomery, Chaplain of the House, pronounced the benediction. After the services in the House, the body was taken to Chicago where services were held in the Hyde Park Presbyterian Church, Monday afternoon, December 4th. Dr. Ralph Marshal Davis, the pastor, officiating.

---

#### JUDGE EMERY C. GRAVES, OF HENRY COUNTY BENCH, DIES AT GENESEO, ILLINOIS.

Judge Emery C. Graves for twenty years a member of the circuit court of Henry county, died at his home in Geneseo, Aug. 21, 1922. Death was due to a stroke of paralysis.

Judge Graves was born at Cherry Creek, N. Y., Jan. 19, 1853. His parents came to Illinois in that year and to Geneseo in 1866.

Judge Graves, a leader for years in the Republican party, was a graduate of the University of Wisconsin. Soon after entering legal practice he was elected Mayor of Geneseo, Ill., serving two terms. He later served four terms as State's Attorney of Henry county.

---

#### OLDEST MEMBER OF THE FACULTY OF RUSH MEDICAL COLLEGE DIES.

Dr. Philip Adolphus who died at his home, 1639 Washington Boulevard, Chicago, Sunday, August 26, 1922, and who was 95 years of age at the time of his death, was the oldest living member of the faculty of Rush Medical College. Graduated from the University of Maryland in 1858, he served through the Civil War as Assistant Lieutenant Surgeon. Granted an honorary degree at Rush Medical College in 1873, he served as clinical professor of gynecology from 1875 to 1894, and was superintendent of the Central Free dispensary for thirty-three years. He is survived by three children: Philip S., Norman P., and Edah B. Adolphus.

---

#### PROF. ALEXANDER SMITH, ONCE AT UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO, DIES IN SCOTLAND.

Prof. Alexander Smith, noted chemist, died in Edinburgh, Scotland, September 9th, 1922. Professor Smith who was born in Edinburgh in 1865, spent the greater part of his life in the United States, where he took a prominent part in chemical research and instructional work. He was professor of Chemistry for several years at Wabash College, and for a long period professor of Chemistry and director of general and physical chemistry in the University of Chicago.

---

#### DEATH OF LEWIS M. SAWYER, FORMER STATE SENATOR.

Lewis M. Sawyer, who resided at 1031 Maple Avenue, Evanston, Illinois, died on November thirteenth in Los Angeles, California, at the residence of his daughter where he

had gone to spend the winter. Mr. Sawyer was an early settler of Illinois and, before moving to Evanston, was for many years a resident of Streator, and represented that district in the House of Representatives, 1886-88, and in the Senate, 1894-96. 1896-98.

The following children survive him: Mrs. Elmer E. Ames, Los Angeles; Mrs. David H. Bloom of Evanston; Charles M. Sawyer of Los Angeles; Commander Frederick L. Sawyer of New York City; Ward B. and Robert B. Sawyer of Evanston; Mrs. William G. Tait of Medford, Oregon, and Mrs. Stevens A. Coldren of Los Angeles.

Burial was made at his former home at Streator, Illinois.

---

#### LINN H. YOUNG, FORMER LEGISLATOR, DIES.

Linn H. Young, former member from Cook County in the House of Representatives, Forty-first General Assembly, 1898-1900, and former alderman of the old sixth ward, Chicago, was buried from his summer home in Sturgis, Michigan, November 16, 1922. Mr. Young was 59 years old. His widow, Mrs. Emma D. Young and a brother, David Young, of Omaha, Nebraska, survive.

---

#### LOTT FLANNERY, SCULPTOR OF STATUE OF LINCOLN, DIES.

Lott Flannery, a sculptor, best known for his statue of Lincoln, which recently was replaced before the Court House, Washington, D. C., died December 19th, in Washington, at the age of 86. The Lincoln statue is said to be the only one made by a sculptor who knew Mr. Lincoln personally.

---

#### F. C. SCHMOHL, WORLD'S FAIR SCULPTOR, DIES IN THE WEST.

Fred C. Schmohl, World's Fair sculptor and resident of Chicago for nearly thirty years, died Monday, July 31st, 1922, at his home in Los Angeles. He was 75 years old.

Mr. Schmohl was born in Wurtenburg, Germany, and came to Chicago in 1880. He was one of the sculptors of

statuary at the World's Fair. In 1908 he moved to the Pacific coast to design the sculpturing for the Exposition at Seattle, and later for those at San Francisco and San Diego. He is survived by his widow, five daughters and two sons.

---

#### DEATH OF ROLLIN D. SALISBURY, DEAN OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO.

Dean Rollin D. Salisbury of the University of Chicago, one of the well known teachers and geologists of America, died on Tuesday evening, August 15, 1922, at the Presbyterian hospital in Chicago, after an illness of more than two months. On May 31, Dean Salisbury was stricken with thrombosis, and from that time was confined to his bed. Had the Dean lived until the 17th, he would have been 64 years of age. He was born in Spring Prairie, Wis., Aug. 17, 1858. Thirty years ago the University of Chicago founded its department of Geology, and Dean Salisbury joined the staff.

In 1881 with Lieut. Robert E. Peary, he made a trip into Greenland to determine the so-called insularity of that country. From 1882 to 1894 Dean Salisbury was in the United States department of Geology, glacier division. He is survived by two sisters, Mrs. J. M. Drew of St. Paul, and Miss Celia Salisbury of Denver, Colorado.

The funeral was held from Mandel Hall. The faculty attended in cap and gown. Members of the Geographical Society of Chicago also attended. Dean Salisbury was first president of the Society. Burial was made in Oakwoods.

---

#### DEATH OF MISS GRACE NICHOLLES, SUFFRAGE LEADER.

Miss S. Grace Nicholes for many years identified with the Women's Suffrage movement in Chicago, who was corresponding Secretary of the Illinois Equal Suffrage Association, died in Chicago, August 22, 1922. Miss Nicholes a graduate of Wellesley, was a member of the Englewood Woman's Club, Collegiate Alumnae Association, and the South Side Suffrage Association. Miss Nicholes devoted much of her time to social settlement work. The funeral was held on

Friday, August 25th, from the Neighborhood House, 6710 South May Street, of which she was one of the founders. Interment was made at Oakwoods Cemetery.

---

### MAJOR WILLIAM RUSSELL PRICKETT—1836-1922.

FROM THE EDWARDSVILLE SPECTATOR, DEC. 23, 1922.

Major William Russell Prickett, retired, Edwardsville banker and financier died at his home, 210 Kansas street at 12 o'clock noon, December 23, 1922.

The end was due to a heart attack. The end came as he was receiving some mail from a messenger who had just returned from the postoffice. He sank to the floor and expired within a few minutes, without a struggle.

Last Tuesday he had the final attack. It came on him just at noon and he had since been at home under the care of a physician. Yesterday and this morning he seemed a great deal better and looked forward to Christmas. The physician had visited him within half an hour before the end and there was not the slightest indication of a change for the worse.

He was up and about the house this morning and shortly before had sent a man to get the mail. Major Prickett sent out a great many Christmas cards and was receiving others with interest.

Two years ago he had a severe attack of the heart and hovered near death for several months. He survived the attack, however, but with the advanced age against him failed to recuperate as in former years.

Telegrams were sent to the three children, Mrs. H. Clay Pierce and E. I. Prickett of New York City, and Mrs. H. L. Drummond of Pasadena, Calif.

Major Prickett was born in Edwardsville, September 21, 1836. He is of Southern ancestry. His mother was a Kentuckian, having been born in Hopkinsville, August 6, 1806, and his father, Colonel Isaac Prickett, a native of Georgia, was born in Savanna, December 22, 1790, but at an early date migrated to Illinois and was prominently identified with its history, both as a territory and as a state. He embarked in merchandising at Edwardsville in 1818, and continued in the

business until his death, in 1844, in the meantime filling numerous offices of public trust, viz: quartermaster general of the Illinois militia, paymaster of militia, inspector of the penitentiary, public administrator, coroner and postmaster. In 1838 he was appointed by President Van Buren to the responsible position of receiver of public moneys for the United States land office, and was re-appointed to the office by President Tyler in 1842, which position he held at the time of his death. The mother of Major Prickett, whose maiden name was Nancy A. Lamkins, was a daughter of Captain William Lamkins, of Christian county, Kentucky, who was a soldier in the war of 1812. Her marriage to Colonel Isaac Prickett took place in Edwardsville, Illinois, on February 22, 1821.

The eldest son of the family, Nathaniel Pope Prickett, was an officer in the United States navy, and died of yellow fever on board the United States storeship Lexington, in the harbor at Rio de Janeiro, South America, in 1850.

The youngest son, Major W. R. Prickett spent his life in his native town with the exception of the years that he was a student at the Western Military Institute in Kentucky and afterward at the Illinois College at Jacksonville. He entered the latter institution in 1855, and there, through application and industry, laid the foundation for a business life of activity and usefulness. Major Prickett became identified with the Masonic order at the age of twenty-one years, joining Edwardsville Lodge No. 99. Afterwards, at LaGrange, Georgia, he was made a chapter Mason. His affiliation since has been with his home lodge.

He was also a member of the Army of the Cumberland, Grand Army of the Republic, and the Loyal Legion of the United States. Although he had always been a Democrat, he followed the example of the great Douglas in being loyal to the state and country, and entered the Union army as lieutenant in the One Hundred and Fiftieth Infantry. Before leaving Camp Butler he was made Major of the regiment. On May 1, 1865, Major Prickett was assigned by Major General James B. Steadman to Brevet Brigadier General Salm-Salm's Second Brigade, Second Separate Division, Army of the Cumberland, and on the 2nd of May moved to Dalton, Georgia. He had command of the forces between Bridgeport,

Alabama, and Chattanooga, Tennessee, and was in command of the left wing of the regiment while it was stationed at Spring Place, Georgia. In July he was appointed Judge Advocate of the court martial, which office he filled until the regiment left Atlanta, August 14th, when he had command of companies C, F, G, H, and K, with his headquarters at La-Grange, Georgia. He was honorably mustered out of the service in 1866, at Springfield, Illinois.

In 1868 Major Prickett engaged in the banking business at Edwardsville. He incorporated his banking interests into the Bank of Edwardsville on January 1, 1896, and at the same time assumed its presidency. He continued in it successfully until the year 1899 when he retired, selling out his interest in this bank. As an illustration of his financial standing during the panic of 1873, when so many hundreds of the banks in the country suspended payment, the banking house of West & Prickett continued to pay and discount as usual during the stringency. As evidence of the confidence still reposed in him by the people, it may be mentioned that during the panic in 1893, his deposits increased rather than decreased.

Prior to 1896 he had been an influential factor in the Democratic political affairs of the county, serving with signal ability for over twenty years as chairman of the executive committee. In February, 1885, he was appointed one of the United States commissioner for Illinois by Judge Samuel H. Treat, and had the honor of representing his native town and county twice in the Illinois general assembly. During one session he was made chairman of the committee on banks and banking, a committee composed of the ablest and best men in the legislature. His career in the legislature was characterized by soundest discretion and by faithful and honest representation of the best interests of his constituents and the people of the state. During the senatorial contest of 1885, when General John A. Logan was re-elected senator, Major Prickett received at different times several votes for that office as an expression on the part of his friends of their high regard for him as a representative of the great commonwealth of Illinois. He again received a mark of favor from his political friends in being selected for his district as presi-

dential elector on the national Democratic ticket for 1892. In 1895 he was elected mayor of the city of Edwardsville, continuing in the office for two years.

Major Prickett was twice married. His first wife, whom he married in 1859 and who died in 1874, was Virginia Frances, daughter of Hon. Edward M. West who, until his death in 1887, was engaged in the banking business with Major Prickett. Three children born of this marriage are living. The son, Edward Isaac, is a resident of Pasadena, California. The elder daughter, Virginia Russell, is the wife of Henry Clay Pierce, of New York City. The younger daughter, Mary West, is the wife of Harrison I. Drummond, of Pasadena, California. Major Prickett's second marriage took place in 1888, and united him with Mary Josephine, daughter of the late Judge Joseph Gillespie, who was one of the pioneers of Illinois history in politics and statesmanship.

#### AS THE YEARS PASS.

The death of Major William R. Prickett impressed those who really knew him with a sense of irreparable loss as their first thought on learning of the demise. The major was the last of the old-timers—octogenarians—who were native to the city and who helped build it and who grew with it in the formative days. With his passing we now skip a decade to those in the seventies.

People of the present day rarely have the opportunities for commercial, financial, civic, political and patriotic participation that were his. He had many sides and only a limited number knew more than a few of them—perhaps none knew all.

The expression "a gentleman of the old school," naturally comes to mind in thinking of the major. He was a gentleman born and bred and he never lost nor diminished his native courtesy. To those who entered his home, or whom he encountered in public he was ever the same, suave, considerate and deferential. His home was to him the pleasantest place in the world. Life brought to him a bounteous measure of good things. He was wealthy and could have traveled when and where he would but he wisely knew that the

greatest contentment is in the intimate surroundings of the home and he rarely left it.

In the earlier days that home was the scene of many social gayeties. The major was a host par excellence; he loved to be surrounded with intellectual, cultured people of social nature, and as a result the gatherings, both formal and informal, at his home, were notable. In later years his health did not permit of a continuation of these events with their resultant nerve strain and fatigue.

The Major's memory continued bright and clear up to the last moment of his life. He could recall things that happened three-quarters of a century ago, and he was always consulted as to deaths, places, events, etc. He linked the old Edwardsville of the pioneer days with the city of the present. In his young manhood skins of animals were exchanged for dry goods and provisions. The only industries of Edwardsville in the way of manufacturing were a brewery and a distillery, at each of which tincups sat on a bench beside the front door and the wayfarer was welcome to help himself. Indians were no uncommon sight in the streets. Not only had no railroad trains been built but the steam locomotive was unknown in the west. People traveled by pack horses, and it was a great day when daily transportation by road was established and the first stage coach of the Springfield-St. Louis line dashed up to the door of the Wabash hotel.

Time went on, and the Civil War cast its shadow over the land. The Major enlisted and went with Sherman to the sea. He was always glad and proud that he had this opportunity, and while he made no personal mention of it except in response to inquiries, his abiding sentiment was shown by the tiny ribbon button of the Loyal Legion in his lapel.

After the war politics attracted him and he served in many positions of responsibility and trust. His calling was that of a banker and it is difficult to make clear to present day thought how much this meant to the earlier day. He and his father-in-law, the late E. M. West, operated the bank of West & Prickett. There was no bank supervision then. No skilled experts dropped in unexpectedly as they do now, to keep the present banks up to the highest efficiency. No reports were called for by either state or nation.

Banking was a private business and its character depended absolutely upon the individual. Mr. West and Mr. Prickett were conservative by nature. They had the highest personal standards of honor and integrity. Their business was administered conservatively and honestly. No shadow ever fell across their door. No suspicion ever entered any mind as concerned them. During times of stress when others suffered from the unrest of the day, the deposits of West & Prickett increased, the finest testimonial of human confidence possible. And when in course of years, their well-established business passed on to others, it was with a stainless and unblemished reputation.

The Major never fully retired. He withdrew from the banking business many years ago, but he maintained an office in one of his business houses on Purcell street, and there daily looked after his affairs and likewise attended to the business matters of many old friends and associates who still looked to him for counsel and advice.

In his personal side it has been stated that the Major was ever courteous. He was more—he was kindly. No one will ever know of his benefactions. He performed them in a quiet way and said nothing about them. He sent money and boxes of commodities to old-time friends and relatives in distant places. He looked around at home and dropped benefactions here and there. He would stop into a grocery store and leave a ten-dollar bill with orders that that much food be sent to some needy family and nothing be said about it. He aided various churches. For many years he literally kept the Baptist church going and when Miss Maggie Fruit, upon whom usually devolved the necessity of getting together the deficit, would go to the Major he would always give her a check for whatever was lacking. This was a side to his nature that few knew about.

The Major was a great home body. In the years of his first marriage when the children were little, he and "Old Fritz" his faithful retainer and house man, took the greater part of the care of them. Fourteen years after his bereavement he was married to one who had always been a very dear friend, and this happy union endured for more than a third of a century until the Major's cycle was completed.

There is no doubt that his span of life was lengthened ten or perhaps twenty years by the tender ministrations of his devoted wife. Mrs. Prickett's life has been one of devotion to those near her, first to a beloved sister, then to a brother who depended greatly upon her, and then to her husband. The Major knew how greatly he leaned upon her ministrations and at times stated that her care was prolonging his life. There was not a moment for many years that she was not watchful of his health and comfort and this enabled him to reach the unusual span of eighty-six years.

And having lived long and well he went away on the last journey just as he would have wished. In full possession of every faculty, clothed and moving around his home, about to examine the holiday greetings of friends, as he stretched forth his hand to take the letters and cards that were presented to him, another hand—an irresistible one—intervened, and without sorrow or pain he departed. It was as he would have wished.

Major Prickett has passed on. There is none who can or will take his place.

Mayor Frank L. Nash issued a proclamation in which he requested citizens to turn aside for an hour during the funeral services. Major Prickett was mayor of Edwardsville during the 90's and it is for services he rendered the city as mayor that the proclamation is issued.

The proclamation follows:

#### PROCLAMATION BY THE MAYOR.

Whereas, It has pleased an allwise Providence to remove from us by death, Major William R. Prickett, a native-born citizen, and one long identified with the city's growth and development; being a former mayor of the city, and in other ways connected with civic affairs.

Major Prickett was a prominent soldier and civilian; filling many positions of prominence in the business and political world with credit to himself and honor to the city, and one, who for over half a century, was Edwardsville's leading banker and distinguished citizen.

Now, therefore, in view of his connection with the history of our city government, and as a fitting respect, in the pass-

ing from life of this long time resident, I, Frank L. Nash, Mayor of the city, hereby proclaim Wednesday, December 27, 1922, a Memorial day in his memory, and order a suspension of business, as far as possible, in all departments of the city government for the purpose of attending his funeral.

Believing too, that his passage from this life to another, is worthy of observance by all the inhabitants of the City, I would respectfully request a suspension of all business activities during the hour of his funeral; and let us all join in remembering him who has answered the inevitable call and passed over to the Great Beyond.

FRANK L. NASH, Mayor.

Dated December 26, 1922.

Major Prickett joined the Illinois State Historical in the early days of its existence and was always deeply interested in it.

Funeral services were conducted from the residence Wednesday afternoon, December 27, 1922, at 2:30 o'clock, Rev. Thomas Dyke of St. Andrew's Episcopal church conducted the religious services and Rev. W. Davies Pittman, of St. Louis, a former pastor here, and friend of Mr. Prickett, made a brief address.

At Woodlawn Masonic rites were conducted by Edwardsville Lodge No. 99, A. F. & A. M., of which he has been a member for over sixty years. At the request of the family, C. H. Spilman conducted the ritualistic services at the cemetery.

The active pallbearers were chosen from the membership of the lodge. Six who were chosen as honorary pallbearers have been friends of Major Prickett for many years. They are: A. P. Wolf, E. W. Mudge, S. O. Bonner, Gaius Paddock, Charles Boeschstein and A. L. Brown.

The active pallbearers were Attorney Charles W. Burton, Frank B. Sanders, W. L. Estabrook, Douglas M. Hadley, R. D. Griffin and Judge Geo. W. Crossman.

The three children returned home for the services. E. I. Prickett arrived from New York Sunday and assisted in making final arrangements. Mr. and Mrs. H. Clay Pierce arrived in his special car from New York City. Another daughter, Mrs. Harrison I. Drummond, of Pasadena, Calif., also came home for her father's funeral.

The removal of Major Prickett takes from Edwardsville one of the best known men of Madison county and one who was an authority on early history of Madison county and Edwardsville. When questions arose there were many who went to Major Prickett to secure the information they wanted. Much of this information was gathered during the many years he was a banker and with a clear mind he retained the facts and data.

His office on Purcell street has been the most unusual in Edwardsville. It was a place where a number of his associates gathered and they spent many pleasant hours discussing things of years gone by.

It was an unusual office for other reasons. The American flag was always in evidence and the walls were filled with framed documents, a number being many years old, and other things of interest. The door of his safe contained an unusual card. It was simply a notice to possible yeggs that it contained nothing of value and could be opened without trouble by turning the handle in a certain direction. The safe contained nothing of value to any other than Major Prickett.

The death of Major Prickett brings to light that he was a benefactor to many in Edwardsville in years ago, although not generally known. Learning of a needy family he visited the grocer or coal dealer, ordering food or supplies to be sent to the family. One former merchant of the city filled many of these orders and the recipient never learned from whence the order came.

One of those who knew Major Prickett best through having been associated with him in many ways through a long period of years, is Charles Boeschenstein, president of the Edwardsville National Bank.

"Major Prickett was a citizen whom it was a privilege to have known," said Mr. Boeschenstein today. "He belonged to not one, but many of the great periods of American history. It was his good fortune to be connected with most of the great events, whether local or national, that we shall look back upon. His name is indissolubly connected with them.

"To a pleasant and courteous personality there was added in Major Prickett's makeup a strict personal code of

honor and trustworthiness. He had a high standard and he lived up to it. In all his contacts, public or private, personal or official, he was true to every trust.

---

MRS. ABIGAIL BOND HASTINGS HALL—  
MARCH 30, 1818-JANUARY 24, 1923.

Mrs. Abigail Bond Hastings Hall, one of the most remarkable women in the country and known and beloved by hundreds in Aurora as "Grandma" Hall, passed away at the home of her daughter, Mrs. O. M. Barth, 9531 South Winchester avenue, Chicago, January 24, 1923. She would have celebrated her one hundred and fifth birthday, March 20, next, had she lived.

Two daughters of Mrs. Hall, and their husbands, a nurse and several friends, were at the bedside when she died. They had kept up a constant vigil at the bedside for more than a week. For several days Mrs. Hall had lain in a quiet, peaceful sleep. Her breathing was so slow and her pulse so faint, that for five days death was expected at any moment. She had not taken a particle of food since Saturday, January 13, more than a week. The attending physician said it was the most remarkable case he had ever attended.

"How a person of her great age could live on after being so seriously ill with leakage of the heart and contraction of the stomach muscles is beyond me," the attending physician told Mrs. Barth, the daughter. "It is the most remarkable case I have ever seen or attended. I can best explain it by comparing Mrs. Hall's body with fine machinery. To all those at the bedside she apparently died when she fell into a coma last Friday morning, but the heart beat continued like the intricate part of a piece of fine machinery after the rest of the machine had stopped. As far as pain and suffering was concerned there was none because 'Grandma' Hall knew nothing from Friday on."

Mrs. Hall, who resided in Aurora for many years before moving to Chicago five years ago to make her home with her daughter, Mrs. Barth, was taken ill one week ago last Saturday. She complained of severe pains in the region of her stomach and heart. The family physician was summoned

and found she was suffering with contraction of the stomach muscles and leakage of the heart.

"She may live only a few hours, she cannot survive more than a day or two," the physician told Mrs. Barth. Other children were notified, but only one, Mrs. Mary Wheaton, of Rochester, was able to go to the bedside. She is 75. Mrs. Abbie Brundage, another daughter, is seriously ill at her home in Omaha and a son, Martin J. Hall, 72, is ill at Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Funeral services were held in the First Baptist church in Galena boulevard, Aurora, Ill. It was this church that Mrs. Hall attended for many years before she said farewell to her friends and left for the home of her daughter in Chicago.

Mrs. Hall was born, March 20, 1818, at Holden, Mass., and was one of the oldest women in the United States. She resided for many years in West Park avenue.

#### MISSED HER OLD FRIENDS.

Until she was past 102 years old, Mrs. Hall did fine needle work and took a keen interest in world happenings. Her eyesight failed her in October, 1920, and as a result she was compelled to give up her drawn work. She continued to do a little sewing, however, up until the time she was taken ill. In 1921 she was ill for three weeks with a severe attack of bronchitis, but recovered. Last summer she slipped and fell at the home of her daughter and was badly bruised.

"Leaving old friends in Aurora, where she lived for so many years, caused mother to take less interest in life for the last few years," Mrs. Barth said today. "She never forgot the people in Aurora and she was never forgotten by her friends there. A birthday never passed but what she received a big box of candy from the old soldiers and hundreds of postal cards."

Mrs. Clara Brundage Jewell of Omaha, a granddaughter of Mrs. Hall, has written a review of the important events of the world's history and Mrs. Hall's life. Mrs. Jewell is a graduate of East High School of Aurora and will be remembered by many Aurorans.

Names of members of the family who have been born and have died appear in the review, as do items of interest connected with the family. Mrs. Hall is of noble lineage as is recited in an introduction to the review.

The following is the history written by Mrs. Jewell:

The Hastings family is of Danish origin. The first of the family who enjoyed the peerage was Lord Henry Hastings. He was in 1529 created earl of Huntingdon. Sir Henry and George Hastings, grandsons of the earl of Huntingdon, had sons who became Puritans and were obliged by persecution to leave England and find homes in the "new world."

As early as 1634, Thomas Hastings and wife had arrived in New England and John came later. Thomas Hastings and wife, Susanna, embarked at Ipswich, England, April 10, 1634, and settled in Watertown, Mass., known as the Massachusetts Bay colony. Susanna died Feb. 2, 1650. Thomas later married Margaret Cheney of Roxbury, Mass. She was mother of all his children. He died in 1685, aged 80 years. His residence in Boston was on the west side of School street. He had eight children; Samuel, the eighth child, was born March 12, 1665, and died in 1723.

Sara Coolidge, Samuel's third wife, was mother of Nathaniel. Nathaniel married Esther Perry in 1734, and settled in Boylston, Mass. They had six children. Nathaniel, Jr., the second child, married Elizabeth Goodenow in 1743 and settled in Golton, Mass. Afterwards he moved to Berlin. He served in the French and Indian war, and probably in the American revolution. He died in 1820, aged 82 years. He had 11 children.

Nathum, the eighth child, was born September, 1779. In 1806 he married Annie Powers of Massachusetts. He died March 21, 1849. He had 12 children. Abigail Bond Hastings was one of the 12.

IMPORTANT EVENTS WHICH OCCURRED DURING THE LIFE OF  
MRS. HALL AND DATES OF IMPORTANT EVENTS IN  
HER FAMILY.

1818.

Abigail Bond Hastings born March 20 at Holden, Mass.  
James Monroe was president of the United States.

Illinois admitted to the union.

Fulton's first steamboat went up the Hudson river, 11 years before.

1819.

Alabama admitted to the union.

First steamboat crossed the Atlantic ocean in May.

1820.

Maine admitted to the union.

First locomotive appeared.

1821.

Missouri admitted to the union.

1822.

U. S. Grant was born on April 27.

1824.

Lafayette visited the United States.

1825.

First railroad was completed.

Erie canal was opened.

John Quincy Adams president of the United States.

Portland cement discovered.

1829.

Andrew Jackson president of the United States.

1830.

First iron steamboat built.

Peter Cooper made first locomotive built in America for railroad purposes.

1831.

Chloroform discovered.

1832.

Black Hawk war.

1834.

McCormick reaper invented.

1836.

Arkansas admitted to the union.

Colts revolver invented.

1837.

Martin VanBuren president.

Michigan admitted to the union.

Grover Cleveland born.

1839.

Daguerreotype invented in France.

Photography began in England.

1840.

Use of postage stamps introduced into England.

1841.

Abigail Bond Hastings married John Sidney Hall at West Bolyston, Mass., December 19.

William Henry Harrison president one month. John Tyler succeeded to office of president.

1842.

George S. Hall born October 9.

1844.

Abbie Rosalie Hall born June 12.

First telegraph message sent which read: "What hath God wrought?" was transmitted between Washington and Baltimore by Samuel F. B. Morse.

1845.

James K. Polk president.

Florida and Texas admitted to the union.

1846.

Iowa admitted to the union.

Sewing machine invented in the United States.

War with Mexico.

Gun-cotton invented in Germany.

Mormons fled from Illinois.

1847.

Mary I. Hall was born April 23.

Use of postage stamps introduced into United States.

1848.

Wisconsin admitted to the union.

Gold discovered in California.

1849.

"Gold rush" to California.

1850.

Marcus N. Hall born June 16.

California admitted to the union.

Zachary Taylor president one year. Millard Fillmore succeeded him in presidency.

1852.

O. M. Barth was born in Lukenwald, Prussia.

1853.

Franklin Pierce president.

1854.

Crimean war between Russia and England.

1855.

Hall family moved to Chicago—then to Batavia, then to Aurora.

Bicycle and steel invented.

1856.

Myron E. Hall was born November 7.

Sleeping car invented in United States.

Woodrow Wilson born in December.

1857.

James Buchanan, president.

1858.

Atlantic cable laid in July.

Minnesota admitted to the union.

William Howard Taft born in September.

Theodore Roosevelt born in October.

1859.

Susan M. Hall born July 1.

Oil discovered in the United States.

Oregon admitted to the union.

1860.

In December, South Carolina, Mississippi, Florida, Alabama, Georgia, Louisiana and Texas seceded from the union.

1861.

Myron Hall died Christmas day, aged 5 years.

First gun fired in Civil War, April 12.

Kansas admitted to the union.

Abraham Lincoln president of the United States.

1862.

George Hall killed in battle either at Murfreesboro or Stone River, Tenn.

1863.

West Virginia admitted to the union.

Lincoln's emancipation proclamation.

1864.

Sherman made his famous march to the sea.  
Nevada admitted to the union.

1865.

Lincoln assassinated, in April 14, died April 15.  
Andrew Johnson succeeded him as president.  
General Lee surrendered April 9.

1866.

Dynamite invented.

1867.

Edwin S. Jewell born October 23.  
Nebraska admitted to the union.  
Alaska purchased.

1868.

Typewriter invented.

1869.

Railroad opened connecting the Atlantic with the Pacific  
ocean, 3,300 miles.

Suez canal opened.

Gen. U. S. Grant president of the United States.

1870.

Franco-Prussian war.

Celluloid invented.

1871.

Chicago fire.

1875.

Clara Frances Brundage born August 27.

1876.

Centennial at Philadelphia.

Telephone invented.

Colorado admitted to the union.

1877.

Rutherford B. Hays president.

1878.

Phonograph invented by Edison.

1880.

Field cannon invented in Germany.

1881.

James A. Garfield president, six months. Succeeded by  
Chester A. Arthur. President Garfield shot in July.

1882.  
Elsie May Barth born.
1883.  
Brooklyn bridge opened.  
Letter postage reduced from 3 cents to 2.
1884.  
Paul M. Barth born.  
Cotton exposition at New Orleans.  
Linotype machine invented.
1885.  
Grover Cleveland president.
1886.  
Luella Barth born.
1888.  
Kodak camera invented.
1889.  
Johnstown flood in May.  
Benjamin Harrison president.
1893.  
Kinetoscope invented.  
World's fair at Chicago.  
Automobile invented.  
Grover Cleveland president.
1895.  
X-Ray invented by Roentgen.
1896.  
Wireless telegraphy discovered by Marconi, an Italian.
1897.  
William McKinley president.
1898.  
Spanish-American war.  
Admiral Dewey destroyed Spanish fleet in Manila bay.  
Modern submarine invented.  
Exposition at Omaha.
1901.  
John Sidney Hall, aged 83 years, died in March.  
Edwin S. Jewell and Clara Frances Brundage married  
February 5.  
President William McKinley assassinated. Succeeded  
by Theodore Roosevelt.

1903.

Charles S. Brundage died as result of railroad accident.  
First successful flight of the biplane by Wright brothers.  
Theodore Roosevelt elected president.

1906.

Jean Marjorie Jewell born May 13.  
San Francisco earthquake.

1909.

Catherine Jewell died January 18.  
North pole reached by Peary in April.

1911.

Albert G. Jewell died January 1.  
South pole reached by Amundson in December.  
Arizona and New Mexico admitted to the union.

1912.

Ralph Barth killed by railroad accident December 26.

1913.

The Jewells moved to Omaha February 15.  
Omaha cyclone March 23.  
Woodrow Wilson president.

1914.

War declared between Russia, Germany, France and  
England.

1915.

San Francisco and San Diego expositions.

1917.

United States declares war against Germany.  
Woodrow Wilson president of the United States.

1918.

Mrs. Abigail Bond Hall 100 years old March 20.

1919.

America's great fighting divisions returned home from  
France. Soldiers return to civil life.

1920.

Eighteenth amendment to federal constitution, making  
the United States bone dry, went into effect.

1921.

Warren G. Harding inaugurated as president of the  
United States.

Mrs. Abigail Bond Hall 103 years old March 20.

1922.

Radio reaches highest point of development.

Illinois votes bonus to soldiers.

Mrs. Abigail Bond Hall 104 years old March 20.

---

#### DEATH OF JOHN FITZPATRICK IN HIS 110TH YEAR.

John Fitzpatrick, 109 years old, 1711 North Hoyne Avenue, died September 29th, 1922, in Chicago. He was born in Ireland on May 15, 1813, and came to this country when he was 29. He went into the cattle trade, and when he sold his business about twenty-two years ago, was reputed wealthy, then owning a great deal of property on Goose Island. Until three years ago he never failed to vote, either at the primaries or elections, and despite his advanced age, drank both beer and wines. He always had good health and retained his memory. Among his recollections were those of the time he used to work for 50 cents a day.

---

#### DEATH OF MRS. LAURA D. AYERS—FORTY YEARS TEACHER IN CHICAGO SCHOOLS.

Mrs. Laura D. Ayers, aged 89, a pioneer among school teachers in Chicago, although for the last several years retired from active service, died Thursday, Oct. 26, 1922, at the residence of her niece, Mrs. John L. Jackson, 337 Keystone Avenue, River Forest.

During forty years Mrs. Ayers was actively identified with Chicago's public schools. For the last twenty-five years of that period she served successively as principal of Armour Street, Sangamon Street, and John McLaren schools. In this service she won recognition as one of the leaders in the city's school system.

Mrs. Ayers was born in Warren, N. H., on Aug. 5, 1833, coming to Chicago shortly after the death of her husband in 1863. She has since resided here. For several years she lived with her sister, Mrs. Alonzo Wygant, who died some time ago. Surviving Mrs. Ayers are a son, George L. Ayers, and a daughter, Mrs. Matey C. Barber, both of Chicago.

CHARLES W. BALDWIN, FORMER STATE REPRESENTATIVE 5TH SENATORIAL DISTRICT, DIES.

Charles W. Baldwin, former State Representative, 5th Senatorial District, died at his home, 6358 Evans Avenue, Jan. 2, 1923. Mr. Baldwin was identified with the restaurant business in Chicago for twenty-five years, was engrossing and enrolling clerk in the legislature in Springfield. He is survived by his widow and two sons, Howard R. and Stanley W.

---

MRS. JOHN D. SKINNER OF CHICAGO DIES AT HER BIRTHPLACE.

Mrs. John D. Skinner of Chicago died on Friday, Jan. 12th, 1923, at the same address where she was born, 739 Cass Street. The home was rebuilt after the Chicago fire. It is said that she was the first recognized juvenile officer in Chicago. For the last twenty-five years she had been doing juvenile and social work, as a volunteer, at the Chicago Avenue police station.

Funeral services were conducted by the Rev. Timothy Stone of the Fourth Presbyterian church, Monday, Jan. 15th. Burial was made in Rosehill Cemetery.

---

MRS. NANCY MARTIN, 91 YEARS OLD, DIES AT MOWEAQUA, ILLINOIS.

Mrs. Nancy Martin, 91 years old, died at her home at Moweaqua, Jan. 14th, 1923, leaving ninety-one direct descendants as follows: Six of fifteen children, thirty-six grandchildren, thirty-seven great-grandchildren, and twelve great-great-grandchildren.

## List of Publications of the Illinois State Historical Library and Society.

No. 1. \*A Bibliography of Newspapers published in Illinois prior to 1860. Prepared by Edmund J. James, Ph. D., and Milo J. Loveless. 94 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1899.

No. 2. \*Information relating to the Territorial Laws of Illinois passed from 1809 to 1812. Prepared by Edmund J. James, Ph. D., 15 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1899.

No. 3. \*The Territorial Records of Illinois. Edited by Edmund J. James, Ph. D., 170 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1901.

No. 4. \*Transactions of the Illinois State Historical Society for the year 1900. Edited by E. B. Greene, Ph. D., 55 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1900.

No. 5. \*Alphabetical Catalog of the Books, Manuscripts, Pictures and Curios of the Illinois State Historical Library Authors, Titles and Subjects. Compiled by Jessie Palmer Weber. 363 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1900.

Nos. 6 to 27. \*Transactions of the Illinois State Historical Society for the years 1901-1922. (Nos. 6 to 18 out of Print.)

\*Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. I. Edited by H. W. Beckwith, President of the Board of Trustees of the Illinois State Historical Library. 642 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1903.

\*Illinois Historical Collections, of Vol. II. Virginia Series, Vol. I. Edited by Clarence Walworth Alvord. CLVI and 663 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1907.

\*Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. III. Lincoln-Douglas Debates of 1858. Lincoln Series, Vol. I. Edited by Edwin Erie Sparks, Ph. D. 627 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1908.

\*Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. IV. Executive Series, Vol. I. The Governor's Letter Books, 1818-1834. Edited by Evarts Boutell Greene and Clarence Walworth Alvord. XXXII and 317 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1909.

Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. V. Virginia Series. Vol. II, Kaskaskia Records, 1778-1790. Edited by Clarence Walworth Alvord. L. and 681 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1909.

\*Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. VI. Bibliographical Series, Vol. I. Newspapers and Periodicals of Illinois, 1814-1879. Revised and enlarged edition. Edited by Franklin William Scott. CIV and 610 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1910.

\*Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. VII, Executive Series, Vol. II. Governor's Letter Books, 1840-1853. Edited by Evarts Boutell Greene and Charles Manfred Thompson. CXVIII and 469 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1911.

\*Illinois Historical Collection, Vol. VIII. Virginia Series, Vol. III. George Rogers Clark Papers, 1771-1781. Edited with introduction and notes by James Alton James. CLXVII and 715 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1912.

\*Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. IX. Bibliographical Series, Vol. II. Travel and Description, 1765-1865. By Solon Justus Buck. 514 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1914.

Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. X. British Series, Vol. I The Critical Period, 1763-1765. Edited with introduction and notes by Clarence Walworth Alvord and Clarence Edwin Carter. LVII and 597 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1915.

\* Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. XI. British Series, Vol. II. The New Regime, 1765-1767. Edited with introduction and notes by Clarence Walworth Alvord and Clarence Edwin Carter. XXVIII and 700 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1916.

Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. XII. Bibliographical Series, Vol. III. The County Archives of the State of Illinois. By Theodore Calvin Pease. CXXI and 730 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1915.

Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. XIII. Constitutional Series, Vol. I, Illinois Constitutions. Edited by Emil Joseph Verlie. 231 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1919.

Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. XIV. Constitutional Series, Vol. II. The Constitutional Debates of 1847. Edited with introduction and notes by Arthur Charles Cole. XV and 1018 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1919.

Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. XV. Biographical Series, Vol. I, Governor Edward Coles. By Elihu B. Washburne. Reprinted with introduction and notes. By Clarence Walworth Alvord. 435 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1920.

\* Bulletin of the Illinois State Historical Library, Vol. I, No. 1, September, 1905. Illinois in the Eighteenth Century. By Clarence Walworth Alvord, 38 pp. 8 vo. Springfield.

\* Bulletin of the Illinois State Historical Library, Vol. I, No. 2. June 1, 1906. Laws of the Territory of Illinois, 1809-1811. Edited by Clarence Walworth Alvord. 34 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1906.

\* Circular Illinois State Historical Library, Vol. I, No. 1. November, 1905. An Outline for the Study of Illinois State History. Compiled by Jessie Palmer Weber and Georgia L. Osborne. 94 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1905.

\* Publication No. 18. List of Genealogical Works in the Illinois State Historical Library. Compiled by Georgia L. Osborne. 8 vo. Springfield, 1914.

\* Publication No. 25. List of Genealogical Works in the Illinois State Historical Library. Supplement to Publication No. 18. Compiled by Georgia L. Osborne. 8 vo. Springfield, 1918.

Journal of the Illinois State Historical Society. Vol. I, No. 1. April, 1903, to Vol. XV, Nos. 3-4, 1923.

Journals out of print, Vol. I, II, III, IV, V, VI, VII, VIII, No. 1 of Vol. IX, No. 2 of Vol. X.

---

\* Out of print.











